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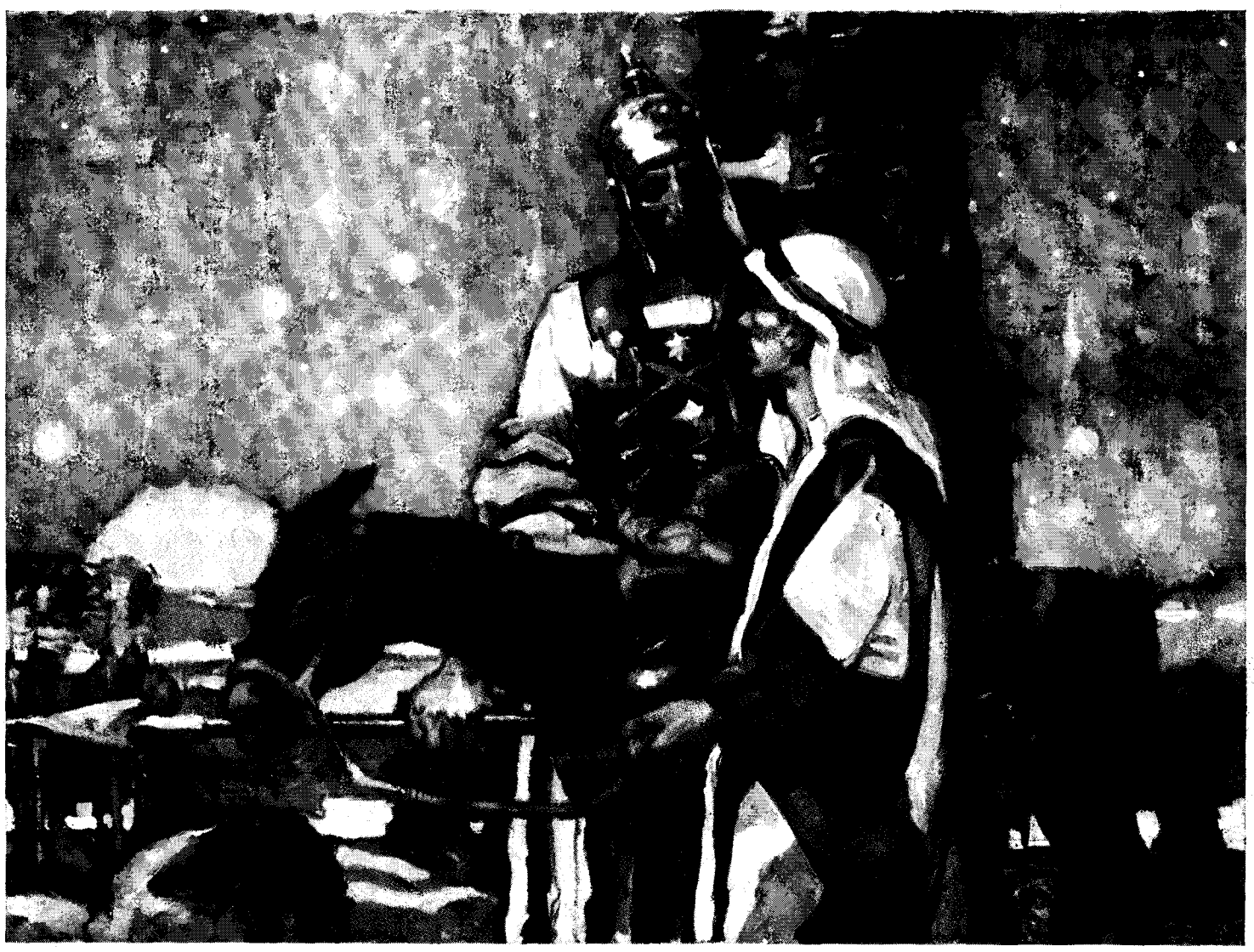

"What have you got in that pack?" Elhanan strode forward to examine the load

King David—hero, poet, politician, revolutionist, lover—in a brilliant new novel

Giant Killer

By ELMER DAVIS

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

And there was again war with the Philistines at Gob; and Elhanan the son of Jaare-oregim the Beth-lehemite slew Goliath the Gittite, the staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam

II SAMUEL 21, 19 (*English Revised Version*)

GOLIATH of Gath paraded on the hillside beyond the brook, swaggering and bellowing, the tall plume of feathers tossing above his bronze helmet, his scabbarded sword clanking against the stony slope. In the yellow rays of sunset the burnished scales of his bronze armor shone ruddy and baleful; the broad steel blade of his spear flashed bright and cold. His roarings filled the windless evening, and in all the army of Israel, cowering in its trenches on the hilltop across the valley, no man dared answer him.

"Come on, come on! Pick out a man, if there *is* a man in Israel! Choose a man, and let him come down to me! If he kills me, we Philistines are your slaves—*if* he kills me!" A derisive cackle rose from the line of Philistines sprawling on the crest behind him. "Where is he? Saul, King of Israel, send me down a man!"

Silence, broken at last by the giant's comtemptuous laughter.

"Ho, ho! A man—in Israel! Then send me a woman! I liked your girls when I was in the army of occupation! Ho, ho! Ask your wives if they remember Goliath! I remember them; I remember—"

He named names, he went into intricate detail, and still no man came out to meet him. He spat.

"Call on your god!" he jeered. "Yahweh, God of Israel—your god in a box! Where is he? Ho, ho! We took him away from you, your god and his box too! Your women are anybody's women, and your god is no god!"

Still not a sound, not a movement, in the Hebrew lines. Behind the bushes on a knoll to the southward a boy of eighteen flung himself face downward in the dust and wept hot tears of shamed and helpless fury.

On that morning he had left a home where nobody appreciated him and a small town where nothing ever happened, and gone out into the world to make a name for himself. They didn't know he was going to seek his fortune, his square-jawed mother and his crabbed old grandfather who had sent him on an errand, with strict orders for a prompt return. But he had crossed the hills, shouting and singing in pure joy; at last he had the chance to prove himself by some great adventure—and here it was.

He could see himself striding boldly down the hill while King Saul and all the army cheered the young champion of his people and his God—but he could see the rest too with sickening certainty: the giant's yawning indifference changing to sudden fierce aggression, the swift thrust of that broad bright spear. . . . He could see that and feel it too; as often as the sunlight flashed on the blade his stomach leaped convulsively within him; he shuddered, sick and cold. He reviled himself for a coward; he cursed; he prayed; but at last he lay in the dust and wept. He was a failure; his nation was a failure;

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"It isn't too late for a reconciliation with Samuel," said Abner. "He's conceited, but he's an Ephraimite"

his God, who had not answered him, who had let himself be blasphemed by an uncircumcised pork-eating Philistine, was a failure too.

The bellowing ceased; weary and trembling, the boy rose and looked around him. Up the farther slope Goliath was going to supper; beyond the crest the smoke of camp fires rose against the sunset. In the Hebrew camp too—on this side of the valley, beyond the ravine that flanked the knoll—fires were lighted, dark figures swirled about them. So it was over for today, but tomorrow—the same shameful story! Listlessly the boy picked up the lead rope of the pack donkey grazing behind him and plodded along the path toward the ravine. There was nothing to do now but to finish his errand and slink back home.

A SPEAR thrust out of the bushes; a harsh voice called "Halt!" Into the trail stepped a gaunt man in the bronze helmet and leather tunic of King Saul's regulars.

"Who are you?" he demanded in the soft southern drawl. "Your name and your tribe and your father's name. And what do you want here?"

The boy stiffened, but the spear blade was uncomfortably close.

"My name's Joab," he said sullenly. "My father's dead; I live with my mother and my grandfather Jesse, in Bethlehem of Judah."

"And you've run off to join the army," the sentry concluded. "Better go back home, boy. This is no army to join. Not this year."

"I'm not running off. I'm bringing a message to my uncle."

"Your uncle, eh? Eliab?"

"No—my uncle David. . . . But how did you know?"

"Oh, I came from Bethlehem myself, once upon a time. Elhanan the son of Jair—ever hear of me? No, I reckon not; it's fifteen years since I ran off to join the army. Boy, what we thought Saul was going to do in those days! . . . Your mother's Zeruiah, ain't she? A fine lady like her wouldn't remember me, but I used to work for your grandfather at sheep-shearing and harvest time. It wasn't such a bad town, Bethlehem." The sentry leaned on his spear, melancholy and reminiscent. "David. That would be the youngest of the four boys."

"He's only two years older than I am," said Joab, some shreds of his self-respect returning. "We grew up together."

"And he's in the army now, that little shaver? Well, well!"

"Not David. My uncles Eliab and Abinadab and Shammah went up last spring, when the King called for volunteers, but David stayed at home to herd the sheep. But when the army came south on this campaign my mother sent David up to camp with some home-cooked things for my uncles—they don't like army rations. He didn't come back; so my grandfather sent me to tell him to come home and herd the sheep."

Elhanan chuckled.

"Well, if the old gentleman says come back I reckon he'll come. They don't argue much with old Jesse." His eyes wandered to the donkey. "What have you got in that pack? I don't like army rations myself." He strode forward, examined the load, held up a bulging goatskin sack. "Wine!" he said severely.

"I had to have something to drink, didn't I, on a two-day trip? . . . Here! You leave that alone!"

As Elhanan took the wineskin off the donkey Joab's frustrated rage of the afternoon surged back; his knife flashed. But the soldier, with a casual backhand swing of the spear butt, knocked it out of his hand.

"TRY to knife a sentry, would you? Lucky I know you, boy. Don't you know it's against the laws of war to bring wine into camp? War is holy unto the Lord, and soldiers are consecrated men. Neither wine nor women till the campaign's over—that's a statute and an ordinance in Israel. Judah's not Israel, so you might not know that, but my sergeant is an Ephraimite. So I'll just hide the evidence, and if you don't say anything about it, nothing will happen to you."

Only the pride of Jesse's grandson before a soldier who had been Jesse's harvest hand enabled Joab to swallow the lump in his throat. His wrist ached where the spear butt had struck it, his soul ached with the conviction that he was a coward and a weakling, contemptible and absurd.

"Well!" he said bitterly. "Now may I go on?"

Elhanan sat down comfortably and laid his spear beside him.

"How can you get by the sentries without the password? But my relief comes pretty soon, and maybe I can get leave to go over to camp for the night. You rustle out what you've got in your pack, and we'll have supper while we wait. Come along, now! This ain't Bethlehem, boy—this is the front. . . . Yes, and just as far front as it'll ever be too."

In slow bitterness Joab undid his pack, and flung the other a loaf of bread and a cheese.

"That's a fine way for a soldier to talk!" he snarled.

"Boy, if you'd had to sit here and listen to Goliath morning and evening every day for a week, you'd feel that way too."

Joab sat down on the limestone outcrop, his face in his hands.

"Oh, it's sickening! But I—I don't wonder nobody's gone out to fight him. What a monster! He must be nine feet tall."

"Maybe so," said Elhanan. "I never went down there to measure him. That plume on his helmet makes him look bigger than he is, but he's big enough. There's three or four of these giants down in Gath, I hear—brothers. Nice family to marry into. . . . Boy, this is good cheese!"

"Why doesn't Saul fight him?" the boy demanded hotly. "He's the biggest and strongest man in Israel."

"NOW, you want to remember Saul's a king; he can't take time to mix with every big bruiser that wants a fight. Besides, this kingdom of Israel may not amount to much now, but where would it be if anything happened to Saul? Tell me that. . . . Prince Jonathan? Well, I'll say nothing against Jonathan; he's as good a man in a fight as I ever saw, and he's a good fellow. But outside of that— A lot of people have turned against the King since he split with Samuel, but we might have a lot worse kings than Saul."

Elhanan stopped talking to eat; with some astonishment, Joab discovered that he was eating too, and somehow life no longer seemed quite so hopelessly black.

"The Philistines must be afraid of us too," he suggested. "Their army hasn't attacked."

"That's no army. Only a frontier guard, to see that Saul doesn't come down and burn a few barns while they're getting in the crops. Two thousand of them and six thousand of us, regulars and volunteers, when we dug in last week. Probably five thousand now; a lot of volunteers have remembered that they've got business at home. Oh, I don't mean gentlemen like your uncles; they'll stick till the campaign's over. But fellows like me, it takes more than one campaign to learn not to mind it if your stomach turns over when the sunlight flashes on the spears."

Joab stared at him in astonishment.

"Have you—have you felt that too?" he stammered.

"Have I? Do I yet, every time I go into a battle?"

"Then how—how do you manage to go in?"

"Well, if you're a soldier you're supposed to fight, so you just go ahead, and pretty soon you're too busy to think about it."

"But do you mean to say everybody feels that way?"

"Oh, now and then you strike a fightin' fool that doesn't seem to mind it. But most people feel it. Philistines too."

"Then why don't we beat them?" the boy demanded. "They don't always have a giant with them. Why can't we ever win?"

"OH, WE win sometimes. We can beat the Ammonites and the Amalekites; we even beat the Philistines sometimes. You're not old enough to remember when they had garrisons all through Israel—even in Saul's town of Gibeah. Saul drove them out of the hills, but on the plains— Boy, you wait till you see a squadron of iron chariots drivin' down on you! And even without the chariots—their swords and spears are steel; ours are bronze, all but the King's and Prince Jonathan's. Only our officers can afford armor; they all wear it. Besides—if we Jews don't win in the first rush we can't win at all; we can tell right away if our God is with us. But these Philistines don't seem to care whether their gods are with 'em or not; they can get the worst of it all morning and still come back to win, giants or no giants."

"It makes me sick!" Joab flared bitterly. Elhanan laughed.

"It's been making some of us sick for fifteen years. I was down at Beersheba on leave a couple of years ago, and I met an Egyptian girl, and we had some drinks and so on. 'Soldier,' she says to me, 'what a fine big chest you got!' 'Why, yes,' says I, swelling it out, 'it is pretty good.' 'My Philistine friends,' she says, 'have told me a lot about the Jewish army, but they never told me you had such fine big chests. But, then, of course they only see your backs,' she says. I clouted the little cat over the ear, but she was pretty near right, at that."

He was silent, morosely regarding the stars that were beginning to glimmer. Joab heaved a shuddering sigh.

"Then what's to become of us?" he cried. "Yahweh's chosen people!"

"Don't ask me, boy; I'm paid to fight, not to think. But sometimes a man can't help thinking, anyway." Elhanan rose, picked up his spear. "Get up, boy; here's the relief."

Sandals clopped on the stony trail; a squad of soldiers slouched through a gap in the bushes. Elhanan parleyed with the sergeant in an undertone; then, to Joab:

"All right, boy. Go ahead; I'll be right with you."

He laid his spear beside a rock, flung his striped cloak over his shoulder, and drew the wineskin out of the bushes. The squad had slouched on, but the sergeant lingered.

"What's that?" he demanded. Elhanan gave a groan of resignation.

"A sack of barley, sergeant; I'm taking it over to some buddies of mine in camp. Want to step behind this bush and take a look at it?"

Screened by the shrubbery, the sergeant tilted the wineskin and drank deep.

"Barley it is," he agreed solemnly, handing it back. "You want to be careful nobody sees you, though. And be back by daylight."

With the wineskin hidden under his cloak, Elhanan followed Joab down the trail.

Between the blazing camp fires Joab walked in wide-eyed amazement. Spears were stacked, helmets were off, pots simmered on the fires; five thousand men were eating supper and abusing

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each other for being afraid of Goliath; here was the army of all Israel, five thousand men from all the tribes—and not one who dared fight Goliath.

The boy hung his head and plodded doggedly at Elhanan's heels till his guide halted, pointing to a camp fire near the edge of the hill.

"You'll find them there," he grunted, and was gone in the shadows.

Around the fire lounged half a dozen men, in sandals and belted tunics—his three sullen broad-shouldered uncles, two or three other Judean officers whom Joab knew by sight, and a stranger in a blue tunic, with a high, thin nose and dreamy brown eyes. As Joab came into the firelight Eliab, oldest of the uncles, stared at him and leaped up.

"As God lives!" he swore. "You too! Don't tell me your mother will let you enlist; and they won't take volunteers without their parents' consent. Not from families like ours. David can tell you that."

"I'm not trying to enlist," said Joab. "I've brought a message for David. Where is he?"

From the shadows beyond the fire a slim youth stood forward; the firelight shone on his curly red head, it gleamed in his brown eyes under bushy red brows—bright eyes, set close together.

"Hello, Joab!" He tried hard for a casual indifference. "How's everything back home?"

"Oh, about the same. But your father says—" Joab paused, and beckoned him aside, but Eliab's hand gripped his nephew's arm.

"Stay here, Joab; let us all hear it. Though maybe we can guess it." The three uncles laughed harshly. "We've been telling him for a week that nobody wants him around here."

"We need all the men we can get," said the stranger in blue.

"We don't need *him*," Eliab growled. David stirred resentfully.

"YOU never give me a chance," he protested. "I'd be a good soldier if I had a chance. Why, once when I was herding sheep a lion came down—"

"A lion?" Eliab snorted. "It was a bear the last time you told it. Next time I suppose it will be a dragon." He turned to the stranger in disgust. "He brought some things up from home," he explained. "They thought he'd know enough to come back without being told, but he's been here ever since, making a nuisance of himself—trying to get a commission, trying to get some officer to take him as armor bearer, playing his harp, making up songs—he's done about everything except offer to fight Goliath."

A laugh ran round the circle, but the man in blue only smiled.

"So he plays the harp and makes up songs?" he asked.

"All the time," said Eliab. "Especially when there's work to do. Anything but work is his motto." The other men chuckled.

"Why, Eliab, in some countries you'd be proud of such a brother. He's what the Babylonians call an artist."

"Well, we call him the Pest. Always trying to push in everywhere, get himself noticed—" He swung on Joab. "What did Father tell you to tell him?"

Joab hesitated; then, unwillingly:

"He said to come home and herd the sheep."

Eliab laughed sourly. "You hear that, David? You start back at daylight—you and Joab."

He sat down again by the fire. No one made room for Joab, so he picked his way around the lounging circle to where David sat, his light harp beside him, his head bowed on his knees.

"That's always the way," he snarled. "They never give me a chance."

"I know." Joab flung himself down,

"I don't know anything about art," Saul growled. "I've never had time for it. But I thought I had found a man!"

morosely brooding. "But maybe we couldn't use a chance if we had one, David. After all, we both had our chance today." David stared at him.

"Goliath," Joab explained.

"Oh, well!" David shrugged. "I mean something reasonable." And presently: "How's Bethlehem? Has anybody been asking about me?"

"Father," said Joab with a grin. "But I suppose you mean Miriam—or Ruth—or that girl down the hill. Well, they didn't ask me about you."

"No, they wouldn't ask you."

"You'll get in trouble some day, David, fooling with that girl down the hill. Her father—"

"I'm not afraid of him. . . . Everything just the same at home?"

"Just about," said Joab sourly. "Mother's furious at you, and as usual she takes it out on me and Abishai. After all, you're her brother; she can't order you around quite the way she orders us."

"Oh, can't she?" said David.

"Who's the man in blue?" Joab asked presently.

"His name's Beriah—a volunteer officer; he comes from a great family in the hill country of Ephraim. He's traveled—to Tyre and Babylon. Did you hear what he said, Joab? The Babylonians would call me an artist! If only I could get to Babylon—"

"Babylon's a long way off." It seemed ten times as far for Joab, now that he had seen and heard Goliath.

"I've made a new song," David told him. "About sunset in the wilderness and a girl. Eliab won't let me sing now, but the soldiers like to hear me. And Joab! Yesterday the King noticed me!"

"He did?"

"Yes. He said to the general, 'Who's that playing that harp?'"

"What happened then?" Joab asked.

"Oh, somebody came up with dispatches, and he had to go away. If only I had a little time— But tomorrow—back to Bethlehem!"

"Well," Joab consoled him, "the girls will be glad to see you."

LATER they heard voices raised in argument around the fire.

"My dear Eliab," Beriah, the Ephraimite, was protesting, "I said no such thing. I merely said that from the Philistine point of view there's something to be said on their side. I visited their cities in the last armistice, and I must say I rather liked the people—the old families, that is. The mass of the people are mongrel Canaanites and Amorites and renegade Jews—a regular melting pot. But the good families, the descendants of the first colonists from Crete—they're good people, Eliab."

"Good people! Their cities are full of luxury and vice!"

"I DON'T know that I saw any more vice than I've seen in Ephraim. I tell you, Eliab, go down to Gaza and see the caravans passing through from Egypt to Babylon—go down to Ashkelon harbor and see ships from Cyprus and Ionia: it makes Judah and Ephraim look rather provincial."

"I'm not ashamed of being provincial!" Eliab shouted. "We Jews are producers—farmers and sheep ranchers. The Philistines are only middlemen, parasites. They buy and sell and charge commissions, and lend money at interest; they live in cities and stay up late at night; they load their women with jewels and eat rich food and drink wine while they listen to music! God hates them!" he summarized.

"Doubtless," Beriah agreed with a yawn. "But Yahweh doesn't seem to be so strong as their gods. It's forty years since they beat us at the battle of Ebenezer and captured the Ark of God. They have it still—on neutral territory, I admit, but we don't dare to try to take it back. I must say, Eliab, a God who can do no better than that—"

"The Ark of God is an Ephraimite superstition," said Eliab angrily. "God lives on Mount Sinai, not in a box."

Beriah sighed.

"You Southerners are all Fundamentalists; you see no beauty in ritual and symbolism. At any rate, if Yahweh were a strong god, the Philistines wouldn't beat us nine times out of ten."

"You are a defeatist!" cried Eliab's brother Shammah.

"I think my military record will bear inspection," said Beriah coldly. "I haven't fought Goliath—but I might, if I had as much faith in Yahweh as you men of Judah. Yahweh was a good enough God for our ancestors in the desert, but it's time we outgrew that old narrow intolerance. I'm glad our women are beginning to worship Astarte; myself, I would sacrifice to Dagon except (*Continued on page 36*)

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The Coward

A Short Short Story

By HENRY ALTIMUS

Illustrated by JAMES BILLMYER

"He straightened up like, so his head came up over the top o' the chair. But he didn't look around or move"

ALDRICH listened, but the pallor in his cheeks, the nervous drumming of his long, thin fingers on the sticky table, the periodic moistening of his parched lips were not altogether due to what his guide was saying.

They were in the back room of Leathervest Joe's, a speak-easy which was sanctuary to one of the most powerful and privileged groups of gangsters in New York, and the lurid history of Joe's was being poured into his ear by the well-informed reporter who had conducted him there. But, despite his seeming attitude of attention, Aldrich's thoughts were elsewhere.

He was once again engaged in his own inner battle.

Vaguely at first, more distinctly soon, he became aware of the newspaper man's words.

Sharply there came back to him, even as he tried to achieve composure, the thought that had tortured his sleep the previous night, the decision that had brought him to Joe's. Then, leaning forward, he said:

"When you call these men gunmen, what exactly do you mean?"

The newspaper man stared blankly a moment.

He did not remember even using the word gunman. But, yielding to what he regarded as the eccentricity of his wealthy host, he said:

"I mean that they are professional criminals. They are ready at any time to commit any crime, from murder down, for a consideration."

"Any one of them?"

"I should think so."

"That fellow with the sandy hair, near the rear door, for example?"

The newspaper man laughed. "You're a good picker, Mr. Aldrich. You've hit on the most elusive gunman this side of Ossining."

Aldrich regarded the man steadily a moment, then he bent toward his guide and whispered. And the newspaper man, again betraying no astonishment at the eccentricity of his wealthy host, nodded.

SHORTLY before ten o'clock the following evening two men sauntered up to a limousine waiting near the Seventy-second Street entrance of Central Park.

They stopped, apparently engrossed in conversation, a few feet from the door of the car.

Then, with a swift movement, one of them swung open the limousine door, and both were inside the car in the space of a second. Acting apparently on previous orders, the car swung into the park.

"I don't intend to mince matters," Aldrich began, after a pause which he deemed ample for the situation. "I have an enemy that I want out of the way. I don't want to bother you with moral considerations, but the man is no good. He's no good to himself and no good to the community. His disappearance is a matter of no moment, and the world will be a better place for it. This isn't an ordinary crime; it's almost a matter of executing justice, and the sooner it is done the better. Now, about price. I suppose you have a regular fee. What is it?"

"Well," said Dusty tentatively, "say five grand." And, at the question in Aldrich's face he elucidated: "five thousand."

Aldrich drew a pencil and a slip of paper from his pocket. He faltered a moment, weighing the ethics of the occasion.

"I suppose," he said finally, "I may assume that the business part of our transaction is concluded." And when Dusty nodded, he pursued, his pencil poised:

"On Sunday evening I dine with this man at his home. We've been dining together on Sunday nights for years. I always leave him at nine o'clock. He's most regular in his habits. After I've gone he spends half an hour listening to the radio in his library and then he retires. He will be alone, as usual. This is the address."

Aldrich wrote it at the top of the slip and then he drew a rectangle.

"Now here"—and he leaned toward the window and indicated a point on one side of the rectangle—"is a French window leading to the library from the balcony. It will be the simplest matter. If you are there about ten minutes past nine, you'll find him seated in his armchair. He's rather deaf, and that's an advantage. It's my impression this is about the easiest job you've ever undertaken."

"LOOKS all right," muttered Dusty, "but just the same it's worth five thou—"

"You needn't worry on that score." Aldrich's hand went to his breast pocket and issued with a wallet.

Dusty counted the bills, an almost imperceptible nod conveying to his companion that the count was correct. Aldrich observed the thugs in silence for a time.

"Can I count on you without fail?" he asked at length.

Dusty put out his hand.

"That's that. Now where can I drop you?"

"Right here." . . .

Precisely at five minutes past nine on the following Sunday night, Dusty and his companion slipped into the shadow of a large elm opposite the house indicated on the slip of paper which Aldrich had given him.

PRECISELY at fifteen minutes past nine Dusty rejoined his companion under the elm, and both hurried to the taxi that had been waiting at the corner.

Dusty's colleague leaned back and rubbed his chin as the taxi sped towards Manhattan.

"Everything O. K.?"

"No."

"What!"

"I said no-o-o."

"Well, fer cryin' out loud."

"Sam, it's funny. I can't— Look, Sam. When I got up to the balcony, there he was, all right, sittin' in his armchair listenin' to the radio. Church music. Everything was the way that bird said. His back was to me. I tried the window and it give, but it creaked a bit.

"I don't know whether he heard it, but he straightened up like, so his head came up over the top o' the chair. But he didn't look around or move. I stepped in and I was just goin' to let him have it when I noticed his shoulders move—shiverin' like. Then he began to shake all over, like he had the grippe or somethin'. It gave me the willies watchin' him shake like that. If he heard me, why didn't he get up? If he didn't know someone was there, what was he shiverin' about? It was all kind o' spooky.

"Well, I says to myself, here goes anyway, and I aimed at the back of his head when he suddenly jumps up, facin' me and cryin':

"'For God's sake, don't, don't.'"

"And," sneered Sam, "you didn't."

"No, I didn't. And you wouldn't either."

"Fer the love o' Mike, Dusty, why not?"

"Because it was that bird hisself—the bird what hired us."

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The Ambassador Everybody Knows

By BRUCE BARTON

"GOOD-WILL AMBASSADOR" is a phrase that came into our language lately with Lindbergh and Will Rogers. But in keeping our eyes to the skies and our mouths ready for laughs, we mustn't overlook a real good-will ambassador whose feet are very much on solid ground—Dwight W. Morrow. Day in and day out he's doing a first-aid job on that hitherto sorest thumb of Uncle Sam's hands across the seas and borders — Mexico. Here's the inside story of how we bid good Morrow to Calles.

YOU call yourself a Democrat, and I call myself a Republican, and maybe we differ about prohibition, the income tax, the boll weevil and Harry Sinclair. But on one point we absolutely agree: we want a government in Washington that will preserve our national honor and still keep us out of trouble. Particularly we want to stay a long way off from anything that looks like another war.

Twenty years ago we didn't think much about foreign relations. Then the United States was sitting pretty behind its two oceans. Foreigners were faraway folk who spoke funny languages, smoked their houses with little bonfires instead of heating them with furnaces, ate strange dishes, and charged extra for a bath. Sometimes one of them would come over here to patronize us, and return to write a book telling how we chew gum, lynch colored people for entertainment, and absorb green peas via a knife. Occasionally, also, the local preacher and his wife would go to Europe in the summer, bringing back picture post cards and a dull stereopticon lecture.

That's about all we knew or cared for foreign relations, skipping quickly over the news from London and Tokyo in favor of the sporting pages and the quotations on corn and hogs.

Then came the war, and suddenly we were a "creditor nation," which meant that we were unpopular with everybody because everybody owed us money. Our principal industries were, and are, extending trade in foreign markets, coming into competition everywhere with home-owned enterprises. It has begun to dawn on even the most cheerful citizen that there are a thousand chances of our being involved in a row where there used to be but one. And we know that if we are involved the other nations will be just as sympathetic as a group of small boys when a fat man slips on the ice.

It's a whole new line of thinking, and it has left us with a slight headache. We feel that we ought to do something to make ourselves trusted abroad, but what should we do, and how?

Mexico is a good place to look for an answer to that question. If we cannot live on good terms with our next-door neighbor, we surely have small hope of succeeding with those that are farther away. The record is nothing to brag about.

We fought a war with Mexico in 1846. Residents of the capital city still point out the spot on the parapet of Chapultepec Castle where a brave cadet wrapped himself in the flag and jumped to his death rather than surrender to the hated gringos. We occupied Vera Cruz in 1914.

We have sent notes and near-ultimatums which, if laid end to end, would reach from Broadway to Boise, Idaho; and all to little purpose. Surely, if such a long-standing sore could be healed, there would be hope for our foreign relations anywhere.

The feelings of the Mexican people were decidedly mixed when the United States asked if Dwight W. Morrow, a partner of J. P. Morgan & Co., would be acceptable as an ambassador. It was flattering to a little country that such an important man had been selected, but why had he been selected?

"To compel payment of interest on Mexico's bonds," said the cynical. "After Morrow come the marines."

While the Mexicans were gradually making up their minds to accept him, but to keep one hand on their pocketbooks and the other on their guns, Morrow was attending a private dinner given by a personal friend in New York.

"What do you expect to do down there?" his host asked.

"At least I can do two things," he answered. "I can like the Mexicans, and I can get their point of view."

In this frame of mind he arrived last fall, having stopped off in Washington to tell Lindbergh that Mexico City would be a nice spot to visit.

The Mexican people, curious as to what he would do, had not long to wait. His very first act woke them to a realization that a new type of Americano had arrived on the scene. The Embassy staff had told him that an ambassador going to present his credentials must rig himself out in a top hat and a cut-away coat, and arrive at the State Department with a bang.

Calles is Won

"WHO made that rule?" Morrow asked. "Is it a rule of our government or the Mexican Government?"

The Embassy authorities did not know; it was just the rule.

"Very well," he replied. "Say to the Minister of Foreign Affairs that if he wants me to wear a plug hat and all the other trappings I will do it: that I want to come in whatever way will be most acceptable to him."

P. & A.

Ambassador Morrow (left) told Col. Lindbergh that Mexico City would be a nice spot to visit

U. & U.

Back came the word that the Minister of Foreign Affairs would like to have Mr. Morrow leave off his trick clothes, since he would thus be relieved from getting his own Sunday suit out of mothballs. Dressed, then, in a sack suit and a worn felt hat, the ambassador stepped out of his Embassy, hailed a passing taxicab, and drove to headquarters to make his first formal call.

The Mexicans were delighted. Here was a business man who seemed to have the novel idea that the business of great governments might be conducted on the same common-sense basis as the business of individuals. Here was a multimillionaire who did not wait for the delivery of his high-priced automobile, but jumped in a hack and got right on the job. For the first time in a long while the Mexican papers, which are professionally anti-American, had something nice to say about the United States.

A couple of days passed, and President Calles invited Mr. Morrow out to his ranch to eat sausages and buckwheat cakes. Was there a little constraint in the meeting, the President eying this latest American representative and thinking about interest payments, and oil lands, and the $600,000,000 of American claims? If so, the tenseness passed very quickly.

Morrow had nothing to say about the weighty problems with which ambassadors are supposed to deal. He just passed back for more pancakes, praised the cooking, lit a cigar, and asked the President to tell him about Mexico. What were the hopes of the Administration for the country? What was the President trying to do? How did he view the future?

Next day President Calles said to a friend that here at last was an ambassador who talked his own language, a business man who understood that Mexico could never solve her problems with the United States until she had first set her own house in order—an open-minded man whose attitude was, "What can we do to help?"

There followed three pieces of good luck for the ambassador.

Instead of pressing for interest on the bonds, he persuaded the bondholders to give Mexico a six months' grace.

Everybody Laughed

IN RETURN for this the President invited a committee of experts to make a thorough analysis of Mexico's finances, opening to them every source of information. The committee is headed by an American accountant, and when it has finished its report Mexico will know, perhaps for the first time in many years, just where she stands in the matter of income and expense, and how she can balance the budget.

Lindbergh arrived. All over Mexico one may see traces of his visit. Lindbergh posters still stick to the walls. There are Lindbergh shoes in the shoe stores, Lindbergh cigarettes in the tobacco stores, Lindbergh cocktails at the bars. The imagination of the whole people was fired by this smiling young messenger out of the skies. He typified American youth, (*Continued on page 34*)

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Butter-side up

Old Dr. Sawbridge, determined not to be made a laughingstock by two young upstarts, pays through the nose

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

"Bill, this little eyeful of sex appeal is Miss Peterson"

"SHE'S a good little boat, Dorothea. But I don't want a boat." The fisherman who had hoped to sell the Seagull to Bill Macklin looked disappointed.

"No," he continued. "I don't want a boat. She would only be a temptation. One Macklin on the lakes is plenty."

"But how long will your brother be on the lakes, Bill," Mrs. Macklin asked, "if you don't help him? You buy this boat, run up to Saginaw and look up that nice old steamer for Homer."

"Homer doesn't need any help from me," Bill argued. "He's always bragging about how he lands butter-side up. He's too cocky. Just because he cleaned up on that Roreback deal, he thinks he knows enough about business to give pointers to J. P. Morgan & Co. The lakes are swarming with fellows who spend their time sharpening knives for calves like Homer. That kid knows steamboats the way an ostrich knows algebra—but will he listen to me?"

A servant came to the doorway of the yellow farmhouse and called:

"Mr. Macklin, you're wanted on the telephone."

Bill went up to the house. Over the wire surged the buoyant voice of his brother.

"I'm phoning from Pine Harbor," said Homer. "I just wanted to tell you not to bother looking round any more. I've lined up something red-hot. We're just squaring away to the dotted lines. I've got a deal on with old man Sawbridge, and I'm putting it all over on him. Watch that chin whisker wiggle!"

"Homer," Bill cried, "don't do it! Wait! I'll be up there by four o'clock. I've just bought a motor boat. Don't have anything to do with that old polecat until I get there. You'll get stung!"

"Don't worry about me," caroled his brother. "Little old Homer always lands butter-side up. So long, Old Ironsides. Give my love to all the little chickies."

"Homer, I'll—" Bill angrily began. Two minutes later a patient feminine voice cut in on the line with: "Mr. Macklin, it's no use swearing like that. Your party hung up."

Bill hastened back to the pier which jutted from his chicken farm into the St. Clair River.

"It was Homer," he told his wife. "He's got a dicker on with old man Sawbridge. I'm starting for Pine Harbor right away."

It was something of a tribute to Bill Macklin's sense of values that the open launch Seagull made the run to Pine Harbor across the bight of the open lake without once faltering.

Bill knew Pine Harbor only from hearsay. The boom of that once famous lumber port had taken place before his time, back in the good old days before the forests of Michigan had been shorn.

Pine Harbor, as he steered past the sandy point and opened up the town, appeared to be deserted. One pier stood out from the narrow sand beach beyond which stood a scattered handful of frame buildings, all in need of paint and major repairs. The warehouse at the end of the pier sagged at one end as if the shoring was rotted away. The pier itself was down at one outshore corner. A red marker, fifty feet out from the end of the pier, indicated that a shoal of some kind existed there. The Iron Prince, a freshly painted black steamer, was tied up along one side.

Bill made the Seagull fast and climbed up the side of the pier, bringing down a shower of rotten splinters.

Four men were standing near a pine shanty at the inshore end of the pier. Bill recognized two of them. One was hatless and young. His unruly silver-blond hair was parted in the middle and splayed out over his brows in two loose, breaking waves. Homer's face, Bill saw as he drew closer, was flushed with excitement.

Homer was talking, with many gestures, to a man who was short and hunchbacked. The hot August sunlight served cruelly to bring out the harsh lines of the famous Sawbridge face. It was even harder and more selfish than Bill remembered. The little black spike of a chin whisker had more gray in it, but it stood out with the audacity of old.

Dr. Sawbridge must be close to seventy, but there were few white hairs in his head.

When Bill came up the doctor was saying, "You drive a mighty hard bargain, young man."

"Well, I'm pretty hard-boiled," Homer admitted. As he laughed, his lips parted upon strong white teeth.

"And you always land butter-side up," the doctor chuckled.

"That's my trade-mark," Homer agreed.

Bill wasted no time on amenities.

"Well, kid, what did you land butter-side up on this time?"

"I just put through a deal with Dr. Sawbridge," his brother airily answered, "taking over the right, title and interest in the Frisbie Lumber Company. I see you got my invitation."

"What does the Frisbie Lumber Company consist of?" Bill asked.

"A list of articles longer than an elephant's memory," Homer answered. "I've got a charter with the Peterson Pulpwood Company for the rest of this season and all of next, and the ship to do the hauling. As you go in, check your knocks at the cloakroom."

BILL turned and gazed down the glistening black side of the Iron Prince.

"What else, Homer?"

"This pier and warehouse. That stack of steel rails over there. A sand pit and a gravel pit. I'm all ready to set up light housekeeping."

"That mountain of rails," Dr. Sawbridge added, "was made from the last ore that came out of Silas Minturn's father's mine on the Sangamo before it was closed down, I don't know how many years ago, because the workings were flooded. All these things your brother has bought the right, title and interest in are almost historic."

"He has or he's going to?"

"I'm going to," said Homer breezily. "We were just going to sign when your putt-putt pulled in."

"Wait till tomorrow," Bill said. "Give me a chance to look this stuff over. What do you want this pier and ware-

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By GEORGE F. WORTS

Bill heard Miss Peterson cry out: "She's breaking in half!"

house for? This town is dead, Homer. It died when they stopped shipping pine, and it isn't coming back."

"Bill," said Homer, "I knew you'd begin quibbling. I went into this deal with my eyes working like gimlets."

"How much are you paying?" Bill wanted to know.

"Forty thousand," Homer answered.

"And he drove a sharp bargain," Dr. Sawbridge supplemented.

"You're doggoned right I drove a sharp bargain! And I'm going to close it right now. Doctor, shall we gallop in and sign the papers? Enjoy the scenery, Old Ironsides; I own it all now."

"I want you to wait until tomorrow morning before you close any deal with Dr. Sawbridge," Bill said firmly. "I know more about him than you do. Take my advice and wait."

"Did any of you gentlemen hear me paging Santa Claus?" Homer drolly asked, and walked into the shanty.

Dr. Sawbridge did not follow him immediately. He looked at Bill with his small shiny eyes. His catlike grin appeared. He plucked at the little black spike on his chin and said, "Remember, Bill, Homer always lands butter-side up."

Bill Macklin made a hasty survey of Homer's purchases.

When he returned Homer was standing on a five-gallon oil can, waving his hands freely and talking importantly. A pretty, black-haired girl of nineteen or twenty stood below him, looking up with bright, brown admiring eyes. Her small brown oxfords, which were of sturdy construction, were planted at least two feet apart. Her hands were clasped behind her.

"And she," Homer was saying gayly, "is just the beginning, Maggie—the germ of the great Macklin fleet. Not much to look at, but a good, sound, seaworthy little germ."

"You're pretty hot," acknowledged the girl in a bright voice.

"Homer," Bill quietly interrupted, "if you'll excuse yourself from the young lady, I'd like a word with you in private."

"This," Homer breezily told the girl, as he swayed on the oil can and desperately regained his balance, "is my big brother Bill. Bill, this little eyeful of sex appeal is Miss Peterson. Her dad owns the pulpwood outfit that I've got a charter with. You needn't look at him like that, Maggie. He's married now, but he used to be the sheik of the Great Lakes, and he's still a menace to big-eyed little backwoods girls."

"It seems to run in the family," Miss Peterson retorted. "Run in tonight, Homer, and I'll torture the ukulele."

WHEN she was gone, Homer said: "There's a girl who can make a ukulele moan. That girl—"

"Homer," Bill interrupted, "why didn't you wait until I'd looked things over?"

His brother's grin soured. He made a grimace with eyes and mouth.

"Oh, there you go! Good night! Are you my wet nurse?"

"Homer, you've been stung. Sawbridge has unloaded a prize mess of junk on you. I had a nice proposition lined up—a boat you could have bought cheap and put right to work canaling."

"Bill, I'm tickled green with what I've done. I knocked old man Sawbridge's price in half and rubbed his nose in it until he liked it. No, thank you, Mr. Undertaker, I have no corpses to bury today."

"Did you have a surveyor look over this iron tub—or did you just fall for that coat of paint?"

"I guess I've sailed long enough to know a ship from a wheelbarrow."

"Did you look at any of the odds and ends he sawed off on you?"

"I looked at everything."

"How about these rails? They're iron, and only thirty-pound ones at that. They'll bring the market price for scrap iron and nothing more. I've seen rails from this batch before. Did you look at that Portland cement?"

"Sure, I did! There's two carloads of it on the inventory. If Sawbridge's check-up is wrong, I'll sue him for false representation; I'll—"

"That cement," said Bill, "has been rained on for years. It's as hard as flint. It isn't worth a dime. And what good will the sand pit and the gravel pit do you?"

Homer airily snapped his fingers.

"Don't you worry about me, Old Ironsides. Little Homer always lands butter-side up. What do I care about this warehouse and all that goes with it? I was buying a good ship and a good charter. I got her cheap. She'll keep me in porterhouse steaks. The rest is just French pastry."

"How much is she insured for?"

"I'm carrying my own insurance. Listen, gloom, you might just as well get it through your head that you and I are built different. You're a delivery wagon and I'm an eight-cylinder roadster. You never did understand me. Anybody in the world but you would admit that I took old man Sawbridge's back teeth away from him. Not you. Oh, no. All you can see is calamity. The trouble with you is you're envious."

"Envious!" Bill breathed.

"Yes, envious! You were envious when I made that clean-up on the Roreback. You're envious now because I've got a toehold for my own fleet. You dreamed of doing it, but I'm *doing* it. I'm the kind of business man who leaves the measly little details to my understrappers."

Bill glanced at the shining ebony bows of the Iron Prince.

"Let's work off some vision on this old iron slat," he said wearily.

"All I'll hear is knocks."

"You'll get an honest opinion, Homer. How long have you known this Peterson girl?"

"A long time—two weeks."

"What is this, another of these kiss-and-run propositions?"

"Oh, you make my neck tired. She's a nice kid, and she slays me. She's absolutely different. She's got a head on her. As soon (*Continued on page 29*)

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The Make-Believe Wife

By

The Story Thus Far:

BEATRICE ST. JOHN, twenty years old, tall, slim and beautiful, marries Houston Challoner, rich, forty-eight, a widower and president of an architectural firm in North Underhill.

Beatrice's sister, Marcia, had been Houston's secretary and Beatrice had been a clerk in the office. At first Beatrice wouldn't consider the marriage, but Marcia fell ill and she realized what such a marriage would mean.

She consents and soon finds herself deeply fond of Hugh. She doesn't consider herself capable of being in love with anyone. Marcia and her mother are sent to California and Beatrice goes to live in Hugh's big house.

In February she is in a slight automobile accident and as a consequence loses her baby and is an invalid for some weeks.

Hugh is madly in love with Beatrice but feels from the beginning that he is too old for her and his thoughts go constantly to his own attractive young son, Bert, who is obviously growing fond of Beatrice.

One evening Beatrice is in Bert's room while he finishes dressing to go out when Hugh comes in. He doesn't announce his arrival and after Bert has gone Beatrice finds him lying down, pale and ill.

"I got home the day Dad and Bee were married," Bert said. He was watching them all with a rather odd expression

III

HE HAD had a stupid headache all evening, it appeared, and had deserted the visiting architects at the first possible moment.

"But, Hugh, I didn't hear you come in! I was in Bert's room while he was finishing dressing. He was telling me about Paris, and he showed me some pictures. Hugh, I'm so sorry! Have you had aspirin? Would you like me to—"

She fussed about him, solicitous and sympathetic, softening lights, moving a great crystal bowl of sweet peas to a distance, so that their too-powerful fragrance should not distress him, shaking up pillows. He had been chairman at the horrible dinner, and she suspected that he had eaten nothing.

Presently he opened his eyes to find her presiding at a low tray, ready to dispense tea and very thin hot toast when he was ready for them.

"How is it, Hugh?"

"How's what?"

"Your head."

"Oh, clear as a bell!"

"Not really!" she exclaimed, with such heartfelt joy that tears came into his eyes and he stretched out a hand and took hers and held it.

"The minute I'm home with you, my dear, and safe in this room, nothing worries me!" he said.

"But, Hugh, what was worrying you?"

"Oh, thoughts—thoughts. I wondered what made you think that you loved me, Bee, and I looked at myself—a dry old codger among those other dry old codgers—"

"Hugh, you poor simpleton! You don't deserve anything half so delicious as this—this is my best spider-leg, that old Chang Lo at the consulate gave me," Beatrice, both hands now busied with his cup, said reproachfully.

"Is it, dear?" he said appreciatively, meekly.

"It is. Now drink that. And eat that. And here's jam too—shall I spread it?"

HALF past eight o'clock, and yet it was only dusk now in the pleasant upstairs room, whose wide-open windows looked out tonight upon high tree branches sweet with damp new leaves. Moonlight was struggling with the half light in the garden, trickling down through the trees, laying a timid shaft of silver across Beatrice's upstairs porch, where she sometimes sang in the mornings, Hugh thought, while she fed her parrot and played with her kitten, and dried her brilliant hair in the spring sunshine.

Her primroses everywhere, her photograph on the desk where Hugh was working on the Kreutzmann Memorial, her books comfortably piled beside her pillowy couch; the indications of her six weeks' invalidism all about, and yet the evidence of her living, glowing vitality here too; her books, her kitten, her writing desk with its black wax seals and little lamp; her tapestry, a tangle of brown and green wools in a shallow basket.

And here she was herself, the goddess of the enchanted apartment where he had spent the happiest hours of a happy life, the tall, lean, eager, red-headed girl who loved so to be useful, loved so to busy herself maternally with his toast and his tea.

She caught the black velvet kitten up from the floor, during one of the baby animal's stealthy marches from the shelter of the tea table to the shelter of Hugh's chair, and set him down, wobbling and confused, among the plates.

"There, lick that cream up, Plutarch!"

"Aren't you having tea, Bee?"

"Well, no. Because, like an idiot, I had Nelly bring me a tray about seven."

"Have it with Bert?"

"Oh, no. He's dining with the Archibalds, or somewhere. No, I had it alone in here, in the company of the late dear queen," said Beatrice, glancing at her book. "It's wonderful—it's biting, but wonderful, isn't it?" she asked innocently.

HE WAS looking at her concentratedly; he did not hear her.

"Isn't what, dear?"

"The book, Hugh!" she exclaimed reprovingly.

Hugh smiled luxuriously.

"*You* are wonderful, I know that. Bee, I wonder if any man in the world ever had a place like this to come back to, and a woman like you to cure him of all the hurts and stupidities of life?"

Her gray-green eyes widened into a smile.

"Isn't that—marriage, Hugh?"

"Ought to be."

She was watching the kitten. She forced his small black head down, with a sudden gentle pressure, into the saucer of cream, and laughed at the picking and sneezing that followed.

"Bee—" Hugh began, and paused.

"Milord?"

"Bee, if you should ever stop caring for me, dear—no, don't laugh, I'm serious," Hugh said, catching her hand again. "If you should find—well, that you loved someone else more, or—or in a different way," he went on quickly, almost incoherently, "you'd tell me, wouldn't you?"

Without releasing her hand, she slid to her knees beside the couch and gathered both his hands against her breast.

"Why, what nonsense is this, Hugh?" she asked, in her maternal, half-laughing, half-chiding voice.

He studied her face gravely, anxiously, for a few seconds. Then he laughed.

"It *is* nonsense!" he exclaimed in relief.

"*Well*—" she said in a brisk, sensible tone, withdrawing, and occupying herself with the tray once more. The kitten rocketed away to a distant lair under the bookcases, but neither Beatrice nor Hugh had eyes for him.

They had taken possession of the big drawing desk and had littered it once more with T-squares, sheets of squared

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KATHLEEN NORRIS

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

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paper and pencils. Beatrice had clipped from an architectural magazine half a dozen little photographs of arches, steps, grills, doorways; she displayed them eagerly.

She toiled on busily, absorbedly, without interruption. While they worked sometimes her hand touched Hugh's hand, or her bright hair brushed for a moment against his face. And whenever that happened he stopped short and looked at her for a moment quietly, without speaking, without interrupting the labors of the sharp pencil and the soft eraser and the little silver ruler he had got her, of which she was so proud.

IN JUNE they moved to the shingled cabin on Spy Lake that had been the Challoners' summer camp for twenty years. It was an airy, piny place, only three miles away from the fashionable resort of Sentinel Beach, near the new golf club, near the yacht club, and with its own lovely tennis court and old-fashioned garden.

Hugh's mother had the adjoining house, a square, white, colonial house, with green shutters, and Hugh's sisters, Mrs. White and Mrs. Carey, their own unpretentious places farther up the lake. All about the summer homes of old friends and long-tested neighbors were scattered; the fish man and the milkman and the man who repaired the boats and the man who brought the mail knew the Challoners and welcomed into their ranks the new member of the family.

There was a needle-carpeted steep descent of ground through the woods, below the cabin, reaching to the ripples of the lake. A boathouse and a few tethered rowboats were there, and hammocks for warm afternoons. The hotel was out of sight, beyond a long wooded point of land, but the hotel yachts and launches often came into view, as well as the patient steamer that crossed the blue stretch of water twice a day. The air at the lake was sweet and aromatic and sleepy, and at sunset the hills turned a clear deep blue, and fish plopped in the mirror of the water, and flies buzzed in columns in the sunshiny spaces in the woods.

Beatrice loved it all; she was ecstatically happy in the freer, simpler life and in Hugh's presence, for he almost always spent a long week-end, from Friday afternoon until Monday noon, there, and sometimes made the thirty-mile run from town on a week night as well.

She went swimming with the young Whites and Careys in the dreamy blue mornings, when dragon flies flitted and twinkled on the hot rocky shale of their own particular little bathing cove. The morning sun brought a clean resinous smell from the hemlocks and pines; squirrels flashed and chattered in the near-by woods, where the winter's fallen timber had been heaped into stacks incredibly picturesque, up and down the forest aisles.

OFTEN old Mrs. Challoner was wheeled down to the pier, and sat there basking under her great sun umbrella, with the dripping children and the murmuring elders at her feet. Harriet Challoner Carey had a daughter of Beatrice's age, and Minnie Challoner White was only three years younger, and the three girls chattered and laughed together, in and out of the satiny blue water, in and out of the open cabins, all day long.

"And how are the Memorial plans, Beatrice?"

"Oh, they are coming on *marvelously*. We're perfectly fascinated by them! We're getting all the details together, and Hugh is going to stay home all Friday, and Saturday too this week, and put both mornings in on them!"

"No swimming for you then, Bee!" little Mary Randall protested resentfully.

"Oh, yes, I'll swim—we won't work that hard! But really I get as much fun out of it as Hugh does," Beatrice said.

"Lucky boy, Hugh Challoner," his mother's deep voice would say boomingly. And at that Beatrice always gave her happiest and most youthful laugh, in sheer content.

When Bert was at Spy Lake he always stayed with his grandmother, so that Beatrice felt no responsibility for him. He spent his Monday-to-Friday intervals in the city, but usually put in an appearance at the lake on Saturday afternoons, expectant of tennis.

Sometimes Hugh would play, and they would find two other men for a hard session of doubles. More often Beatrice played with her husband, with Bert and one of his young cousins for opponents. Young Tom Carey, Harriet junior, or Mary or Pauline White all played well, and the other members of the family would gather as audience in the shaded chairs on the south side of the court.

BEATRICE, who had made an early beginning with tennis in the long-ago days of Miss Roberts' school, when Mummy had taught music and Marcia the upper grades, was enormously in demand as a partner. But it was not so much because she was a good player—they were all good players—as because of the elements she brought to the game: fire and excitement and enthusiasm that gave it new life.

Her face grew red as she played, her hair wild; she fought desperately for every point, lost hard, and fairly danced with triumph when she won. "Oh, Hugh, Hugh—take it!" she would shriek in a tone that brought tears of laughter even to dignified old Mrs. Challoner's eyes.

"She's a nice child, Beatrice," the old woman told her son one morning.

"That's exactly what she is, a child, Mother."

"Well, all the better," his mother said. "Eh?" she added, a little sharply, twisting her head to see his face, as if something in his expression surprised her. "After all, she's only twenty, Hugh."

"Twenty-one. Yes. But many girls of twenty-one aren't as young as Bee," he offered, a little uncertainly.

"She's quite remarkable with her French, Harriet says," her mother-in-law defended her, "and she's a good manager and very sensible with the girls—as far as that goes, she seems eight years instead of eight months older than little Harriet. And she's certainly been a help with your prize plans, Hugh."

"Oh, yes, all that, all that!" he conceded almost (*Continued on page 43*)

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The Prince of Escape

By CHARLES SAXBY

Illustrated by HARRY BURNE

The inimitable Valdez at last finds something from which he can never escape

The Story Thus Far:

VALDEZ, otherwise Mike Byrne, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., finds himself in the midst of important happenings in London where he has been doing his escape and disappearing act at the Imperial Theatre.

He is engaged by the Cordato crowd to obtain from Brenda Hope the radio secrets which her father left with her, refusing to make them public because his belief in Deep Sleep, "the state of absolute knowledge," had been ridiculed. Brenda, against the wishes of Bernadot, her father's assistant, is giving public séances.

The Countess of Wallingford is managing these performances, hoping on behalf of Blazebroke, prime minister, to get the radio secrets out of Brenda during one of her séances.

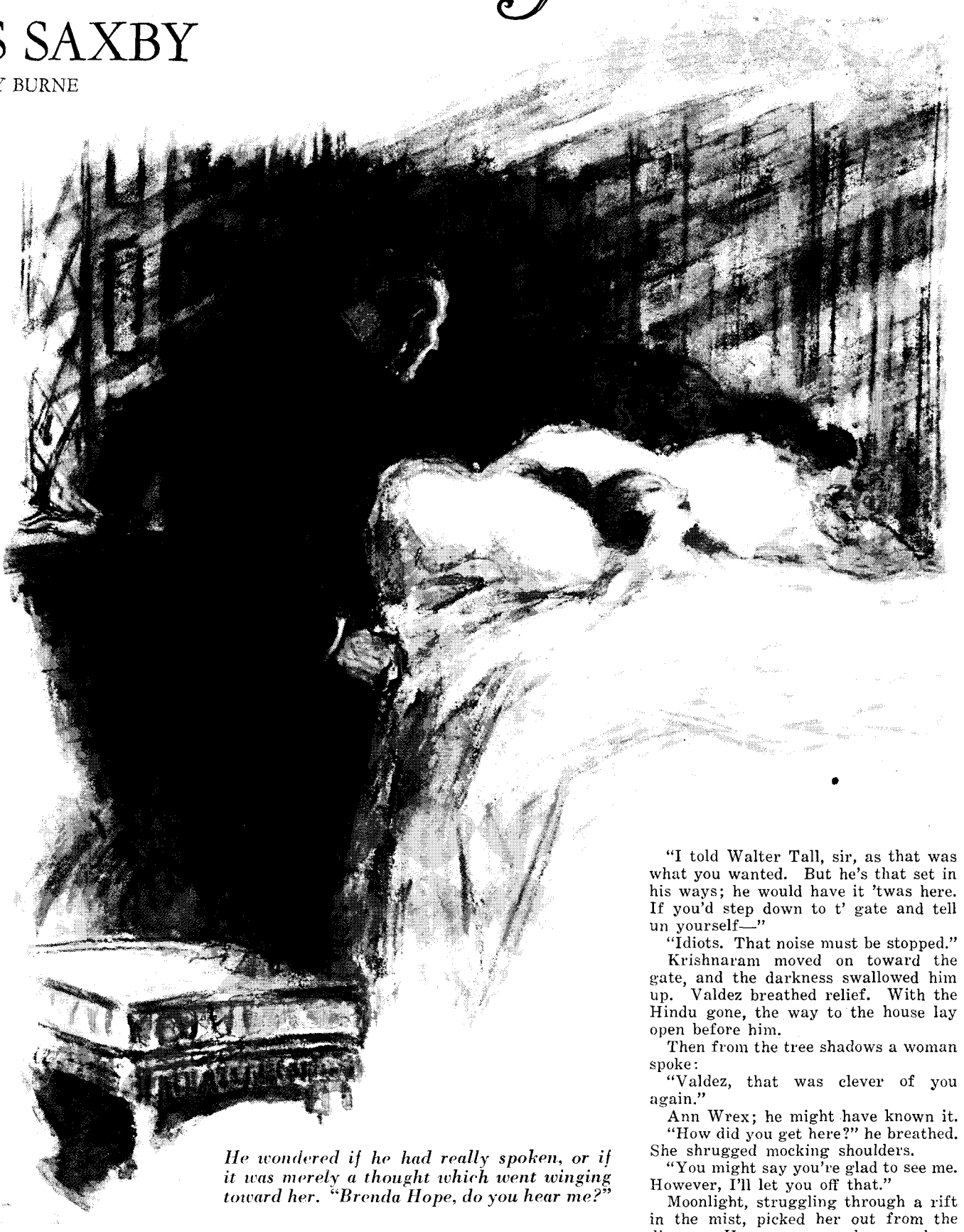
Valdez disappears and starts out after the secrets but soon determines only to save Brenda from her exploiters. A reward is offered by the theatre management for his capture and all England begins to look for him.

He takes a cheap room, is robbed, falls behind in his rent and is warned by the housemaid, Quinta Pell, a musical comedy actress down on her luck, that the landlady will take his clothes unless he pays. Together they escape and, to earn a little money, go singing on the Thames.

They take refuge in a houseboat belonging to Bernadot, whom they find there ill with malaria. Quinta nurses him back and then both she and Bernadot discover Valdez's identity. They all decide to rescue Brenda.

The only other person who knows where Valdez is is Ann Wrex, an American newspaper reporter.

The three motor to Shaugh Prior, where the countess has taken Brenda—together with a mystic who hopes through some dark rites to influence Brenda. The three arrive in the dark just as a live pig—to be used in the ritual—is being delivered. Valdez looses the pig and the watch-dogs race after it as he drops quietly over the wall.



He wondered if he had really spoken, or if it was merely a thought which went winging toward her. "Brenda Hope, do you hear me?"

VALDEZ dropped into the darkness of the garden, feeling for a path among waist-high ferns. Tall foxgloves were like ghostly candles: wild vines flung from tree to tree. The house was near, its two stories of ancient granite crouching among the wind-warped cedars.

A subtle blight of age lay over the place. One could feel this upthrown waste of moorlands as a last standing ground of things immemorial.

It was exactly the spot for what that peach-and-steel countess wished done. Down at the gate men shouted and lashed whips amid a witches' broth of dogs and pig. He could tell the instant at which that slashed rope parted and the pig leaped for freedom, its squeals dying away in distance among the frenzies of pursuing hounds.

It would take hours to round those dogs up again, and there would be no hoodoo incantations over a piglet this night. Meanwhile Shaugh Prior lay open.

Then a man spoke from the obscurity, "Who is there?"

Those fluting tones could come only from Krishnaram. A grayish glimmer betrayed his robe, but his dark face faded into the dark under the trees with a horrid suggestion of his being headless. One wondered whence his voice came, as he spoke again, more sharply:

"Who is there? Answer me at once."

Valdez' brain jerked into gear, and he found himself speaking:

"'Tis one of t' Talls, from up t' farm, sir. Us have brought you t' pig."

As Devon dialect it sounded good American, but it seemed to pass with the Hindu. He snapped, "Fool, why did you bring it here? I told you to take it to the wood."

Valdez searched his memory for more of that cart man's speech.

"Yes, sir; but t' cart turned over by t' gate and that pig's making a terrible noise."

Krishnaram turned to the house, his glance raking the upper story in anxious fashion. Valdez stamped that involuntary look upon his mind. It had betrayed to him where Brenda Hope lay, in that Deep Sleep from which the swami did not wish her wakened.

Krishnaram spat an order: "Go, tell them to take the thing to the wood at once. If I am to call the elementaries tonight, I must catch the moon before Saturn leaves the Fifth House. Ten and five make fifteen, and that is *their* number—the number of the Beast."

THERE was something chilling in this casual mention of things forbidden and occult. To Valdez it brought a picture of that dressing-room at the Imperial Theatre, of a strange card depicting a human-bodied monster with an alligator's head. "Ye daies of ye croccodyle—" And the number of that card was fifteen too.

He managed to produce more of that pseudo dialect.

"Yes, sir; be I to tell un all that?"

"Tell him," Krishnaram ordered, "to take the animal to the wood."

"I told Walter Tall, sir, as that was what you wanted. But he's that set in his ways; he would have it 'twas here. If you'd step down to t' gate and tell un yourself—"

"Idiots. That noise must be stopped."

Krishnaram moved on toward the gate, and the darkness swallowed him up. Valdez breathed relief. With the Hindu gone, the way to the house lay open before him.

Then from the tree shadows a woman spoke:

"Valdez, that was clever of you again."

Ann Wrex; he might have known it.

"How did you get here?" he breathed. She shrugged mocking shoulders.

"You might say you're glad to see me. However, I'll let you off that."

Moonlight, struggling through a rift in the mist, picked her out from the dimness. Her gown seemed new and expensive, with a glitter of crystal, an impression of subtle perfume. That was somehow disturbing, as if some encyclopedia had suddenly developed sex appeal. But her speech came in its familiar rapid fire:

"How did you get away from that houseboat this morning? Whenever we meet my first question seems to be how you escaped something. You carry your principality with you. But, remember, I warned you that you wouldn't be staying long on that boat."

A light shone back in Valdez' mind, kindled by the hidden triumph of her tone.

"So it was *you* who gave the information to those radio people?"

"And again," she said dryly, "we will wonder why I (*Continued on page 38*)

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An Old Charge

By DON MARQUIS

Illustrated by GEORGE WRIGHT

"Hand me that money or I'll have you pinched"

Who would have thought the bum was worth $60,000 in his stocking feet?

MALKIN stared at the curio, and a tremor shook his meager frame. Chilled and wet and dirty he was, with the slush of a New York February day soaking through his broken shoes and its drizzle in his hair, a panhandler and a bum, and there, not a foot from him, with only the antique dealer's window between, was possible wealth in this old flintlock pistol, and nobody in all the world could know of it but himself. For an insane moment he fought with the impulse to dash his raw hands through the glass and risk everything in a snatch and a run.

But he conquered that instinct: that meant almost certain capture and a cell, and Malkin was afraid of prisons; he knew them; he had had enough of them. He turned to the pal who stood beside him, his heartstrings within him and his rags without fluttering with his feverish eagerness, and stammered:

"P-p-Peachy, how m-much you got left?"

Peachy, who was, if anything, colder and wetter and dirtier than Malkin himself, and more obviously under the influence of bad whisky, drew from a sodden pocket a little sodden wad of bills, together with some silver coins, and extended the money in his grimy hand.

"Six dollars and thirty-five cents," muttered Malkin, clawing it over, "and I got four-sixty. That's ten-ninety-five we got." The men had worked for two days shoveling snow and had earned $16 each; today they had been drinking it up. But this residue was enough. The tag tied to the pistol in the window announced its price as $7.50.

There could be no doubt about the pistol itself; Malkin knew it. There was the broken trigger guard; there were the little rusty pockmarks at the muzzle end of the big steel barrel, and there were the dents, deep and irregular, in the softer brass which bound the heavy butt. He remembered when Nell had made those dents, using it to drive nails with the day she hung the pictures in their flat, and he chuckled at the thought of that queer half-domestic interlude in his irregular life, and at the thought of Nell, who had always had a craving to be respectable even while she loved to fling about the proceeds of his thievery.

BUT even Nell had never known what he had hidden in the barrel of that old weapon. There might be—how much? Forty thousand dollars? Fifty thousand, in diamonds and emeralds, and those three rubies? Sixty thousand? There yet—if no one had found out! There yet, embedded in the sealing wax which he had poured in, molten, along with them, the day after he had cracked that swell crib over in Westchester, ten years ago.

There yet—or, maybe, gone! He twitched and jerked with his excitement, and when he spoke to Peachy again he gibbered for a moment before he could school his tongue to articulation.

"Peachy," he said, "we're gonna buy that pistol. See? That pistol there."

Peachy giggled uncomprehendingly. He had never, at any time of his life, been able to comprehend much; he was a bum because he was a bum, and it had been years since he had tried to think out why or even wondered about it.

"Let's get a drink," he suggested.

"We're going to buy that pistol there," insisted Malkin. "Peachy, I know a man who'll give us fifty dollars for that pistol, and I'll give you half of it. Twenty-five dollars, Peachy—think of it, twenty-five dollars!"

"What we want with twenty-five dollars?" said Peachy. "I *got* money!" And he giggled again as he looked at the wet dollars in his dirty hand. "I ain't gonna buy any pistol; I want a drink."

Malkin, in his excitement, could have leaped upon the creature and strangled him, but again he controlled himself. As he looked upon him he forgot that he was a bedraggled bum himself; he remembered his clean and prosperous years, his days of fine clothing and agreeable amusements and good food and decent beds; the days when he had been spoken of by other crooks as the slickest member of a swell mob. And now he yearned with a longing that was agony for cleanliness and physical decency and ease again. He whispered something like a prayer. "Oh, God," he said, "I've been straight for years, and I'll keep straight." He even had a hazy picture of himself making money out of the proceeds of the jewels and living decently upon the money he made and restoring the worth of the jewels to the people from whom he had stolen them ten years before.

"Oh, God," he promised, "I'll go and hunt up my old man, and make things easy for him." It was the first time he had so much as thought of his father in more than five years. "Oh, God," he said, "I never wanted to be a crook in the first place."

Which was, of course, a lie. Malkin had ceased to steal because his prison terms had broken his nerve, which was never very strong; he had, essentially, neither the stamina for steady virtue nor for successful crime; and since his last release from jail five years before he had shuddered away from all thoughts of contact with the law out of sheer cowardice. It was cowardice that had made him a bum, not his "reform," as he called it now.

SUDDENLY he turned on Peachy with an intensity that penetrated even that wavering nondescript armor of idiocy, and said: "Hand me that money, or I'll have you pinched!"

"'S *my* money," said Peachy, but his hand relaxed, and Malkin took it. But once inside the curio dealer's shop, Peachy's vague sense of justice reasserted itself more resolutely. "'S my money," he said sullenly, "and it's gonna be my pis'l too!"

Suppose the jewels were not there! But they must be. Malkin would not let himself even consider the alternative.

"How m-m-much," he said, stammering again with his emotions, "is that pistol there?"

The shopkeeper looked at the two bums coldly, dubiously pulling at his scraggly gray beard and frowning before he answered.

"The price is marked on it plainly enough," he said. "Seven dollars and fifty cents."

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"What I mean was," said Malkin, "I want to buy it."

And he extended the $7.50 in a hand that shook—all of Peachy's money and a little more than a dollar of his own.

The dealer took the old weapon from his window, but he held it doubtfully without handing it over. Malkin was all one tremble—would the man, in this last moment, find out? Himself, he had no doubts. The jewels must still be there! They *must!*

"What do you bums want with it?" said the dealer, looking from their bedraggled clothing to the little pools of dirty water that ran from their shoes to his clean floor.

"'S my pis'l—wanna buy a pis'l," said the imbecile Peachy, with the half-wit's sudden change of front. And he giggled feebly once more, holding out his hand.

"I don't know," said the antique dealer, "that I ought to sell it to you bums." He considered, while Malkin turned sick again at the possibility of his refusal. Finally he said, "But it ain't a weapon; it's a curio."

"Wanna buy a curio," said Peachy, now childishly pleased with the idea of owning the thing. "This pis'l here's my li'l' curio!" And he snatched it.

"For God's sake," said the dealer, turning pale and stepping back as Peachy began to swing the thing in shaky circles and point it here and there, "don't handle it that way! You can't tell what's in it—one out of ten of those things has a rusty old charge in it. It might go off any minute."

"JUS' a li'l' old curio," giggled Peachy. "'S *my* pis'l!" And he patted the thing affectionately, flushed with a child's pride of ownership. He had only had it thirty seconds, but already Peachy loved it as a child loves a new toy, and his attitude dared the world to try and take it from him.

"Has *this* one got anything in it?" ventured Malkin hoarsely.

"I never look in 'em," said the dealer. But he took hold of the barrel, while Peachy still clung jealously to the butt, and thrust a little cane down it. "Maybe. Something there—Lord knows what." He squinted at the barrel and the cane, estimating the bulk of what was in it. "May be some thundering old load that's been there forty years. May be mud."

"'S my pis'l," said Peachy, with his foolish laugh, and passed out of the door, hugging it in his arms.

Malkin followed, his hot heart thumping his lean chest—for now he was certain! The jewels were there. He began to consider. First he would dispose of one of them: sell it for what he could get. Then he would get himself new clothes, a place to live, the decencies of life; he would get himself a credible "front"; he would need that as a vantage from which to market the rest of them; it would have to be done cleverly and leisurely, and without any indication that he needed money, if he were to get anything like full value out of them. It would have to be done by a person who looked and acted as if he might logically and legitimately own such things. And then. . . .

The thought of rehabilitation came over him again so strongly that he stood fixed on the slushy sidewalk almost as one in a trance—the vision of the things he might do, the life he might lead, the pleasures that would be his, the clothes he would wear, the shows he would see, the dinners he would eat, the wines he would drink, the people he would talk with, the books he would read as one having a right to read them, the trips he would take. He would go to Paris; he had been there once, years ago, and he had always wanted to go again. He could see himself aboard ship, surrounded by pleasant companions; he could see himself in the cardroom—but he'd play a straight game!

In all the world at that moment there was possibly no human being who so ardently desired honesty and decency as Malkin; who so shrank away from and abhorred the idea of anything crooked.

HE WAS only thirty-nine, and seven of those years he had spent in prison. How was it that he had ever become a crook in the first place? He stood and wondered, his brows contracted. He had been clever, and he had been luxurious, and he had been vain. It had started with cashing bad checks; it had gone on with cheating at cards, which was easy for him, for he was possessed of a most unusual digital dexterity. And the first confessed crook whom he had ever met, he had met in a card game; the man had spotted him, and had not exposed him, and had said to him later that a person as clever as he with his hands should have just the touch for safes.

He was twenty-three then; by the time he was twenty-five he had made a reputation in the criminal world. And after that there was easy money, and every desire gratified; and then prison . . . and then easy money again. Until at the last he had lost his nerve. But now: "*Oh, God!*" he whispered, "*I can make something of my life yet! Let me, let me, let me make something of it!*" And out of his trance he reached for the old curio.

"'S my pis'l," said the idiot Peachy, and caressed it tenderly, and slipped it inside his overcoat out of Malkin's reach. "'S my li'l' curio pis'l . . . and I'm gonna go an' shoot taxicabs with it." So many taxicabs had nearly hit Peachy during his two-day stint of snow shoveling that he had conceived a crazy grudge against all machines of this species.

MALKIN stared at him with contracted brows, considering. Presently he said, "Peachy, I've got some money left. Let's go and get that drink."

Peachy grinned and followed him, and presently the two of them sat at a table in one of the groggeries of the grimy district known as San Juan Hill, with glasses of 30-cent gin before them. In the days before prohibition this stuff, or something not quite so bad, was dear at 10 cents a glass; now at 30 it was cheap. "I'll get him drunk," said Malkin to himself, "and just quietly take it from him. And then, some day, I'll look him up and slip him a hundred or so." And the resolve to slip Peachy a hundred or so made Malkin feel virtuous and deserving of the luck that would soon be his. He drank nothing himself; he bought drinks for Peachy, who, nothing loth, absorbed them.

"Peachy," said Malkin after the poor ruin had poured into himself his third glass of the vile concoction, "let's look at that curio of yours."

The other looked at him with red-rimmed eyes into which there crept straightway a look of drunken cunning.

"'S *my* pis'l," he said, pressing his hand against his side, where it was hidden. And he began to speak of himself in the third person, as a very small boy might do. "'S Peachy's pis'l," he asserted. "Peachy's gonna shoot taxicabs!" And then, with a crazy, half-completed association of ideas: "Peachy's gonna go all over N'Yawk shootin' Fourth o' July taxicabs."

Pleased with this glorious program, Peachy laughed idiotically and added, "Bang! Down goes taxicab! Fourth o' July!"

"Let me show you how to load it," offered Malkin craftily.

"'F you show Peachy how load it, Peachy never, never gonna git pis'l back again," said Peachy, leering with a craftiness which, Malkin felt, for all practical purposes matched his own. And then Peachy asserted confidently: "Hunners and hunners in pis'l right now, hunners of loads! 'Cheen gun. Shoots all day. Shoots all night. Hunners and hunners!" Then he patted his side again sentimentally, affectionately: "Peachy's pis'l! Peachy's pis'l is Peachy's bes' (*Continued on page 46*)

"'S my *pis'l*," *Peachy said challengingly.* "'S my *money bought that pis'l*"

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By H. C. WITWER

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

Jack's looking at her with a odd grin. "What makes you think I can knock him out at all?" he asks her

The Wife of Riley

Reel Six of Bigger and Better, which proves that charity has no place in the ring

"LISTEN," I says to Jack King, "speaking of swordfish, did you ever see A Woman of No Importance?"

"No," he replies with a sarcastical snort, "and neither did anybody else. All women is important!"

"That's a victory—deal 'em again," I grins. "But what I mean is the show of that name. It's very uptown, they tell me. A Big Pen-and-Ink Man called Oscar Wilde threw it. He likewise composed The Picture of Dorian Gray."

"Yeah?" comments Jack, with no interest what so ever. "Who directed that one?"

In a few more minutes we'd of had a act, so I explained to him that Liability Films was on the verge of shooting this Woman of No Importance poultice and had borreyed Queenie Davis, the girl friend, for a grand part in it. The legit opera was then playing at one of them funny "little theatre" drums in Los Angeles, and Queenie had been told to leap over and catch it so's she could get a rough idea of her portfolio in the coming movie. She wished me to go with her, pour le sport, and as I'd go to Billy Sunday's Hades for the very abba dabba Queenie, why, they was no blows struck about dragging her to a theatre. The results is that me, Jack, Queenie and Fay Daniels viewed the entertainment that night and the while the gals seemed to enjoy matters it was Hindu to me and Jackie. My buddy pronounced the whole thing nothing more or less than a wisecracking tourney between a bunch of Broad-A title writers and not so hot at that.

They's little or no use annoying you by unwrapping the plot, if any, of Mr. Wilde's smart scenario—after all, it's "of No Importance" as he labeled it himself—but I'll state they's a nifty in the first act which registers. One of the actors hauls off and drawls to a confederate:

"Life would be very dull without our mistakes!"

Now, any doctor, lawyer, judge, copper, professional reformer or lead-pencil eraser will tell you the above statement is strictly kosher, for without our mistakes they'd all be meaningless. However, a error a day keeps the yawns away, and people which seldom make mistakes seldom make anything else either!

Well, I'm glad I got *that* off my chest, as the guy exclaims while hurling away the mustard plaster, so if you'll stop sniffling and blow your noses, tots, I'll come on the air with the story of Jackie King's pungent blunder. A lot of tires has went flat since then, but I got a memory like a gag man, so get a bucket of this—it's tasty!

I ANSWER to the name of Marty Evans, and I was piloting Monsieur Jack King, the triple-threat welterweight, when the following typographical error come to pass. After slapping all and sundry bowlegged and winding up within jabbing distance of the world's title, Jack was ordered by a medico to take a furlough, as a few of these boys he'd slapped stiff had pasted him from pillar to post before finally hitting him smartly on the right glove with their chins. So for no sensible reason we hopped off for Hollywood, Calicamera, where America's Fiancée and them continually gets their pictures took. What a village! The first thing I know my handsome battler's stepped out of character and went movie and I got on my hands what is known to the trade as a "extra," mind you, instead of the next welterweight champion of the world.

This dizzy youth then went to work and took up the mysteries of golf so's to get on friendly footing with the assistant directors, continuity chefs and such, incidentally getting his face retreaded so's to get the same way with the cuteys. I want to say to you this evening if Jack had of been a ferret I'm satisfied he could of made pals out of mice, so he was doomed to success from the start. I hope to tell you he was no mug. A quiet but nobby dresser, a looker with a cruel line of dialogue which broke down all sales resistance and a boxer of national notoriety, Jack King was one of Hollywood's show places before you could say knife!

However, gentle readers, *my* idea was that a scrapper's place is in the ring and not in no sunkist movie studio, especially when my doughnuts depended on said scrapper's activities with the gloves. So when I seen the celluloid was going to Jackie's head, I opened a class gym out there where the stars, directors, supervisors and other relations of the picture rajahs could keep themselves on their toes between war dramas for the payment of a suitable ransom and could watch Jack King train free of charge. Jack's popularity and my showmanship put the trap over, especially when Melbourne Maxim, the boss director of 'em all, give it a play.

MAXIM had seen my crowd pleaser fight a couple or three times, and I'll have you know he thought the lad was a panic, using him in his epics whenever he could as atmosphere and the like. Mere friendship with the right people may not be quite enough to help you bust records in your particular racket, but it sure does smooth over the rough spots on the road to success, what?

When Jack first swooped down on Los Angeles, he blew sixty grand in Poverty Row trying to make himself and a temperature-raising waitress the talk of the industry in a raucous Bigger and Better. This two-mile insult to the intelligence wound up in the ash can, yet it was the means of the comely biscuit shooter becoming a famous leading lady and later Jackie got back his sixty thousand drachmas with loan shark's interest. But that's another story, as the window cleaner says, so let's scurry along with *this* one and stop biting your nails—remember, Rome wasn't built in

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a day, no matter what Mussolini claims.

Well, the name of this lucky waitress was Fay Daniels, and she was now one of the biggest box-office bets which ever broke a house record with a revival for opposition. Out of gratitude to Jack she let him fall madly in love with her, good people, and if she didn't return his affections then Fay was a more fluent actress than most, what I mean. Though beauts in Hollywood is as common as pickles in a delicatessen, many a hungry eye was cast at the appetizing Fay by the one-guest party promoters, but them babies recalled Jack King's poisonous left hook to the whiskers and turned away with a baffled sigh. However, they was one guy which *didn't* turn away—in fact, this gil spent most of his time with Fay in his arms, and all Jackie could do was look on, gnash his bridge-work and like it!

This dare-devil was no less than Kempton Calhoun; namely, the life-saver for Colossal Productions, the dream of the salesgirls, a hound of the first water and the star which Fay Daniels supported in a flock of six-reel petting gymkhanas. He had a crave for Fay which he could no more hide than you can hide the hiccups, and though away from the lot Fay had told him forty times to sign off, he stuck like ten thousand bucks' worth of glue. Calhoun knew Jack wouldn't sock him, because Fay prohibited rough stuff outside the ring, so safe in this important knowledge the movie hero never stopped trying to build up this pretty lady, while easing in the rap for my athalete and playing on his high-school-kid jealousy like Heifetz plays on a fiddle.

One afternoon after figuring up the old cash on hand, I bounded over to the costly country club where Jack had give himself up to the practice of golf.

"Well, I broke a hundred again!" Jack greets me proudly. "I shot a ninety-one."

"That's fair for nine holes," I kidded. "How much dough have you got on you?"

HE PULLED out a roll of bills amounting to about eighty cents. Like everybody else in the country right now from ditch digger to trillionaire, Jack was playing the stock market in a wild attempt to run a spool of thread into a cotton mill. He'd took a steady shellacking for a month, and he had nothing on *me*—the bangtails had me in hock for my pajamas, what I mean, and the panic was on, which I swiftly proceeded to tell him. He gazed at me in disgust.

"I told you to lay off them airedales!" he growls. "Cheez, anybody which gambles on horse races is about ready to cut out paper dolls. Chickens lays eggs, chumps lays bets!"

That hit a nerve.

"What d'ye call buying them margins?" I sneers. "*You* bet Consolidated Putty & Caviar will go up or down so many points, while *I* bet the favorite will cop the handicap—what's the difference? People which lives in glass houses—"

"Is usually goldfish!" he finishes for me. "C'mon in the locker-room till I whittle off a shower and I'll dope out a plot to swell our receipts. I do my best thinkin' while bathin'—the old man was a deep-sea diver."

"Should he of saw that dive you took for Rough House Green at Tulsa three years ago, your old man would of tore up his license!" I remarks.

That was just to keep him steamed, lads and lassies, because the more hostile Jack got the better chance they was of selling him the idea of returning to fisteycuffs so's we could get out of escrow.

While he was dressing I told him we had to snap into it swift and hit the ball, giving him a cold-turkey blue print of the tough spot we was in.

Our gym was barely breaking even, as the novelty had worn away and Jack wouldn't ballyhoo it by knocking off any more palookas at the local clubs. This go-getter wished to learn the movie game from top to bottom and finally crash the executive end of it, pasturing with the noble supervisors, unit producers, senior vice presidents and birds of a feather, which has air-tight jobs at hysterical wages for engineering all the flops.

Likewise he yearned to produce another film starring himself, on the grounds that his public deserved it. In this he was encouraged by his work in Love and Kisses, where he acted the part of a tough waiter and got mentioned in the dispatches by the reviewers. They wanted to know his name, as the director of that yell had refused to give him screen credit. After all, Jack was only one of the extras—the unidentified bodies of Hollywood.

"What's the use of me makin' good in pictures if nobody knows who I am?" squawks Jack, somewhat red-headed. "It would only take another title to name me."

"Behave!" grunts the megaphone brandisher. "I can't squander the footage, brother. If I add your label to the cast, something else has to come out. What d'ya think the peasants wishes to see—the name of some unknown super or thirty feet more of Violet Disrobe's knees?"

That won.

So here we was with both check books shot to shreds by Wall Street and the races and we're on the brinks of bankruptcy in a slab where losers is as popular as mad dogs. Melbourne Maxim had took off for Europe which left Jack without his right-hand man and at the other lots he got turned down oftener than a bedspread. I was gloomily pointing out all them sad tidings to him when he jumped up and cut me off.

"All right, Undertaker," he says briskly. "I'll go for the assault and battery thing again if it's a case of keeping the wolf from the vestibule. I'll knock a few umpchays for a loop and then I'll try and get this synthetic champ into a ring with me. You know what'll take place then, and with a world's title danglin' from my belt I can dictate my own terms to these prancin' castin' directors. Go out and round up the pushovers!"

"I already done it, young-feller-me-lad!" I tells him with glee. "How soon will you be ready to battle?"

"Tonight!" snaps Jack. "I've kept myself in first-class condition by playin' golf every day, and—"

"Well, you ain't going to box Gene Sarazen," I interrupts. "We'll go to Palm Springs or one of them hide-outs for a couple weeks and ready you. We leave the day after tomorrow."

JACK nodded, hopping in his bus to pick up Fay Daniels at the hokum foundry, and I dashed over to go in a huddle with the matchmaker of the Olympia Club. Once again, customers, I had a Grade-A scrapper under my wings and not no imitation movie actor. It seemed like old times, what I mean, and as I taxied down Sunset Boulevard past the studios I shook my fist at 'em and snarled, "I got you licked at last!"

That's what *I* thought! I'd tuned Jack King out of pictures, so I was positive all our grief was over forever and a day. I was just like the average reformed drinker, kiddies, which thinks nothing whatever can happen to him now that he's on the wagon.

Well, to get to the point, as the ink cracks to the fountain pen, the current sensation in Los Angeles fistiana, where the movie mob never misses a bout, was a egg entitled Bad News Riley. The reason I delayed a day in taking Jackie away to train was because I wished him to see this boy work, as me and the matchmaker of the Olympic had hand-picked Mr. Riley for Jack's first opponent in his drive on the championship. Riley was a slugger pure and simple. I couldn't see nothing more in him than a stiff workout for my killer—maybe two or three rounds before Jack untracked himself after his long rest—and then Riley would know how it feels to be stopped. They was quite a surprise

"To Hades with Riley's wife and her hard-luck story!" I bellers. "Go out there and take this mug"

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waiting for me, I wouldn't deceive you!

The next night we took the voyage to the Hollywood Legion Stadium to witness Bad News Riley versus Tony Balloni. Jack had in tow his pet hobby, Fay Daniels, which had become quite a fight fan since crossing his path. To keep me from yawning, I brung along Queenie Davis; viz, a ex-bathin' beaut of the slapsticks which was now doubling for Fay when the plot called for some crazy, neck-risking stunts. Queenie longed to be a full-fledged actress, and I longed to be her spouse, but at the moment she couldn't be annoyed with the bonds of matrimony, especially with a guy which was by no means the secret backer of Henry Ford. However, we was the best of friends, which is more than many's the married couple can say, what I mean!

Bad News Riley got a ovation when he climbed through the ropes. He was one tough-looking mauler and don't think he wasn't. I'll lay eight to five he was compelled to shave about five times daily, which included his barrel chest, and his profile was the tip-off on the chance-taking swinger—broken smeller, cauliflower listeners, puffed lips. Little or no sex appeal, just something to scare the children with!

"No foolin'," gasps Queenie Davis, "he looks more like a gorilla than a gorilla itself does. I wish they'd give that other boy a revolver—it would be more even!"

SHAKING hands with Riley, the other boy looked to me like he wished he had *two* revolvers or, even better, a machine gun. The bell rang, and Tony Balloni run out in consternation to stick a frightened left jab in Riley's nostrils. Riley sneered at him and immediately crossed a terrible right to the jaw. The petrified Tony went down like he'd been patted on the head with a sledge. Even when the band played The Star-Spangled Banner he wouldn't get up. The "fight" lasted twenty-two seconds, and anybody which happened to blow their noses didn't see it at all!

"Oh, Jack, you'll never box that terrible brute, will you?" quivers Fay on the ways out, while the disgusted crowd's giving the bout the razzberry.

"He ain't so vicious," returns Jack. "Cheez, this Tony Balloni's parents must of been canaries—he's plenty yellow. He could of got up with ease."

"But what a fool he'd have been to do so!" remarks Queenie.

"Absolutely!" I says. "Well, folks, two weeks from tonight Jack will end Bad News Riley's career as a main eventer!"

Fay stopped dead in her tracks and stared at Jack with frightened, astonished eyes.

"Jack King, if you ever fight that horrible wild animal we saw tonight I'll never speak to you again!" she declared.

"Riley can't help the immaterial facts that he don't look like Vilma Banky," I growls. "Looks don't mean nothing in the ring—it's hooks they pay off on. We've bounced guys in our time which would make Riley seem like a collar ad. Amuse yourself with *that!*"

"Can you bear it?" smiles Queenie. "Listen, Marty, how is it that when Jack loses you always say *he* lost and when he wins you always say *we* won?"

"Because it's my priceless advice when I'm in his corner which turns the tide," I answered promptly. "Without *me* behind him, he's just another welterweight."

"After the fruit's been boiled to a pulp, add some cinnamon and—" Jack begins.

"What in the Hades are you talking about?" I demands.

"Applesauce!" grins Jack, and they all give me a guffaw.

Next day we're camped at Palm Springs with our handlers, sparring ring and all the regular training gadjets, much to the joy of the tourists and week-enders which come out in droves to watch the famous Jackie King do his stuff. The gushing mammas couldn't understand how a leather pusher could be so handsome and polite to one and all, and their male bodyguards couldn't understand why a socker like Jack could toy with the movies when a world's title was his for the punching.

Well, the day before the scuffle we broke camp and sidled into Los Angeles again, and I had on my hands a human wild cat straining at the leash. Jackie was *right*, what I mean! The grinning little Jap boy which was governess of our keen little bungalow handed him a list of phone numbers to call and heading it with Fay Daniels. While he's on the wire I filed away fifty fan letters from this guy "Please Remit." Finally Jack hung up and called to the Jap.

"Break out our tuxedos and press 'em, Yokohama," he tells him. "We're prowlin' tonight."

"What kind of hoy is this?" I demanded in amazement. "Have you forgot that tomorrow night you go against Bad News Riley?"

"No, and neither will Riley forget it," he grins. "Here's the situation, and take that look off your pan. Melbourne Maxim got back from his trip to the old country today, and tonight the Colossal Productions stars is makin' whoopee for him. Fay's declared me in and I don't suppose Queenie Davis will plead a headache if you give her a buzz."

Well, gang, that was a horse from another steeplechase. Maxim was our pal, and I figured a little clowning on the eve of the coming fracas might do Jack some good and be no hardship to *me* either.

"We just fall in and fall out, then," I warns him. "For I want you asleep by ten o'clock tonight at the latest."

"Kayo," agrees Jack. "I'll even it up by puttin' Riley to sleep at ten o'clock *tomorrow* night!"

But Bad News Riley broke out with a serious case of insomnia at that witching hour and in what manner!

At the giddy party for Melbourne Maxim, tossed on a big and specially decorated stage on the Colossal lot, this Kempton Calhoun ape happens along.

"I'm certainly glad I got home in time to see you box tomorrow night, Jack," exclaims Maxim. "You look to be in wonderful shape—a shining example to these soft, pallid Good-Time Charleys here. Who *is* this Bad News Riley?" he winds up, turning to me. With a nasty grin, Calhoun butts in before I can answer.

"He's the chap who's going to knock out Mr. King!" he cracks.

Maxim frowned, and Jack gazed at the burly Calhoun regretfully.

"Cheez, what I'd give to discuss matters on a vacant lot with you some time, Big Boy!" he murmurs. "Well, my pennies is all tied up in stocks or five would get you ten. I—"

WHILE Calhoun's still sneering, Maxim whips out his check book, signs one in blank, tears it off and slips it to Jack.

"Fill that out for whatever you want, son!" he says. "Come, Calhoun, I'd like to get in this myself and see what happens. You blooming plutocrat, you must have a million. I'll bet you ten thousand Jack gets the nod tomorrow night!"

"Anybody else?" grins Calhoun.

"I'd like to lay five grand on myself," says Jack quietly.

"This is money from home!" Calhoun jeers and glances at me. "How much confidence have *you* in your fighter?"

"I'm afraid he'll win by a knockout," I snaps. "Five thousand he does!"

"What are you using for money?" sniffs the star.

"Eh—I—I'll have the dough after the fight, don't worry," I says.

"Then that's when I'll bet you—after the fight!" He curls his lip at me and with that he stalks away.

Well, about five o'clock the following afternoon me and Jack is lounging on the flower-covered porch of our bungalow harking to the radio, when up the walk tripped a beautiful snapper. Jack immediately ducked inside, and I think here's another one of them drapery and curtain peddlers I got to get rid of, and from past experience I know that's quite a feat. I was about to scamper for cover when she nailed me.

"I must see Mr. King at once," she tells me and she's plenty nervous. "It's a matter of life and death!"

"A insurance agent, hey?" I growls.

"I'm Velma Riley—Bad News Riley's wife," she falters. "Does *that* mean anything?"

"It does!" says Jack, sticking his head out of the doorway from which he'd heard every word. "What can I do for you?" he said as he came on out.

I'M THINKING of what a terrible-looking chimpanzee this Riley is and wondering by what means he ever win himself a disturbance like she was!

"I want to ask you a favor—a—a *great* favor," she goes on, sitting down in the chair Jack placed for her. "I want you to promise not to knock out my husband until the sixth round."

"Nux vomica!" I says, nudging Jack. "Goo'-by, lady; see you all at once."

But Jack's looking at her with a odd grin.

"What makes you think I can knock him out at all?" he asks her. "Does—eh—does your husband think that too?"

"Oh, I don't know"—she twisted her little handkerchief around and seemed two inches from the weeps—"but nearly everybody else does. That isn't the point. I—listen; we're flat broke, and we owe everybody in Hollywood, and as you're getting nearly all the purse for this bout it won't mean much unless my husband makes a great showing. Well, as you probably know, the odds are now two to one that you'll win inside of five rounds. I've pawned everything I could lay my hands on—yes, even my wedding ring—to bet that Bad News Riley will last at least *six* rounds. So you *see*, you *must* let him stay that long!"

"Nothing stirring!" I says. "Riley's too dangerous to carry, and we got a lot of dimes on this brawl ourselves."

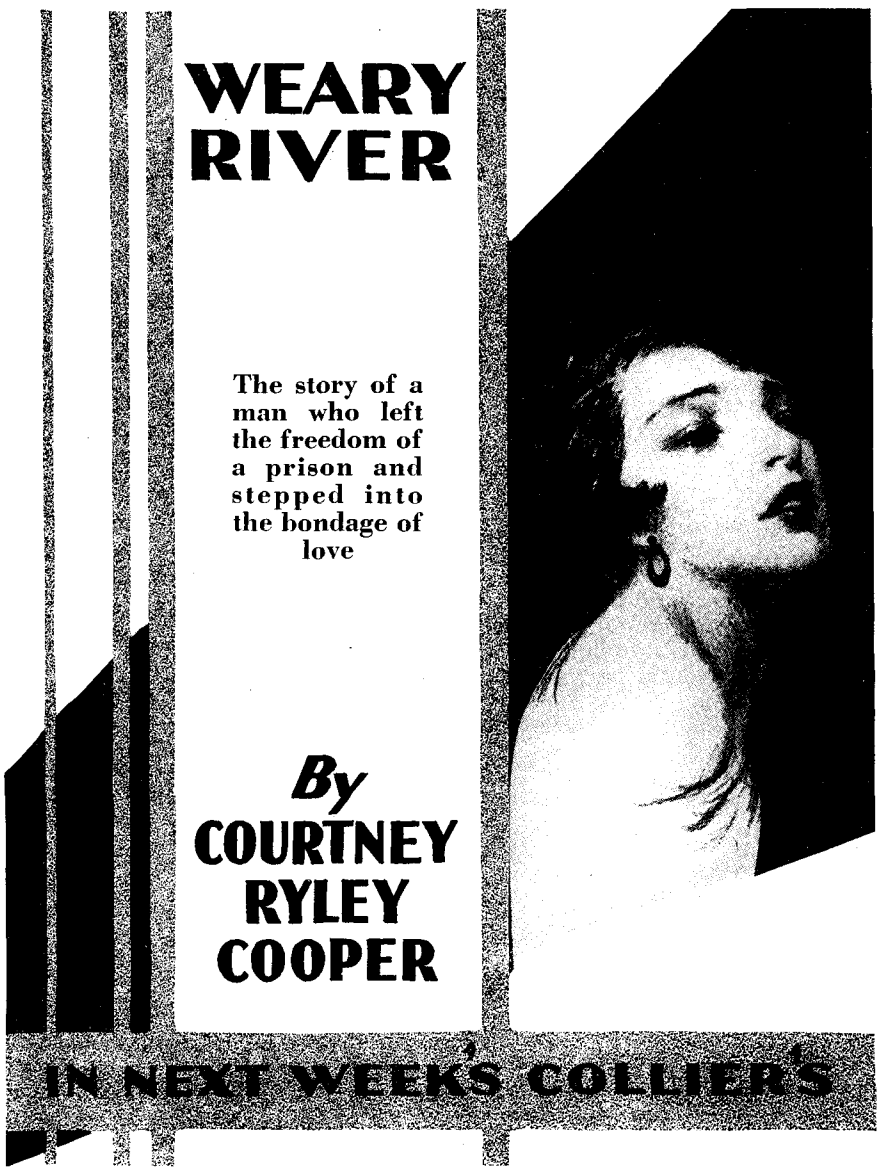
"But after the sixth round Mr. King can do his best, and what difference will it make if he's victorious a few minutes later?" returns Riley's pretty ball-and-chain earnestly. "I'm not asking you to let my husband *win*."

"That's very kind of you," remarks Jack sarcastically.

"Oh, please don't take that attitude!" busts out Mrs. Velma Riley, and now the tears is trickling fast. "I'm at my wits' end, really. Why, our landlord has threatened to put us out in the street if we don't pay the rent in the morning. I don't know who to turn to—I just took a long chance that you were the big-hearted kid they all say you are. Please, Mr. King, I'll never forget it as long as I live!"

"No!" I says firmly. I ain't no Simon Legree, understand, but I'd never let Jack hold nobody up and a quick knockout of Bad News Riley would get attention in New York.

"Shut up, you!" barks Jack at me, and then he pats the sobbing female on the shoulder. "I know I'm crazy to do this, as the guy remarks while twisting the tiger's tail," he tells her, "but I won't bear (*Continued on page 35*)


WEARY RIVER
The story of a man who left the freedom of a prison and stepped into the bondage of love
By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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This Looks Like a Good Place

Sometimes the trail leads to the top of the world

Stalking mountain sheep for a good snapshot is not easy

By HORACE M. ALBRIGHT

Superintendent, Yellowstone National Park, as told to

FRANK J. TAYLOR

THE motor tourist needn't rough it now unless he prefers to, but anyone who turns Sagebrusher will do well to heed a few simple hints offered by an expert.

"SAY, Sagebrusher, how's roads over there west of the park—I see you carry an Oregon number?"

"Roads are fine, brother, but watch out for rains. Then you'll need chains. How's roads east?"

"Well, we ain't come far yet—only about two thousand miles—but they've been O. K. Where are the best places to camp out west?"

That's how the discussion began. Before the evening was over it ran the gamut of road conditions, the rates of hotels and camps, the motor laws of the various states, the best kind of machine for a sagebrusher to sagebrush in, the cost of living and who's going to be the next President.

Half a dozen other heads of families sagebrushing it through the West joined the circle about the campfire and helped to settle the heavier issues. Some youngsters gathered on the other side of the fire. One of them strummed on a guitar and began to sing. The song proved so contagious that everybody joined in the song fest.

The only names anybody knew were those of the members of his immediate family. After a while one of the men took a census, which revealed the fact that the eight families present represented as many different states, including New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Alabama, Oregon, Washington, California and Missouri.

Albright himself, director of national parks, dispenser of first aid to campers

Home is Where the Car is

SAGEBRUSHING season is here again. Along in the spring, right after the equinox has been tucked away safely, a little germ known pseudo-scientifically as *Bacillus wanderlusticus*, but more popularly called the open-road microbe, bites about two thirds of the people in the United States. In the case of about one in twenty the bite is fatal.

There is no cure, except to get out the old motor car, fill it with gas and oil, load it with luggage and set out over the never-ending highway in search of the climate that is good for patients afflicted with wanderlusticus. Sometimes the poor pilgrim—or the rich pilgrim, as the case may be—must travel thousands of miles sampling climates, scenery and recreations before he finds out, as he invariably does, that the cure he seeks is largely the joy of getting back home.

These patients are to be envied, not pitied. Wanderlusticus is a most delightful disease. In the past decade I have seen literally tens of thousands afflicted with it, and not one of them was sorry about it.

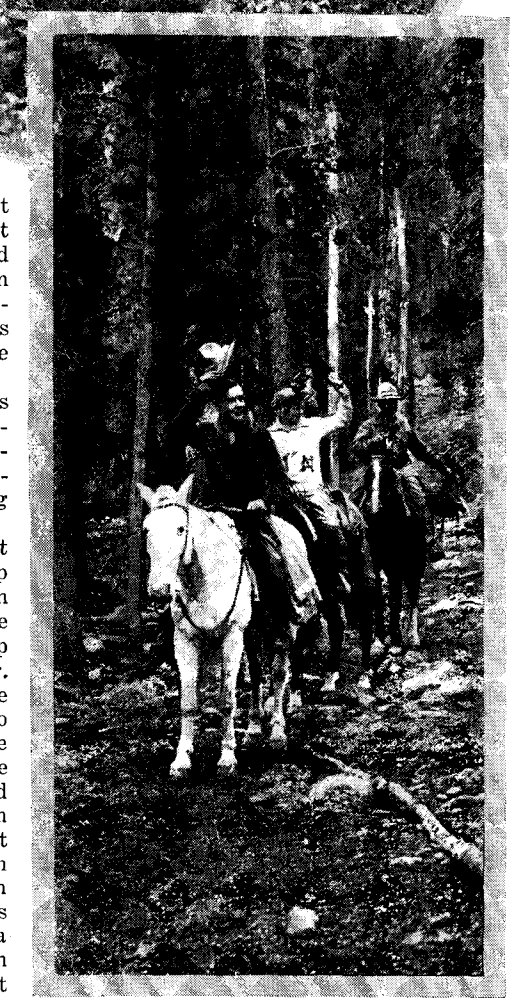
I have watched as many as two thousand of them gathered at one time in one place, Fishing Bridge Camp in Yellowstone National Park, all seeking the cure, and not a single moan could I hear in that entire crowd.

The rites by which they believe they can cure themselves are equally interesting. At Fishing Bridge it is thought that the cure consists in catching and eating a certain kind of fish known as the cutthroat trout, which, fortunately, exists in great quantities at this point in the waters of the Yellowstone River.

There are other gathering places where the cure consists in performing the rite of feeding a bear molasses chews or of climbing a mountain a mile high or of snapshooting a geyser or a waterfall.

Some of the victims think that the cure is effected by taking a dip in whatever ocean is farthest from their home. At any rate, the cure always involves a lengthy trip across country in a motor car. None of the cures near home are sufficiently potent for anyone who has been bitten badly by the little open-road microbe, though these near-at-home cures have proved most efficacious to sufferers from distant points. In fact, it is said that almost the only kind of American who can find a cure within his own state is the Californian, and that is because the state is so long that a two-thousand-mile trip in search of the cure may be made without crossing the boundary line.

My personal observations have been confined largely to the sagebrushers who come to Yellowstone Park. I see about a quarter of a million of them a year, probably a large enough number to justify a few general observations about their habits.



Denver Tourist Bureau

The roaming fraternity do not regard the photographer as a pest: they salute him merrily in the forest

Ten Million Wanderers

THE name Sagebrushers they inherited from their forerunners, the covered-wagon travelers of the nineteenth century, whole families of whom camped night after night amid the sagebrush of the prairies en route to wherever they were going. The sagebrushers still include many campers. Some camp for fun, some for economy. Others consider it neither fun nor economy and therefore patronize hotels or the numerous camps equipped with cabins found along the highways. But they are all sagebrushers, in the vernacular of the West, if they travel in privately owned motor cars.

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Nobody knows just how many there are of these sagebrushers. My guess for the national parks would be two millions; for the United States ten millions.

As a means of sightseeing, sagebrushing is without equal. Travelers on the trains and motor stages may enjoy greater comforts. They may see more in a shorter time. But the sagebrusher has the advantage in mobility. He is master of his time and of his itinerary.

When the latter leads by a purling stream, a fragrant forest, a noble waterfall or any other object of interest which appeases the burning of his Wanderlust, he can pitch his camp and take the cure for as long or as short a time as he wishes to do so. When the spirit moves him to push on for another ten or hundred or thousand miles in search of a place where the sky is more blue or the meadows more green, he packs his tent and bed, buries his camp fire and is on the way. Home that night is where the heart is—verily, it is so.

Sagebrushers are friendly souls. It seems to be an axiom that wherever one sagebrusher camps there also another one camps. They love to gather about a common camp fire, to visit with an informality born of the great spaces, to swap tales of the open road, to debate political issues or motor cars or what not. They join in song at twilight and while away the evenings in the witchery of the flickering firelight and the starry sky.

The Horseless Terror

THE place to take the temperature of American public sentiment is about these sagebrusher bonfires. I know of one operator of hotels and camps who went sagebrushing for a few days. And what he learned about his own business ventures was a-plenty. When he returned he completely reorganized his facilities for serving travelers.

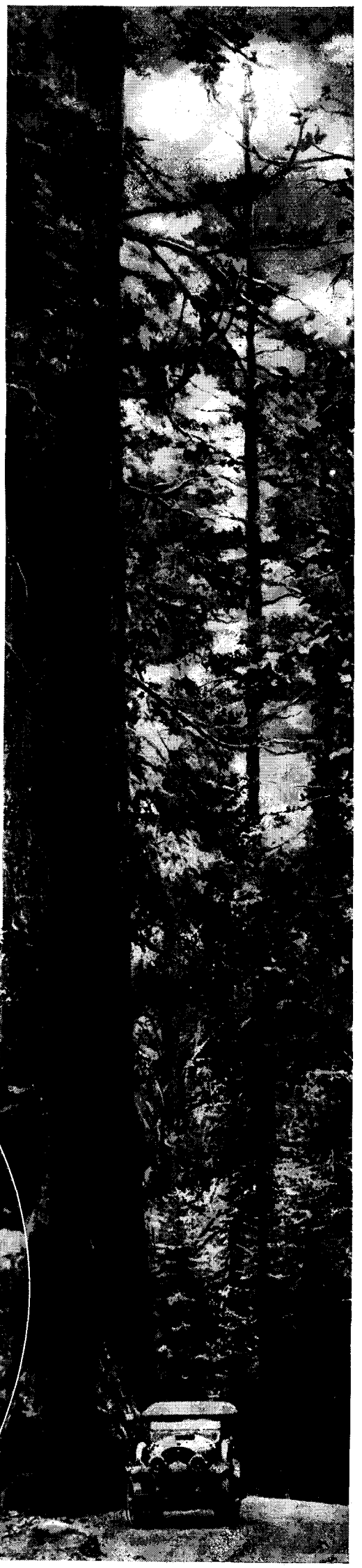
In the national parks the sagebrusher is our first consideration, for the simple reason that sagebrushers outnumber all other travelers about five to one. Travel changes continually. A generation ago the railroad travelers outnumbered the sagebrushers. I recall the heated discussions that took place in our councils when the first automobiles made their way perilously into Yosemite National Park. It was not until 1913 that they were permitted to cross the park boundary line, and then once in Yosemite Valley, they were chained to hitching posts while owners trudged about on foot to see the waterfalls and the other sights of Yosemite.

The authorities were certainly suspicious of the little juggernauts. By heck, they were not going to have any of these horseless buggies starting up and running away! When the owner was ready to leave the park, his car was unchained from the hitching post and he was allowed to chug-chug away.

I remember those early discussions as to the best way of handling automobiles in the parks. It was urged that special roads be built into the parks to accommodate automobiles only, but this plan was rejected on the theory that the automobile was but a passing fancy and and that it would never come into general use in the mountains. We finally arranged schedules by which the horse-drawn vehicles were withdrawn from the roads for certain hours during which motorists could travel through the parks from point to point. (*Continued on page 47*)

Put all your belongings in a pack on your back; then go shooting — but not with a gun

H. Armstrong Roberts



Left: Reaching Booth Lake Camp in the Yosemite after a stiff climb. Above: "the pride of California," belonging to the sequoia family, is called the big tree and is sometimes found over 300 feet high

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Counter Attractions

By KATHERINE SPROEHNLE

Illustrated by HARVÉ STEIN

It's all right to look pensively at a butcher if you have your best clothes on

IT TAKES more sex appeal to get a good sirloin steak from the butcher than it does to attract a husband. Vegetable men are easier, but with both you must keep your voice fresh, your spirits high and your nose powdered.

ONCE upon a time I was so innocent that I thought Woman's Place was in the Home. All that, I hasten to say, was before I tried housekeeping.

How well I remember the day when I discovered that it took much more sex appeal to get a good sirloin steak from the butcher than it did to attract a husband! We had had a succession of great flat flank steaks which looked like a poor grade of carpet and tasted more like a Pullman blanket than anything I can think of. We had had chickens that simply sneered at one for receiving them into the home. We had had genuine early American pork chops and spring lamb which—but I'll just have to stop here and free myself of an earlier suppression about that spring lamb.

It happened in what I might call my middle period of housekeeping—after I had given up telephoning and had taken to visiting the market in person.

"I would like," I said in the prescribed manner of definite dignity, "a nice spring lamb for Sunday." The butcher brought out a great shaft of meat labeled in large black type SPRING LAMB.

"I assume that's the best spring lamb," said I. He assured me it was, and I went to Sunday dinner thinking of the little tender baby lambs that you get in Italy around Easter.

Monday morning, burning with rage, I was waiting for the butcher. "The lamb," I burst out as he put his key into the shop door, "was horrible. It was tough. It was stringy. It was a thousand years old!"

"Oh," said he with a well-acted start of surprise, "you wanted young lamb, baby lamb. You should have told me what spring. After all, modom, I showed you the animal!"

It was then I realized that you were in the hands of the butcher as you are in the hands of a dentist. Of course if you have been brought up on a cattle ranch you can tell a good cut of meat with the naked eye. Otherwise you must trust, for it's just as easy to pick a bad piece of meat out for yourself as it is for the butcher to do it for you.

In the jungle, they say, the defenseless animal uses reasoning to get the better of the more powerful beasts. So I began to grow wily—to think. Some cuts of meat are better than others—even I knew enough for that. SOMEONE must get the better meat and, therefore, someone the worse. It's up to the butcher to decide. The next step in the argument was to find out what quality in a customer makes the butcher decide to give her the best his shop affords. Could it be wealth or noble lineage? Perhaps, but knowing our neighborhood as I do I figured out that there would still be a lot of good steaks left over from any cow that deserved the name.

It must be personality. In his small way the butcher wants to feel he is bestowing his favors on those whom he considers worthy. A butcher wants to be won—he is no superman to distribute tender cuts to the just and the unjust alike.

Two Lessons in Vamping

SO I put on my new suit and my copy-of-Reboux hat, instead of the old motor coat I usually wore to market. Luckily he was alone in his shop. "Harry," I said, "I don't think you are fond of me."

"Why, m-m-modom," he stuttered, and I got my first look of real interest out of the man.

"Yes," I continued, "I just feel that there's something you don't like about me, and I'm really awfully hurt because I thought we were going to be such friends." I looked pensive. (It's all right to look pensively at a butcher if you have your best clothes on, but don't try it in an old hat because you merely look disagreeable.) That was all I said, not a word about our real difficulties, as men don't like you to complain—but that afternoon he sent me the best chicken this side of Negro heaven.

The next time I went in I had determined on a bold course of action. I would try lamb again. I had on my copy-of-Chanel dress.

"Harry," I said, "would you have a nice young little lamb for me?" Without a word he went into his cold-storage room and came back carrying a prekindergarten-age infant lamb and held it out in his arms.

"No, thank you, I don't think I will hold the lamb," I said; "you show me."

He displayed the points of interest. Suddenly I said, "I can see that you have children, Harry."

"Why, yes, modom, how did you know?" he answered, blushing as red as the best cut of porterhouse.

"By the kind way you handle that lamb." Well, Harry was obviously pleased, and from that moment on I have been a woman to him instead of a useful outlet for bad stock.

It must not be thought that once you have established cordial relations with the purveyors to your household you can rest on your laurels and revert to the simple sending in of lists or a crisp phone order. It is a game that must be played forever, for even your vegetable man will lose interest in you before you know your hold is slipping. To be quite accurate, I will admit that vegetable men are not as difficult to fascinate as butchers. They are comparatively simple fellows, and a smile and a kind word about the magnificent display of carrots will carry you far, whereas there is something remote and mysterious about a butcher that demands your finest efforts. But with both of them you must keep your voice fresh and your spirits high and your nose powdered.

Take Emil, my vegetable man, for instance. Emil advertises "uncompromisingly fresh vegetables," which puts you in wrong at the start. Below follows a fair sample of what I call my vegetable manner, varied, of course, from day to day by a few adroit changes.

"Good *morning*, Emil. Isn't this a beautiful, beautiful day?"

Emil: "U-um."

Self, gayly: "Well, and what is particularly good today?"

Emil: "What you see. Ev'thing always good here, missuz."

(Now, this is an absolute untruth, but remembering the "uncompromisingly" one does well not to exclaim, "Why, you're a big ——!")

Self (propitiatingly): "Of course, Emil; but today I want something especially nice."

Emil: "Always nice."

Self: "Emil, to tell you the truth, we're having a party tonight. Business friends of my husband's and *you* know how important that is." (The tone very confidential here, with an implication that if the dinner is bad not only will we be ruined, but the collapse might involve his monthly bill.) "Now, how about the peas?"

Emil (softening visibly): "Well, to tell you Gawd's truth, missuz, the peas ain't so wunnerful today. I was stuck with them peas myself. But the string beans—there's a bean I'd put on my own table. Take 'em and you can't go wrong."

Science is Rather Dumb

THE beans come home crisp and verdant, and your vegetable course is safe for another day.

You may say that all this is a great deal of trouble, and you will be right, but the question is: is it any more trouble than getting bad stuff, losing your temper and the cook's, sending back to the store and finally hoping your guests die before evening, anyway?

While the commissary department has the most vivid daily terrors for the housekeeper and demands the most constant exercise of her talents, the intermittent (*Continued on page 32*)

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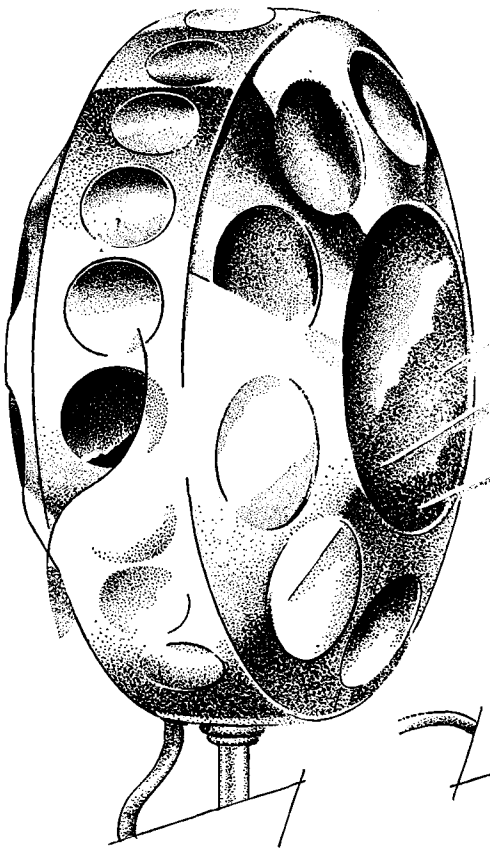
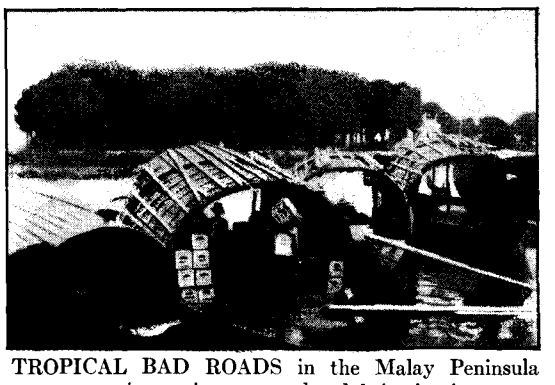


MOTORISTS IN THE PHILIPPINES often drive their cars for many years. Unloading Mobiloil at Cebu.



TROPICAL BAD ROADS in the Malay Peninsula cause excessive engine wear unless lubrication is as near perfect as possible. Landing Mobiloil in Malaya.

Why engines can't wear forever

If your automobile engine received perfect lubrication there would be no wear. Theoretically you could run it forever.

But perfect lubrication does not exist. From time to time—no matter how high the quality of your oil—some of the engine's moving parts will rub against each other.

Then comes wear.

With poor lubrication these effects of wear may come quickly. Any automobile manufacturer or dealer will tell you that correct lubrication is the most important factor in the upkeep of your car.

That is why 182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve the recommendations for their cars in the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart.

Mobiloil won't give you *perfect* lubrication. No oil can. But the fact remains that when experienced operators of automobiles, motor trucks or airplanes have an extra-hard job on their hands they buy the nearest thing to perfect lubrication that the world offers.

And most of them choose Mobiloil—the same stock grades of Mobiloil you can get anywhere for *your* car.

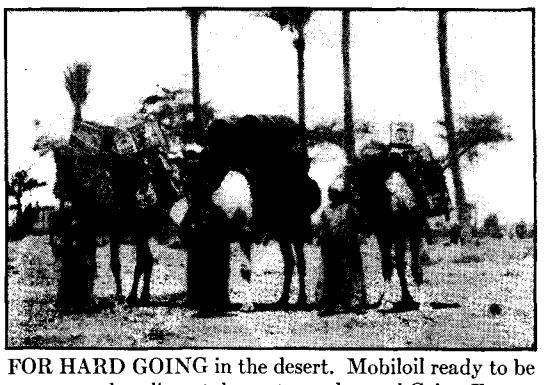
For the fullest protection against wear, it will pay you to ask for

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine		1925 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	..	..	..	..	A	A	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc.	A	A	.	.	.	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A	.	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Flint	.	.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	.	.	...	...	..	....
" Model T	..	....	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	.	....	.	....	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	.	.	.
" *other models*	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland *all models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige *all models*	....	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Peerless 90, 70, 72	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Reo *all models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

EGYPT has good roads for fast travel as well as sandy trails that make heavy going. Unloading Mobiloil at Alexandria.



FOR HARD GOING in the desert. Mobiloil ready to be transported to distant desert towns beyond Cairo, Egypt.

The World's Quality Oil

Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

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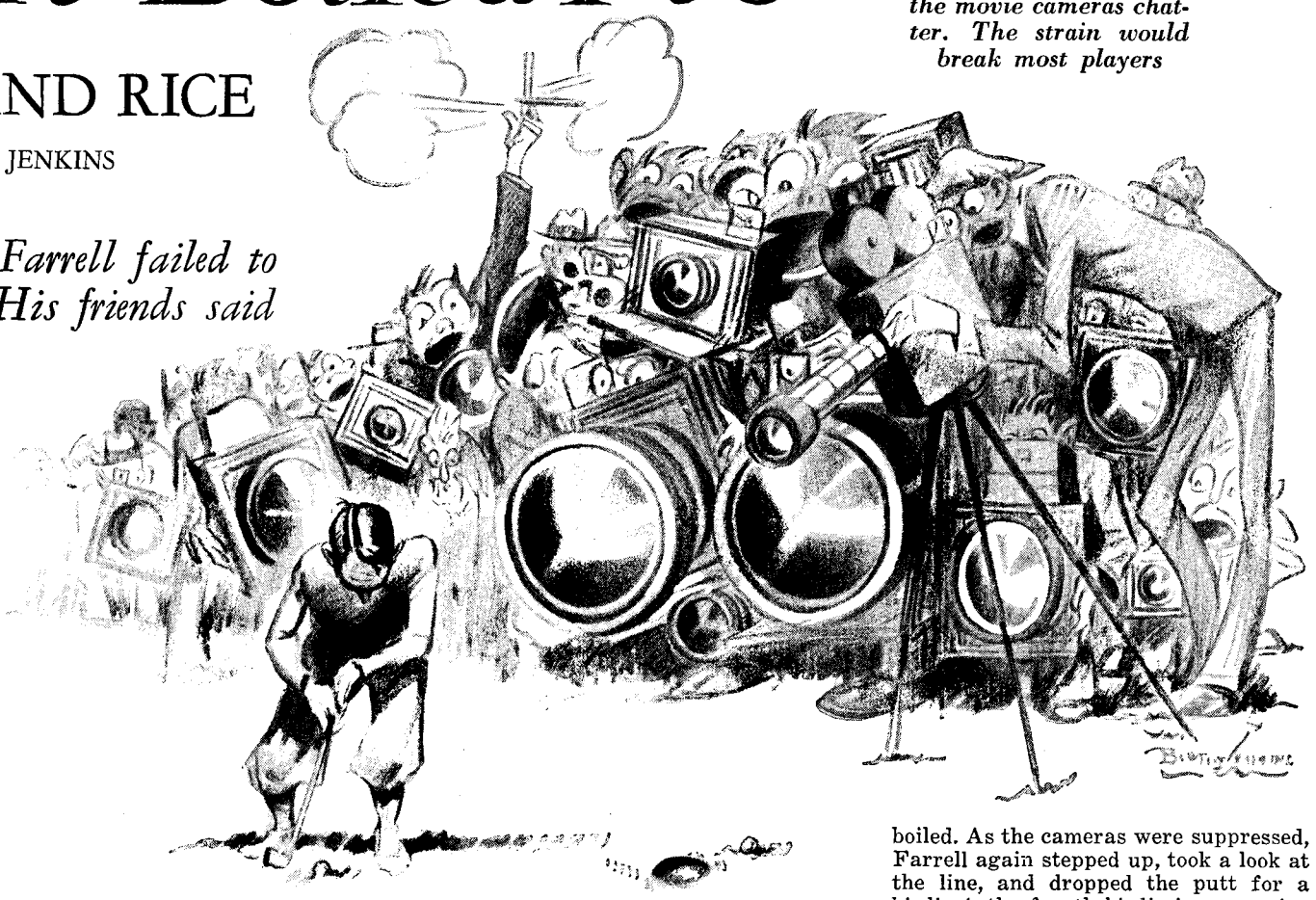
The Soft-Boiled Pro

By GRANTLAND RICE

Illustrated by BURRIS JENKINS

For eight years Johnny Farrell failed to win a championship. His friends said he never would unless he became hard-boiled. But at Olympia Fields he showed them something



The crowd closes in and the movie cameras chatter. The strain would break most players

WORD had begun to get about that Johnny Farrell was to be listed among those stars who could never win a big championship.

He had been a brilliant golfer for years, brilliant with almost every club in the bag. He could win minor tournaments by the armful, but when it came to a shot at the big stake something always happened.

I recall some years ago that Jerry Travers, one of the greatest of all the champions, had this to say: "In my opinion Johnny Farrell is one of the greatest golfers I have ever seen. It is only a question of a short while with a little more experience before he will be another Vardon or another Bobby Jones. He can't fail." Farrell the day before had shot a 63 against Travers at Quaker Ridge—and a 63 is as fast a clip as one can dream about.

But he couldn't win the Open and he couldn't win the Professional championship.

Some of his friends offered the opinion that he wasn't hard-boiled; others that he lacked the physical stamina.

The big blow came last summer when he failed again at Oakmont and then went on to win seven successive tournaments from first-class fields. This was offered as further proof that he was only good in the minor wars.

Farrell, always in a pleasant mood, usually carrying a smile when there was any excuse for a smile, had no intention of becoming hard-boiled. "I don't think that has anything to do with it," he said. But where many humans would have lost heart, he only became the more determined to get there. He secured the services of Artie McGovern, the trainer who handles Babe Ruth, and went in for better physical development.

He refused to get discouraged, and the first light broke this spring when he finally won the La Gorce Open at Miami, first prize $5,000, by finishing with a 63. He went out in 30 and came back in 33. And then a number of experts began to figure that anyone who can shoot a 63 when he had to have these miracle figures to win $5,000 must be a pretty good money player after all.

Farrell came to Olympia Fields without a touch of discouragement after eight years of failure. He was facing the finest golfers in the world, and once again he got away to a bad start. At the end of the first two days he was seven strokes back of Bobby Jones and four strokes back of Walter Hagen, with others crowding him back. I saw him that night, and his smile was as keen as ever.

At the end of the final round the young Quaker Ridge pro had caught Jones and passed the others, and he could at least get a look at the goal.

It so happened that his only remaining obstacle was one of the greatest golfers that ever lived, if not the greatest in many ways. I think the first complete proof of Johnny Farrell's fiber came at the long 15th hole in the morning round of the play-off. Here he stuck his approach 7 feet from the cup when they were still all even.

Would He Fade Again?

JONES promptly stuck his pitch 4 feet from the cup, and Farrell without a quiver stepped up and sank his putt. In place of wilting at this stage Farrell went on like a whirlwind. He finished the last four holes in four birdies, and Jones, who had beaten par by a stroke, had lost three strokes on three holes.

But the full proof of his gameness was still ahead. In the afternoon round the young pro threw away these three strokes on the first two holes. With the big crowd storming and rushing over the course there was immediately a wave of belief that Farrell, after all, was fading out. Three times in that last round he moved away from Bobby, and three times Bobby caught him. Each time it was like a knife in the heart. Farrell knew what the big crowd was thinking.

Finally at the 12th hole Jones passed him, and at the short 13th Bobby stuck his tee shot 10 feet from the cup. As the loud applause for Jones' fine shot died away Farrell turned to a friend and half whispered: "If they think I'm going to fold up here and quit, they're crazy." As he stepped up to his ball he was cool and calm. His long pitch sailed straight for the pin, struck on a dead line 2 or 3 feet short and almost bounded into the cup! Considering all the circumstances, it was one of the greatest shots ever played in a championship because it was played under killing conditions by a golfer who refused to quit under heavy fire.

After Farrell took a 1-stroke lead at the 34th green, with two holes left, he still had the heaviest burden of a hard week. For he knew that Bobby Jones was more dangerous at just this moment than at any other. He could not afford to play par against Bobby Jones, for Bobby Jones beat par on the last two holes with one of the ablest and gamest countercharges in the history of the game. The battle down the stretch between these two young stars, the young professional and the young amateur, must remain one of the epics of competitive sport.

Jones got the shock of his life at the 35th when Farrell, from the heavy rough, almost holed his pitch shot as the ball slid 3 or 4 feet by the cup. Farrell, with the championship now apparently won, got an even rougher shock when Jones quietly and calmly stepped up and holed his 30-foot putt for a 3 to stay in the match. At this point I thought both would crack. But the main crack came in the gallery, which went stark mad as it tore out for the final fairway and the final green.

On the last green Farrell, after being in trouble, pitched 10 feet from the cup. A moment later Jones played a brilliant chip over a ledge to get within 2 feet of the cup for his birdie 4.

Golf's Greatest Test

FEW competitors have ever been called upon to face the nerve strain of this moment. Farrell, rated by many as a golfer who could never meet the test of a championship, had met a dozen killing moments with fine courage, and yet at the end of the long march he still had the hardest of them all to face—a 10-foot putt on a treacherous, sloping green. After waiting eight years the big chance had come where just a half inch off line, just one quivering nerve, would prove again that he couldn't win.

It was under these conditions that the young Quaker Ridge pro addressed the ball. He had to step away as cameras started clicking. But he stepped away with a smile. Win or lose, he still refused to believe that one had to be hard-boiled. As the cameras were suppressed, Farrell again stepped up, took a look at the line, and dropped the putt for a birdie 4, the fourth birdie in succession he had drawn at this long 490-yard finishing hole.

He's the Same Old Johnny!

THE incidents of this last championship match are cited to back up the statement that Jerry Travers made three or four years ago. Farrell today stands as one of the great golfers of the game, and there is a striking chance that he will soon take his place as one of the greatest that ever played.

He has youth and suppleness and unusual skill with every club. Another year or two of defeat might have killed off his confidence. But anyone who can face eight years of championship defeat and still refuse to be discouraged has the right heart to work with.

"I still stick to my old opinions," Farrell said after the match. "One is that if you don't quit they can't stop you forever. The other is that you don't have to be hard-boiled to get there. Golf is my profession, but it is also my fun. When it isn't fun any longer I'm going to quit."

It took Tunney seven years to reach the top, and it took Farrell eight. Those who expect to win in a hurry might consider these two before they decide to chuck in the sponge.

It may sound like another form of hokum, but while Farrell never proved that "the swing with the smile wins," he at least proved that the smile did not hurt his swing in some of the hardest tests a new champion ever faced.

Farrell is one of the least hard-boiled competitors that ever made their way through killing competition to the top of the hill. Even when the crowd was closing in on him with a rush his request to step back was always accompanied with a cheerful sort of smile.

Farrell and Jones are two of the finest sportsmen one could pick for any test. In this respect, even aside from the dramatic moments of their meeting, it was a perfect setting, for it proved that two good fellows can fight it out under the heaviest sort of nerve strain without losing their poise.

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"Choosing a cigarette is all a matter of taste, don't you think?"

"Sure, it's a matter of taste . . . that's why Chesterfield is so popular!"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Can any cigarette do more?

Chesterfield cigarettes are mild . . . not strong or harsh. Chesterfield cigarettes satisfy . . . that is, they appease the smoke-taste. They are not insipid or tasteless.

The tobaccos in Chesterfield cigarettes are blended and cross-blended in a different way from other cigarettes and *the blend can't be copied!*

They are MILD . . . and yet . . . they SATISFY. Can you expect any cigarette to do more?

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Eat Hearty! By H. I. PHILLIPS

The weight, man's burden, bothered Mr. Winch considerably until he struck the Fat Man's Utopia. But alas!

WILLIS WINCH, age 38, waist 48, weight 208, had arrived at the conclusion that the curse of the nation was lettuce. What America needed more than anything else, he had about decided, was less spinach.

Why was it, he wondered, that no candidate for the Presidency was ever smart enough to come out for a plank abolishing vegetable lunches, morning exercises over the radio, calorie charts and bathroom scales?

Willis had been engaged in the national pastime of Trying to Reduce, or "Glutton, Glutton, Who's Got the Will Power?" for nearly seven weeks now, and it seemed seven years.

Gone Calorie Cuckoo

HE WAS at the moment on the floor beside his bed struggling through Exercise No. 9, as prescribed in "Overweight—Its Cause and Treatment," and had managed to follow with pathetic grunts the instructions, "Raise the body from the waist and touch the toes with fingers," when, overcome by a sense of complete futility, he relaxed and looked down at his stomach.

Surveying his Great Waist Places made him deeply discouraged. Although he had been dieting and exercising with what seemed great fortitude for nearly two months, he felt more like a sausage balloon than ever.

"You look awfully funny there on the floor like that," said Mrs. Winch as she looked in to summon him for breakfast.

"I don't look any funnier than I feel," snapped Willis, touching his toes once more as a mere demonstration of the power of mind over fatty tissue. He got to his feet slowly and stepped on the bathroom scale. The pointer stopped at 208.

"Laugh that off!" complained Willis, as he came to breakfast. "I've been livin' like a bird and exercisin' like a squirrel for weeks, and I weigh a coupla pounds more than when I gave up enjoyin' life and went calorie cuckoo!"

"You've got to keep it up. You don't exercise half enough, and I'll bet you don't always count your calories at every meal," said Mrs. Winch.

"Listen, I even count the calories in the subway ham and egg advertisements," said Winch. "I don't even chew my lead pencils any more for fear there may be proteins in the eraser."

He looked at his breakfast. Half a grapefruit, one-half slice of toast, one boiled egg and a cup of coffee without sugar or cream. There was nothing in his manner that suggested applause cards.

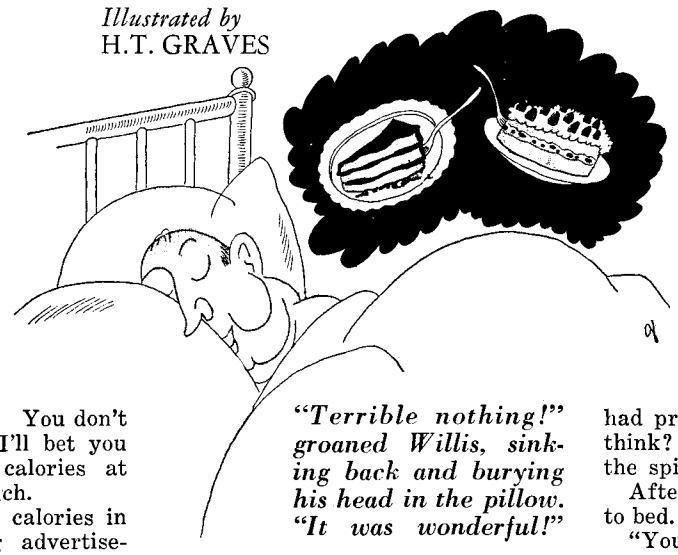
"No butter?" he asked as he took his toast.

"You know very well no butter, if you want to stick to your diet," insisted Mrs. Winch. "And don't look so sour. This weight-reduction thing is your own idea, you know. If you want to go around looking like a wagonload of wet wash, it's your own affair."

Willis nibbled at his bird food in silence.

"You're going to walk to the office, aren't you?" said Mrs. Winch rather exasperatingly. Although she didn't exactly goad him along the straight and potatoeless path, she wanted her Willis leaner and didn't wish to see him do any backsliding in his battle for better symmetry.

Illustrated by H.T. GRAVES



"Terrible nothing!" groaned Willis, sinking back and burying his head in the pillow. "It was wonderful!"

Willis walked to work. It was a walk of two miles, but it seemed a transcontinental hike. He arrived at his office sticky, feverish, exhausted and feeling very empty. Two early callers greeted him with, "You've put on some weight since I saw you last, haven't you?"—than which there is no crack more designed to discourage a reducer.

"No," Willis said tartly.

"Well, you look heavier, anyway," they insisted.

Willis went to lunch in one of those cafeterias where they display the most tempting desserts first and make the customer pass the ham, pork chops, beans, creamed potatoes and assorted carbohydrates before he arrives, a weakened, tottering wretch, at the salads. Willis needed all his will power. He chose a vegetable salad, six soda crackers and a glass of tea without sugar. Vegetable salads always left him with a bleak outlook on life. Soda crackers made him despondent. Tea without sugar made him want to hide in doorways and snap at passers-by. He passed a miserable afternoon.

That evening Mrs. Winch had prepared for dinner—what do you think? A lovely vegetable dinner with the spinach motif predominant.

After dinner Willis went immediately to bed.

"You shouldn't go to bed so soon after eating," warned Mrs. Winch. "All the reduction authorities say it is the very worst thing you can do." Willis grunted and closed his eyes. He was very weary. . . .

"TO THE ROTUNDIANS, THE ORDER OF CONTENTED FAT MEN."

This sign, with an arrow attached, pointed up the shady winding road. Birds were singing in the trees. They were all very fat birds. The trees, too, were of unusual (*Continued on page 42*)

"A mere Liliputian! You must have been exercising and dieting to shrink up to a size like that!" said the 300-pound gatekeeper accusingly

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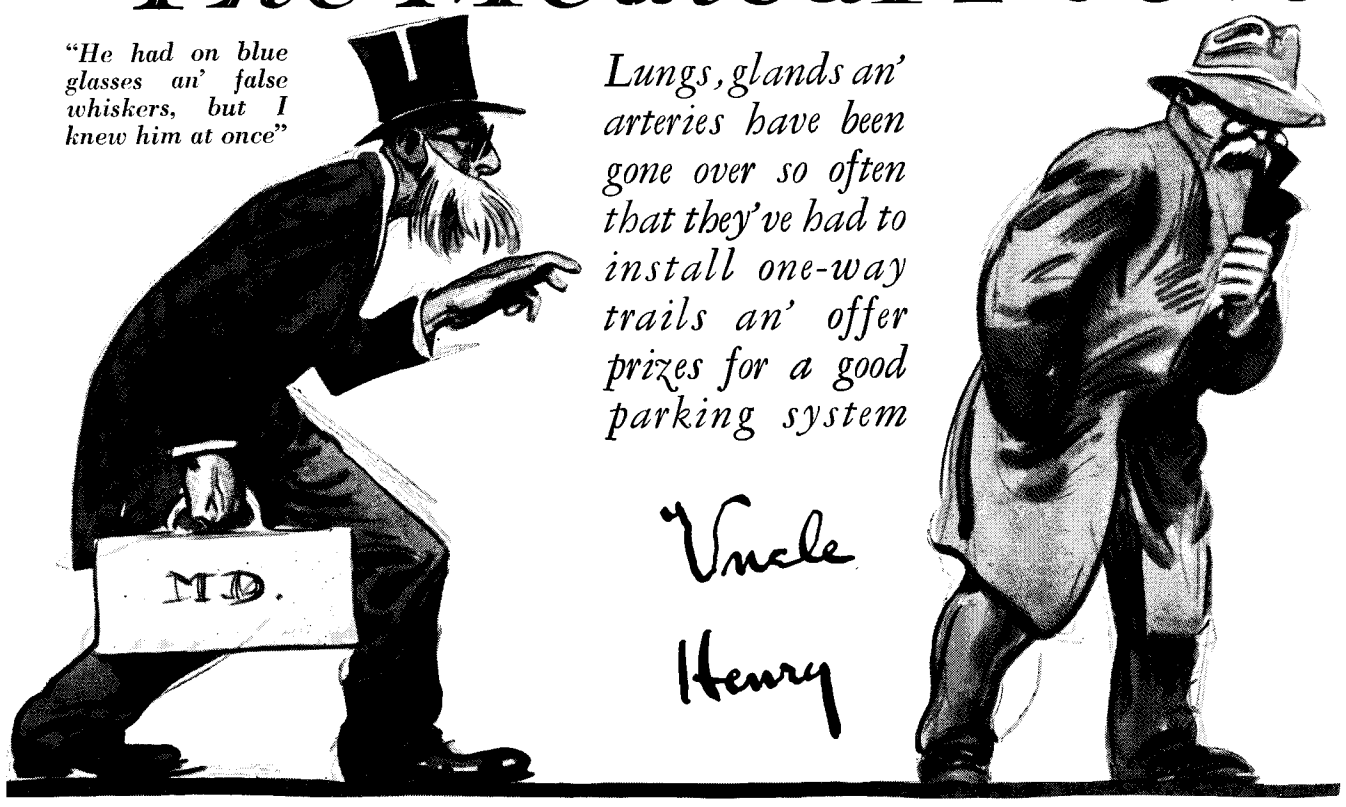
The Medical Procession



"He had on blue glasses an' false whiskers, but I knew him at once"

Lungs, glands an' arteries have been gone over so often that they've had to install one-way trails an' offer prizes for a good parking system

Uncle Henry

"I WONDER what a suit of chain armor would cost," meditatively remarked Uncle Henry. "One that covers you from head to heels, an' with a lot of good safety catches."

"What on earth do you want with anything like that?" demanded Mr. Stubbs.

"For the protection of my gall bladder, of course. What else would I want it for? It isn't as if they were turned out in quantities so that a man could carry a spare. I've only got the one, you know, an' if the doctors get that, where am I? I've had my union suit soldered on, an' my vest is padlocked, but even at that I don't feel safe. Never have I seen the medical profession so hot in a pursuit. Why, they're like hounds on the trail.

"Last night, while the little woman was tellin' me where I wanted to go this summer, I heard a scufflin' noise on the porch, an' looked up to see a pair of gleamin' eyeballs glued against the windowpane. He'd fled by the time I got out, but on the front lawn I found a chloroform cone, an operatin' knife an' a sponge.

"An' who do you think followed me all day yesterday? Old Doc Jones! *Yessir!* He had on blue glasses an' false whiskers, but I knew him at once.

The Mode in Maladies

"DOCTORS are a queer lot, 'Lonzo. They give the idea of bein' cold an' hard-boiled, but underneath a bleak exterior they *burn*. Snow-capped volcanoes! Cleopatra an' Sappho never had half of their passion, an' poets, artists, tabloid editors an' Tom Heflin are studies in stolidity compared to 'em. Look back over the last ten years, an' you'll see that with doctors it's been a case of jes' one frenzied, insensate infatuation after another.

"Don't you remember when they were havin' a fit over the appendix, sendin' it flowers an' candy, an' wretched if it was out of their sight? They couldn't think or talk of anything else. It was all that mattered. Every surgeon slept in his hikin' boots, so as to be ready for a journey into the interior; an' professional seamstresses had to be called in to help the internes catch up with their sewin'.

"The next thing we knew, they were givin' tonsils a mad rush. At last they were certain that they had found the cause of every human ill from leprosy to freckles. Why, there was a whole year when it wasn't safe for a man to open his mouth, even to *eat*. One day I found three surgeons an' two medical students crouched under my dinin'-room table, an' after that I packed a lunch basket an' did my feedin' in the hills.

"An' then it was *teeth!* It was a species of delirium, medicos runnin' up an' down the streets, each with a dentist in leash, an' turnin' him loose with a wild 'Yoicks' the minute they saw a man or woman without a plate. No wonder people began tryin' to swim the English Channel. Halfway across was the only safe place.

"An' now it's the gall bladder. Doctors are *mad* over it. The appendix, tonsils, teeth, auto-intoxication, acidosis—all are forgotten; an' the gall bladder is now the undisputed belle of the body. For a medical man it has all the lure an' emotional appeal of a Swinburne poem, a Ziegfeld chorus or a moonlight party in Hollywood.

"It's actually unsafe to enter a doctor's office nowadays even to collect a bill. Only last Sunday I was readin' where three magazine solicitors were suin' for the return of their gall bladders. What's worse, the mania is spreadin'. Yesterday I mentioned the fact that my hair seemed to be fallin' a bit, an' the barber began to mutter somethin' about my gall bladder. Develop a hangnail an' the manicure girl turns a suspicious gaze on your third vest button.

"What makes the whole blamed business so profoundly disturbin', 'Lonzo, is that none of us knows exactly where the darned thing *is*. The teeth an' tonsils, at least, were more or less out in the open, so you could keep an eye on 'em; but the gall bladder has always gone in for secrecy. Of course, we've heard about it from time to time; but I always figured that a lot of it was nothin' more than idle gossip.

"It's downright devilish, that's what it is! When the doctors get started on one of these infatuations, you know yourself that it's only a little while before all of us begin to think we've got it. Why, throughout the teeth an' tonsil rage, I could actually *hear* the steady splash of the poison as it dripped into my system.

"But with the exact location of the gall bladder shrouded in deep mystery—some sayin' one thing an' some another—an' none of us knowin' exactly how it acts when it goes native, we're in no shape to take a positive stand on any pain except a stone bruise. Anything else *may* be the gall bladder, an' again, it may *not* be the gall bladder.

Benefits of Exploration

"STILL an' all, I don't know as we can blame the doctors. Exploration has always been one of the human race's great passions, an' slowly but surely the chances to work at it are peterin' out.

"The body is about all that's left, an' mighty little of *that* when you come to take stock. Now that the gall bladder has come in for its day, what else is there? Lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, colon, glands, duodenum an' arteries have been gone over so thoroughly an' so often that they've had to install one-way trails an' offer prizes for a good, efficient parkin' system.

"Perhaps we ourselves are more to blame than the doctors, 'Lonzo, for there's nothin' that the American people love more than a brand-new ailment. Given the same complaint for any length of time, an' we begin to mope and pine, the spring goes out of our step, the lilt from our voices, conversation no longer enlivens the land, an' life becomes a dreary thing, stale an' unprofitable. After a while the person is *actually* ill.

"But with the discovery of a new disease, a new source of infection, or a novelty like some new organ, spirits buck up at once, eyes brighten, laughter rings out, home life takes on the old sprightliness, an' existence is again rich an' colorful.

"An' so, after all, maybe doctors cultivate their infatuations largely as a matter of business. It's all right to talk about baseball an' the movies, but when you come right down to it, 'Lonzo, it's in a doctor's office that everybody finds the maximum of pleasure.

That's where even the dumbest finds his tongue, developin' an amazin' ability to talk for hours at a stretch without changin' the needle. An' nobody wants to talk about the same thing *all* the time.

"Thank the Lord, however, the thing is comin' to an end, for I have the feelin' that the gall bladder will go down into history as the last big strike. After that, when our poor frames no longer ring to the rumble of steam shovels an' the swish of dredges, maybe we can settle down an' find some enjoyment in good health. I may be wrong, but I'm confident we'd find a lot of fun in feelin' well if we only made up our minds to it."

"Coolidge is a mighty healthy man," commented Mr. Stubbs. "Ain't never had an operation, has he?"

"What a question!" exclaimed Uncle Henry. "He's got a reputation for bein' a silent man, hasn't he?"

"I found three surgeons an' two students under my dinin'-room table"

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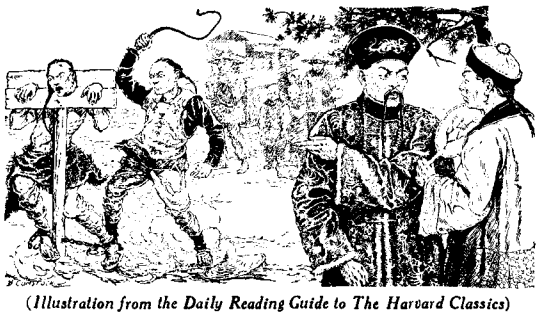
This is Confucius

One of the 302 immortal authors in the Five-Foot Shelf



(Illustration from the Daily Reading Guide to The Harvard Classics)

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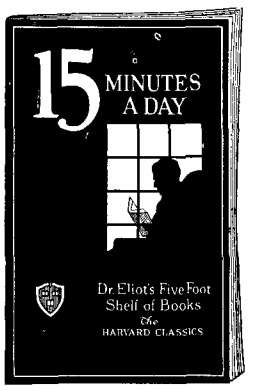

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(The Harvard Classics)

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Butter-Side Up

Continued from page 11

as this new proposition gets started we're going to charter a church."

They climbed the ladder to the deck of the Iron Prince. Her captain, a stout, elderly man with a toothbrush mustache, met them on deck.

"This is my skipper," said Homer. "Captain Bronson, shake hands with my brother Bill. He wants to look things over. He used to sail in the after end, but he's in the poultry business now, and I might as well break it gently that he's forgotten everything he ever knew about steamboats."

Bill and Captain Bronson shook hands. Said the captain: "The Iron Prince was laid up for about ten years."

"Ever been down in her holds after she's been running light in a heavy sea?"

"Yes, sir; I have."

"Find many rivet heads?"

"Yes, sir; we could pick them up in bushel baskets."

"When you've got a load in her, does she always hump up this much in the middle?" Bill wanted to know.

"Yes, Mr. Macklin; just like she's humping now. I've told Dr. Sawbridge he ought to put some steel plates along her sides to reënforce her, but he—Well, he isn't a man to squander money."

"I'll put platinum plates on her," Homer snorted.

"She looks dangerous to me," said Bill. "That's a bad hump."

"Oh, my poor neck!" Homer cried.

"Let's take a look at the coffee grinder," said Bill.

"I DON'T want to listen to any more of your sarcasm," Homer snapped. "Go ahead and enjoy yourself. Doesn't anything make you happy any more? Do chickens always affect people this way?"

Bill inspected the engine-room.

"By the way," he told Homer when he came on deck, "I just found out where her sister ship, the Iron Princess, is. She's lying at the foot of your pier. She broke in three pieces and went down there twelve years ago, and they didn't bother to wreck her. You own her, if you want to try. Did you land butter-side up that time?"

"Don't worry about me landing butter-side up, Old Ironsides. I am well acquainted with my Bermudas."

Bill Macklin returned to the pier, angrier than when he had come aboard. He was sore at Homer, and he was still sorer at Dr. Sawbridge.

The nimble-witted old gentleman was alone in the shanty, busy with a pencil and a pad of paper. He was frowning, but a catlike smile broke across his thin old lips when he saw Bill.

"I don't know how I'm going to do it," Bill said slowly, "but one of these days you're going to regret unloading this tripe on that kid."

"Bill," said the doctor, plucking at his little spike of a chin whisker, "you know I'd rather fight than eat. Go to it—and may Heaven protect the poor chicken farmer!"

He stood up. On the wall behind him was a blackboard. He picked up a piece of green chalk and carefully wrote his name. Under this he wrote Macklin & Macklin. After his name he placed a large figure 1. After Macklin & Macklin he inscribed a fat round zero.

"You," he said, "made a laughing-stock of me one time, and I will freely admit that I don't like you. I'll go farther than that and say that I dislike your very entrails. As you put it so well, Homer has bought a fine collection of junk. The transaction was legal. It is now closed."

"It was a dirty deal to put over on an inexperienced kid," Bill answered in a controlled voice, but his eyes were narrow and his face was brick-red.

"Inexperienced?" the doctor repeated. "Didn't he clean up better than seventy thousand on that Roreback deal? His money was like a hot coal in his pocket. I have simply relieved him of the necessity of worrying about forty thousand of it. That forty thousand will sleep here forever in peace. There is no way of getting a dime of it out. If there had been, I'd know about it."

Bill left the shanty. He would, he decided, call on a lawyer he knew in Detroit. If anything was to be gained by dragging that old rascal into court, he would drag him!

Bill lighted a cigarette and strolled around the warehouse, with smoke issuing from his teeth in hissing jets. The more he saw of Homer's purchase the madder he became. All useless. All junk. Perhaps Homer could unload the Iron Prince and this great mountain of moldy rails.

He found a telephone at the railroad station and put in a call for Detroit. At its termination he returned to the Iron Prince.

"You might as well get some of your money out," he told Homer. "I've found a buyer for these rails. After you've taken them to Detroit, try to find a sucker to unload this camel on."

"Don't be silly," said Homer breezily. "I'll sell the rails, but I want this ship. She's the beginning of the Macklin fleet that is some day going to dictate Great Lakes freight rates."

The mountain of iron rails was stowed on deck by late afternoon of the following day. Early in the morning Bill cautioned his brother:

"This old hooker already has too much of an overload. Don't try to take all these rails. Make it in two trips. Look at that hump! It will be up even with the mastheads before you're through!"

"Stop mourning," was Homer's answer. "The lake is as smooth as a chorus girl's kiss."

BILL was in the warehouse when he heard a deep and mighty mooing that resolved itself into the blast of a steamer's whistle.

He went out on the pier. The Iron Prince was backing out. Homer was on the bridge waving to the Peterson girl. Bill joined her. Homer saluted them with three long, hoarse blasts, followed by a toot.

Dr. Sawbridge came out of the shanty and squinted.

The Iron Prince continued to back. Bill and Miss Peterson walked slowly toward the outshore end of the pier. Bill, watching the ship, was ejecting smoke in jets from his teeth.

"You look," said Miss Peterson, "like a steam engine. Mr. Macklin, you don't think Homer put across a very smart deal, do you?"

"I do not."

"But don't you think it's wonderful for him to have his own fleet started?"

"He's too cocky," said Bill.

"Oh, I like that in him. I like confidence in a man. And he is so lucky!"

"You seem to like Homer," Bill grunted.

"I do. Very much."

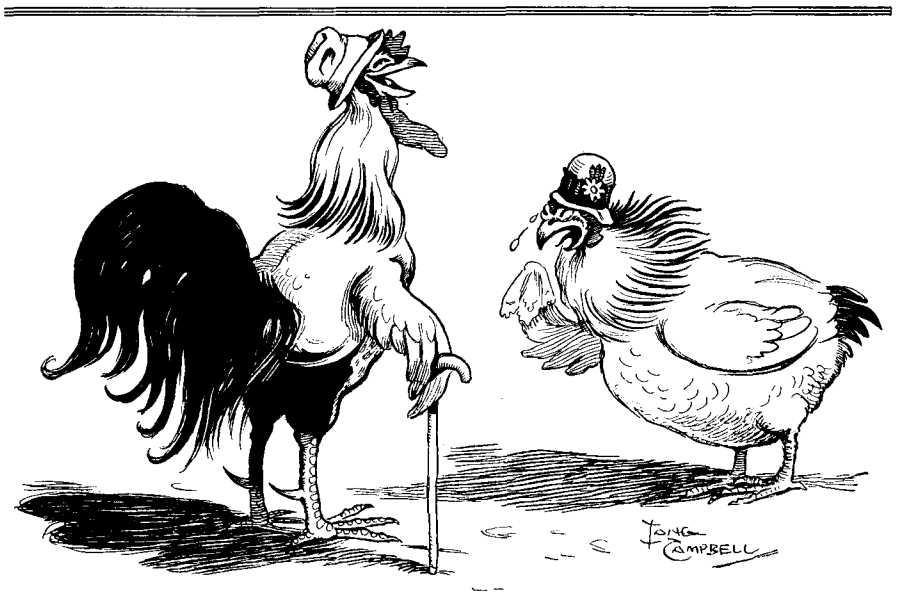
"In love with him, aren't you?"

Miss Peterson gazed up at him with unwinking brown eyes. She thoughtfully extended her tongue and vibrated the tip of it.

"Yes," she said.

"Well," said Bill, "I just wanted to know what you thought about him. If you're for him, I've got all the more reason for helping him pull his chestnuts out of the fire."

The Iron Prince continued to back until her bows were clear of the pier. Then a churning froth boiled out from her stern. Sand rose to stain the blue water in brown clots. She was swinging toward the lake.



Hen: "Boo-hoo! You mean thing! I'm going right home to Mother!"
Rooster: "Very well, my dear! You won't get much sympathy from an incubator."

The frown on Bill's forehead darkened. The Iron Prince straightened out on her course for the point beyond which lay Lake Huron, a shimmering silver mystery in the early evening.

The Iron Prince gave off a broadside of red sunlight from her fresh black paint as she swung a little more. Then occurred what at first seemed to be an optical illusion. With the vanishing of the mirrored sunlight the deck of the Iron Prince amidships seemed to sink down and touch the water.

Bill scrambled down the face of the pier into his launch. Men were swarming from companionways on the Iron Prince. Iron rails were spilling overboard.

An ugly crack, extending upward from below the water line, was visible in the glossy black hull.

Bill heard Miss Peterson cry out:

"She's breaking in half!"

Pine Harbor now echoed to the cries of excited sailors.

Bill put the helm of the Seagull hard over, jammed home the throttle and went surging out. He saw men leaping overboard and swimming for shore. He saw the Iron Prince divide sharply as she suddenly began to settle. A stuttering sound came from her whistle. To Bill it was her death rattle.

She went down swiftly. She was settling before he was halfway out.

Most of her crew were swimming for shore. Those who remained were clustered in the forward rigging as far away as possible from the boilers.

Bill nosed the Seagull closer. He was scanning the forward rigging for Homer when one or more boilers exploded. Fragments of wood and iron rained about the Seagull. . . .

A wooden grating came shooting up mysteriously from the depths. A man was clutching one end of it. The man was Homer.

Bill dragged him, sputtering, into the Seagull.

"Well, kid," Bill sadly asked as they reached the pier, "did you land butter-side up that time?"

"That's my motto," answered the wet young man, "and I always live up to it. There I was, eighty feet under water on that grating. It took me to the surface like an express elevator. Believe me, Jonah was an amateur."

HE WAS gone two days after that. In the pine shanty, at the hour of his return, an animated conversation was taking place. The voice of Homer and Dr. Sawbridge issued from door and windows in heated controversy.

Silence fell when Bill walked in. He was wearing a grin.

"Doctor," he said, "I guess you can chalk up one for Macklin & Macklin."

The doctor looked concerned.

"Saved something out of the wreckage, Bill?"

"We've got the pulpwood charter," Bill answered; "and I've just found a ship we can charter on easy terms. Homer, I found a steamer in Cleveland that you can charter and recharter at a nice profit to Peterson."

Dr. Sawbridge laughed.

"Do you know what this old pirate has just done?" Homer cried. "He's closed down on Peterson! He's calling every one of Peterson's notes. Now, Peterson will have to go back to steamboating!"

Dr. Sawbridge picked up the piece of green chalk.

"Bill," he said, "I'm sorry you went to all the trouble about that charter. Really, I'm terribly sorry. Now I've got two to chalk up on you!"

He faced the blackboard. After Macklin & Macklin he inscribed two fat zeros. After his own name he wrote: TOUCHDOWN!

Bill spent two days prowling about Pine Harbor. He then rented a touring car and drove back into the country to the headwaters of the Sangamo River, where the old Minturn iron mine was situated. He went carefully over the Minturn property. The result of his investigation was a decision to go to Buffalo and lay his plans before Silas Minturn. Bill had once sailed as the chief engineer of the Minturn flagship and knew that, of Dr. Sawbridge's numerous enemies, Silas Minturn was probably the deadliest. For thirty years, with banks, wharves and steel fleets as their weapons, the two enemies had been waging open and guerrilla warfare.

Silas Minturn, a portly, gray-haired, handsome man of sixty, greeted Bill warmly.

"You're just the man I'm looking for!" he exclaimed. "How would you like to sign on as my fleet engineer?"

"I've quit sailing," Bill answered. "I'm growing chickens. And my wife hates steamboats."

"Well, Bill, what can I sell you?"

"I'm having a row with old man Sawbridge."

Mr. Minturn arose and closed the door. His private secretary was curious, but, although she strained her ears, all that came over the transom to her for the next fifteen minutes was a low murmur of the two men's voices and an occasional oath. Then she heard:

"There's your motto, Mr. Minturn, hanging up in plain sight, 'Do It Now!'"

"But why should I do it now? I've already got too many irons in the fire."

"Because it's a fine chance to get back at Sawbridge."

"All right," said Mr. Minturn. "I'll do it now." . . .

SEATED beside Homer on a pile of lumber, Bill was concluding the outline of his plans when Dr. Sawbridge drove up in his sedan.

He came over to them wearing his catlike grin.

"Welcome back to Pine Harbor, the

(Continued on page 30)

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Butter-Side Up

Continued from page 29

town with the biggest, widest and longest future in America!" he greeted Bill. "Can I sell you boys something this evening? Are you planning to wreck the Iron Prince? There she lies, within easy reach! How about my wrecker, the Warrior? I'll sell her for a song."

"How much?" Homer snapped.

The doctor stopped grinning.

"You can have her for fifteen thousand, cash in hand, and that will buy outright the Manitowoc Wrecking Corporation, with the right, title and interest in some valuable wrecking equipment. Do you boys seriously intend to raise that old quince?"

Homer grimly nodded.

"But what is she good for? That boiler explosion wrecked her engine-room."

"We've got plans for her," said Bill. "If you'll take seventy-five hundred as she stands, with all equipment, we'll buy the Warrior."

"Come into the office and we'll put that in writing," said the wary old gentleman.

The two brothers followed him.

"Why don't you boys raise the Iron Princess?" he gayly asked. "She's only broken in three parts. If you boys will raise both ships and recondition them, I'll give you a charter."

"On the level?" Homer growled.

"On my word of honor!" the old gentleman chuckled. "You raise both ships, and I'll charter them."

"Will you put that in writing?" Homer demanded.

"I will! Now, how about four nice reënforced concrete pontoons? You're going to need pontoons to raise those ships."

"Those four pontoons in the mud at Toledo?" Bill asked.

"Yes, Bill. As you know, they're in A-1 condition."

"A thousand dollars," said Bill.

DR. SAWBRIDGE protested. Spirited dickering followed. The binder of a sales agreement at $1,100 was presently drawn up. Dr. Sawbridge again addressed the blackboard, adding another figure 1 to his score and a zero to the three fat appendices of Macklin & Macklin.

"Can I sell you boys anything else this morning?" the mirthful old gentleman asked. "Anything in the chandlery line? I have steel cables of all sizes, winches, diving equipment, pulleys, tarpaulin and derricks. I can fit you out completely, including enough rope to hang yourselves. How about that fine steam shovel back of the warehouse?"

"We might use it to shovel up some of these wisecracks of yours," snorted Homer. "How much?"

"Five hundred."

Homer looked at Bill.

"Two," said Bill.

"Sold!" chortled the doctor, and chalked up another figure 1 and another zero.

"Are you sure," Bill quietly asked him, "that you're chalking up those zeros in the right place?"

"I'm so sure," Dr. Sawbridge replied, "that I'm going to give you boys a couple of more zeros, on general principles. Now take your feet out of the trough, Bill, and tell me what you're up to."

"We're going to boom Pine Harbor," said Homer.

Dr. Sawbridge looked mystified. "Why?" he rasped.

"Didn't you just get through saying," Homer answered, "that Pine Harbor has a bigger, wider and longer future than any town in America?"

"Bill, you're not so dumb as all that!"

"This town," stated Homer, "could be brought back by a live wire. I'm willing to take a chance and bring it back and just trust to luck that things will come my way."

"On the time-tried principle that you always land butter-side up?"

"I never fail," said Homer. "This town can be brought back."

"You may be right. Have you something up your sleeve?"

"I'm getting hoarse telling you," Homer answered, "that this town is going to stage a comeback."

Dr. Sawbridge looked at him and then at Bill. He plucked fitfully at his little black spike of a chin whisker. Then his catlike grin appeared.

Seizing a piece of chalk, he wrote in large, flourishing letters after his own name: GAME!

PINE HARBOR became in the ensuing weeks a scene of herculean labors. The wrecker Warrior, under her own power, came steaming around from Manitowoc. A tug towed the pontoons up from Toledo. A diver from Saginaw arrived with his ponderous gear. An army of workmen debouched from trains and automobiles. Boarding houses which had been empty for years blossomed. Materials were unloaded from freight cars and trucks and arranged in small mountains.

Bill Macklin supervised both the raising of the Iron Prince and the reconstruction of the pier. He put Homer in charge of the carpenters who were rebuilding the warehouse and hired Miss Peterson, whose father had returned to his old job on one of J. C. Evans' boats, as timekeeper.

Bill taxied back and forth across the harbor in the Seagull, keeping both jobs humming.

The Iron Prince was brought to the surface, a half at a time, by the pontoons. Each half as it was raised was towed in and carefully lowered in the sand beside the Iron Princess. This delicate task completed, iron rails were driven down to form a crib about the last resting place of those two extravagant experiments in shipbuilding. Nothing remained now but to face and surface the pier with concrete—a pier that would accommodate the largest freighter on fresh water.

It had cost a small fortune to manufacture, from junk, this thing of usefulness; it had cost all but a few dollars of Homer's small fortune and all of the money that Bill could raise on his chicken farm. Homer had not once objected to any expenditure; he was simply a born plunger. Bill once overheard him talking to Miss Peterson:

"Don't you worry, gorgeous. Bill has a good head on him, even if he is a hidebound conservative, and he's doing this job just about as well as I could have done it myself. Stick to Homer, kiddo, and you'll wear radium earmuffs."

The first intimation Bill Macklin received of the enemy's active interest came in the form of a letter from a lawyer in Buffalo named Erwin, notifying him that if he did not immediately abandon his operations the Federal Government would be certain to undertake condemnation proceedings. He had, the lawyer said, constructed his pier in what had previously been the channel.

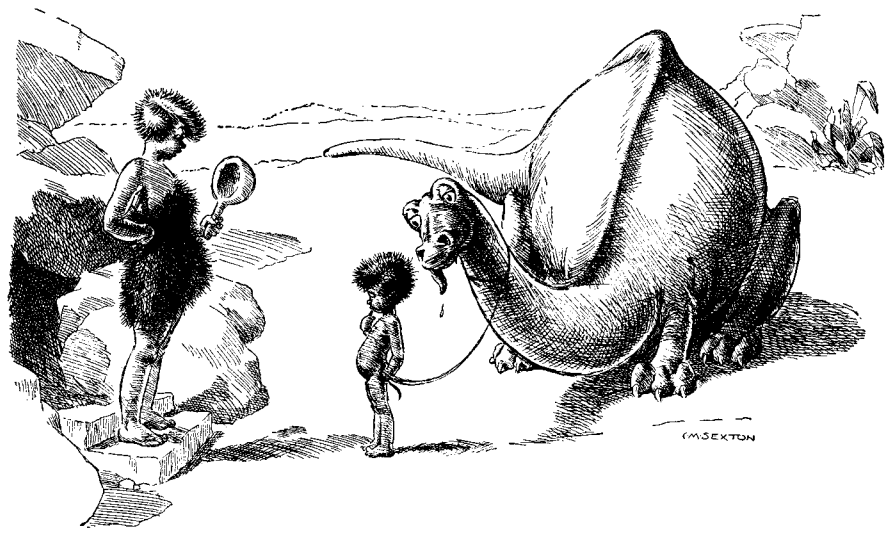
Bill did not answer the letter. Three days later Mr. Erwin came to Pine Harbor, a small, smooth, thin-lipped man with eyes as cold as spindrift.

"I happened to have some business in this neighborhood," said Mr. Erwin, "and I thought I'd drop in a for a little chat.

"It is most unfortunate," he went on, "that you did not consult some competent attorney before making this regrettable mistake."

"As it *happened*," said Bill in a slow drawl, "I did consult a lawyer. But lawyer or no lawyer, what makes you think we'd go ahead without the consent of the War Department, to build that pier just where and as it has been built? How do you get that way? You can tell Dr. Sawbridge that my office is right here on this pier and that I'll be glad to deal with him at his convenience."

"Mr. Macklin, you boys can't get away with it. I know exactly what you're up against. I know to a dollar what your bank balance is. You've barely got enough in the bank to meet your next pay roll. We'll take this pier off your hands as it stands for fifty thousand cash."



"Willie Stonehatchet! How many times have I told you not to bring home every stray pup you find!"

"Do you know any funnier jokes?" Homer asked.

"Tell the doctor," said Bill, "that I'm here, in this office, from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M."

When Mr. Erwin was gone Bill said to Homer:

"Kid, we put up a face. But he's right. We're a mile from shore on ice that's thinner than an orphan's overcoat."

"Yes," said Homer, "but when it comes to doing stunts on thin ice, we mustn't forget Eliza!"

THE old pine shanty had not yet given way to the forward march of progress. Bill Macklin was seated at the battered desk, frowning over pay-roll sheets, when Dr. Sawbridge drove up in his car and alighted. Bill experienced a pleasurable shiver of anticipation.

"Bill," said the doctor, "I want to shake your hand. I want to congratulate you. I want to tell you that you're one of the cleverest fellows I ever knew!"

Bill watched a pearl of perspiration drip from the tip of the doctor's sharp nose and said:

"I'm glad you approve of the job, Doctor. Won't you sit down?"

"Approve of it!" the doctor exclaimed. "It's one of the handsomest piers on the lakes! It's perfect! But what I admire most, Bill, is the clever way you put it over on a wise old rooster like me. That day you bought the Warrior, the pontoons and those other odds and ends you knew that Minturn was going to put modern pumping equipment in his old mine, didn't you? That was what you meant, wasn't it, when you kept dinging it in about Pine Harbor's big, wide, long future?"

"It was," Bill admitted.

"And you knew that Pine Harbor was the only port with deep enough water to ship that ore from."

"I did," said Bill.

"And you knew they were going to run a railroad down here. And so you bought up every scrap of water front property, practically for the taxes."

BILL, nodding, lighted a cigarette and let the smoke ooze slowly through his teeth.

"And you knew that Minturn was going to have a dummy offer me a fat charter for hauling ore, with a forfeit attached if I didn't provide my own docking facilities. To make that contract good, I had to use your pier! And it all happened so noiselessly, I never suspected what was going on until you had me just where you wanted me!"

"Yes," said Bill.

The doctor rubbed his hands together. His catlike grin appeared.

"You could make me pay a fancy price for this pier—but what's a few thousand dollars when we can split at least a million between us?"

Bill looked puzzled. He saw another pearl form on the doctor's forehead and run down to the sharp tip of his nose as he hunched his chair a little closer.

"Minturn has bought the right of way for his railroad from the Sangamo to Pine Harbor. Bill, you and I are going to form a partnership. I'm going to put up the rest of the money you need to finish this pier and build the ore hoppers. We are going to unload the pier on Minturn for a price that will net us half a million apiece!"

"That scheme is a dandy," said Bill, "except that Minturn is a friend of mine."

"Haven't anything in writing with him, have you?"

"No. But he trusts me."

"Well, what of it, Bill? Don't be sentimental. Minturn will make another big fortune out of the Sangamo mine. Come on, Bill; it's high time you and I got together. I can use a smart young fellow like you. I've got other deals on. You can be a mighty rich man in a few years if you'll play with me. Let's put this over on Minturn."

"I won't double-cross Minturn," Bill replied quietly. "Furthermore, he has some of this waterfront land in his name—*to protect himself*. The *only* proposition I'm open to is selling this pier. I'm willing to sell it to you. If you don't buy it, you lose the forfeit you put up on that contract—and your charter. I'll keep the pier and operate it myself. All I'm selling this morning, Doctor, is this pier."

"Well, all I have to say to you, Bill Macklin, is that you're a dirty, underhanded sneak! You think you put it over on me, do you? Just paste this in your hat: I am not going to buy this damned pier!"

"Very well, Doctor."

"You aren't going to make a laughingstock of me a second time!"

"Doctor," Bill gently inquired, "does it hurt as much as that? If you don't buy, you'll lose a barrel of money. If you do buy, you pay through the nose."

Dr. Sawbridge wiped his eyes. He said huskily:

"Bill, I'm an old man—I—I guess my days of usefulness are over. I'm just an old has-been. I'd sort of set my heart on doing some friendly business dealing with you before I quit the game. I'm really fond of you, Bill, in spite of the way I seem to act sometimes. And I know you aren't mean enough to take advantage of an old fellow when he's down. Supposing we say fifty thousand." The expression in the doctor's eyes was one of wistful fondness. "Just draw the binder up any way you want, Bill, and it will be O. K. with me."

"No, Doc; not for fifty thousand," said Bill. (Continued on page 32)

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A Three Time Winner

FOR the third time this season in a slashing contest against a big open field, a stock Sea Sled has demonstrated that its long suit is seaworthiness, and its middle name ought to be dependability.

On January 15th, a stock Model 13 Sea Sled, just unloaded from the cars and absolutely untried by its new owner, was entered in the Santa Catalina 52 mile Ocean Sweepstakes. There were 38 starters, storm signals flying and a hard sea running. Model 13 was the only one of the entire outfit to finish.

On April 15th "Miss Richmond", a stock model 13 Sea Sled, was first to finish in the 133 mile race from Albany to New York. Again the weather was whimsical, uncertain and contradictory.

And now on Saturday, June 16th, the Boston to New York race was pulled off; 260 miles, by far the longest course ever laid out for outboard motors. Out of 75 entries and 35 starters only 4 boats finished within the time limit, and the first to cross the line was a little stock Model 13 Sea Sled.

Of the five boats which finished first, the winner was a Sea Sled, Model 13; number two according to the sport reporters was on Sea Sled lines (patented); and the third was a Sea Sled Model 16, a larger and heavier hull though running with the same power; and the fifth was a Sea Sled, Model 16. When you figure that the 75 entries included almost every known type of racing craft for outboard motors, some of them special models built for this race, and that the Sea Sleds were stock boats, that's going some.

Among the entries were almost everything you could ever imagine in the boat line, from single-step Hydroplanes down to Clinker-built Sea Skiffs. There were hulls that looked like cigars and hulls that suggested clothespins, hulls like wedges and hulls like watermelons. For Sea Sleds to win this race and place two out of the first three boats to cross the winning line was a good deal of an achievement.

That first thrash of forty-odd miles down across Massachusetts Bay was the acid test. The start was remorselessly prompt, four-thirty, on black tumbling water and under a night sky picked out with far, unfriendly stars.

The race was almost down to Minot's Light before the sun first chipped the horizon.

Once clear of the islands there was a steep swell running that the Western Ocean needn't have been ashamed of, and atop of this a cross rip of broken water which made rough-riders out of the little outboards.

It took a good hull, a good engine and a *good,* game man to make the going, and those who reached the breakwater at Cape Cod Canal were potential finishers—all.

R. Stevens, Jr., driving his Model 13 Sea Sled "Corker" across the finish line at Flushing, L. I., to win the 260 Mile Outboard Marathon from Boston to New York

Once they won through to the Canal the rest was an endurance test. They were reasonably safe to finish if their gear held together.

The New York Times and New York Herald-Tribune in their Sunday Sports Sections said this about the race:

"Stevens gained the lead through the seaworthiness of his 'Corker' Sea Sled in the rough water between Manomet and the entrance of the Cape Cod Canal, and Buffington leaped into second place because his Magnum Cute Craft, on Sea Sled lines, carried him through the chop in east Long Island Sound, while Chapman also owed his place to a Sea Sled."

This Boston-New York Marathon does not mean that the little Model 13 Sea Sleds are racers. It merely proves for the third time this season that given water and weather enough, stock Model 13 can race with racers and *win.*

Price list and dealers terms on request

Models 13 and 16 sell on dependability *alone* and reports indicate they are almost selling themselves.

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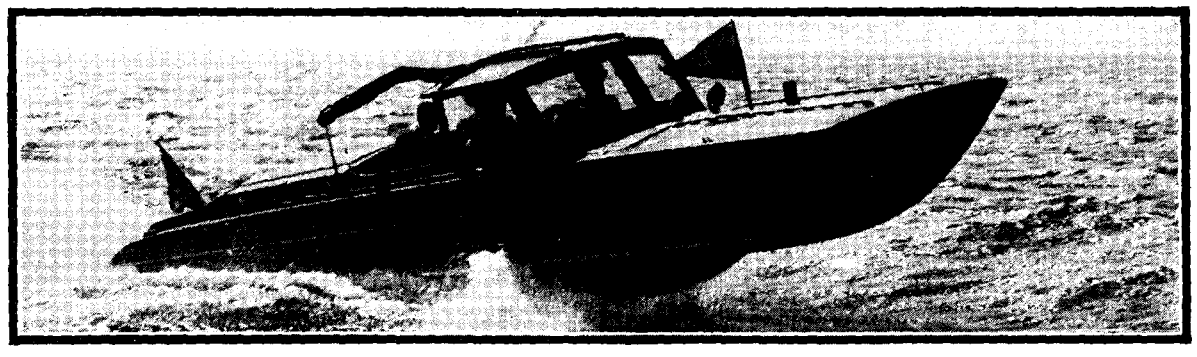

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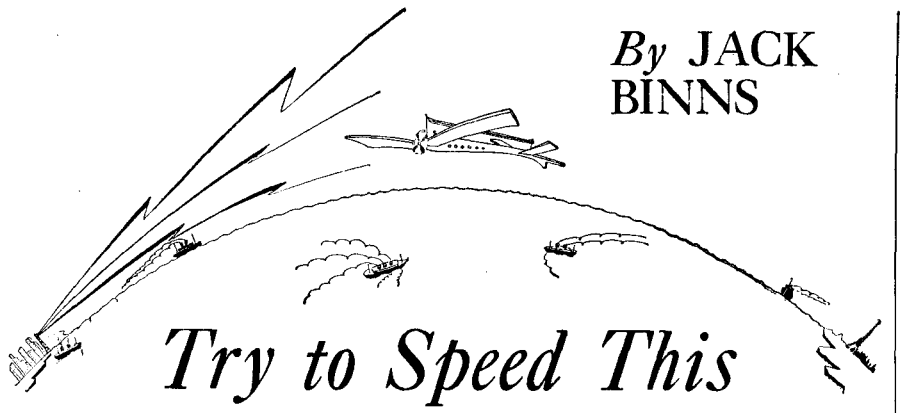

Try to Speed This

By JACK BINNS

IT SEEMS as though an eternity has passed by since the enthusiasts were broadcasting the virtues and economy of ultra-short-wave transmission—which, they declared, was going to revolutionize radio. It seems long, long ago, yet it is less than a year since we were promised regular broadcast programs from Europe that were to be transmitted across the Atlantic by such means and then rebroadcast over the chains.

A little birdie has whispered in my ear that, aside from the irregularity and unreliability of the short waves, there has been extreme difficulty in designing a stable receiver.

Be that as it may the fact remains that we will not enjoy European concerts over our own broadcasting system for many moons to come.

Confounding Confusion

THE time has come to face the mess that Congress had bequeathed us in the form of a new radio law. If literally enforced, under present conditions, broadcasting will experience the greatest setback any rapidly developing art has ever received from the unintelligent action of authority. There is but one way in which any good can come out of the law, and since that requires the immediate elimination of at least three hundred existing stations there is very little hope the Radio Commission will follow it.

By the time this appears the commission will have taken some steps to comply with the requirements of the law. They have already issued building permits to sixteen new stations in the southern zone, thus adding a few more to the overcrowded ether.

It is quite evident from the statements of the commissioners that the trend will be to reduce power in populous zones and increase it slightly in the more sparsely inhabited regions. The ultimate effect will be that the programs from good stations will be rarely heard above the static noise level except within a few miles of the transmitters, while from the poorer stations we will get a slightly wider service area for poor programs. Moreover, the addition of new stations will bring a few more heterodyne squeals and whistles to the broadcast waveband.

The greatest injustice will be experienced by the unfortunate fan who through no fault of his own bought one of the many insensitive sets that are perfectly satisfactory so long as the good broadcast stations use plenty of power. Let's hope some giftie will give the commissioners sufficient courage to blast three hundred of the useless stations from the air. This fervent hope is not occasioned by any sectional spirit because the inefficient inconsequential stations are about equally distributed over the five zones.

Sparks Across the Sea

THE exchange of broadcast programs between Europe and America, when it comes, may be ruined by automobiles. The preliminary experiments now proceeding between 5SW, Chelmsford, England, and 2XAD, Schenectady, N. Y., are being made on frequencies around 20 meters. At the very high frequencies involved around those wave lengths the ignition systems of automobiles cause terrific interference at the loud speaker in the form of a continuous rattle. Here is the way it operates, as disclosed in the British publication Amateur Wireless in a column conducted by an English commentator:

"The other evening 5SW was complaining rather bitterly about the interference caused by motor-car magnetos. His receiving set is only about thirty feet from the road, so he told an American colleague, and he congratulated 2XAD on being more fortunately situated. 'Here is a car coming,' he said; 'just listen to what happens in my loud speaker.' The rat-tat-tat-tat produced by the magneto in the south of England traveled across the Atlantic and then back again to my loud speaker, nearly deafening me."

A Program Muffler

FOR twenty years William J. Scott, a veteran naval reservist, has been working on a sound device to eliminate the effect of static on radio-telegraph signals. He has at last succeeded, and his apparatus, known as the clariphone, contains a number of sound chambers operating on acoustic principles. The output from a radio receiver goes into the clariphone, where static and other abrupt or irregular noises are suppressed by absorption while the harmonic and regular sounds of the dots and dashes come through.

It is a shame to limit this invention to telegraphy. It might be a marvelous aid in silencing some of our broadcast stations which radiate abrupt and irregular noises in the guise of music.

Stage Fright

FOR five or six years Billy Jones and Ernie Hare have made themselves popular in the East broadcasting for a chain of candy stores. Now they have been promoted to the nation-wide audience of twenty-one stations to sing the virtues of another advertiser. These two were among the first professional radio entertainers, and have been on the job regularly every week, yet during the first night on the chain there was a distinct trace of nervousness about their work quite evident at the loud-speaker end of their program. It all goes to emphasize the tremendous psychological effect the mute microphone has upon everyone—even the most experienced.

A Real Static Kick

THREE scientists from the University of Berlin have erected an antenna, suspended between Mount Generoso near Lugano, Switzerland, and another near-by peak. It is 1,800 feet long and consists of wire netting widely meshed. It hangs 250 feet above the ground. This mammoth aërial is not intended to receive communications from Mars or other near-by points but to collect atmospheric electricity for the purpose of scientific measurement.

During the preliminary experiments electromotive forces of 2,000,000 volts were collected from the clouds and then discharged by jumping a fifteen-foot gap in the form of an electric spark. These sparks jumped at the rate of one each second.

If you should happen soon to get a regular signal every second like a burst of static you can rejoice that your old "stand-by" has at last succeeded in bringing in Europe.

Butter-Side Up

Continued from page 30

"Well," said the doctor, indifferently; "supposing we agree on fifty-five thousand—with an eye on the future, Bill—an eye on the future!"

"Doctor," said Bill, "the price of this pier is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Dr. Sawbridge uttered an inarticulate cry that closely resembled a scream.

"A quarter of a million!" he repeated in a choking voice; then, as if speaking to some third person, he mockingly reiterated, "A quarter of a million! For this pier!"

"That's rock-bottom, by the way," said Bill. "I dicker when I buy but never when I sell."

"A quarter of a million!"

"Yes, Doctor. Most of that goes to Homer. Perhaps you can get it back by sawing off on him the right, title and interest in another load of junk. You know what a plunger the kid is."

"Bill," said the doctor wearily, "let's cut out this burlesque. How much in cold cash will you take?"

"I thought I mentioned the price," Bill answered.

"You mentioned the pipe dream of an opium-soaked Oriental sultan! How much will you shade that figure?"

"Not a dime."

Dr. Sawbridge had a famous tongue. It was said of him that he could give an Irish stevedore boss the six worst cusswords known and still outswear him. Now, while the doctor pumped his vocabulary dry, he banged the desk and stamped his heels. Bill quietly smoked, looked and listened.

THE doctor was beaten. His pride was shattered. His pocketbook was being plundered. He presently said, in a tired voice:

"I'll take it. And if I were younger, I'd take you out on this pier and beat the daylights out of you!"

Bill stood up.

"Doctor, you wanted me to mention it, in case Macklin & Macklin ever carried the ball across your line. I haven't touched that blackboard since you left."

Dr. Sawbridge gazed dully at the blackboard, reading upon it the record of his empty victories. He read:

Sawbridge: 1—TOUCHDOWN—1—1—GAME!

Macklin & Macklin: 0—0—0—0—0—0—0.

He walked behind the desk, picked up a felt eraser and wiped the blackboard clean.

Bill, watching him, saw out of the tail of his eye, two heads, one dark, one blond, at the open window. Homer's buoyant voice:

"Gorgeous, what did little Homer tell you? Little Homer always lands butter-side up!"

Counter Attractions

Continued from page 22

emergencies which pop up in every home must be dealt with just as artistically.

For example, there is the plumber. All plumbers who are worthy of their tools adore a good heart-to-heart talk. I had always thought of them as serious professional men with no mind for the frivolities of small talk, but I discovered early in my career how wrong I was. We once had in our living-room a steam riser pipe that had ambitions to be a geyser, and in due time a stalwart fellow arrived to fix it. I was straightening things up as he worked, and I replied politely to his opinions on the Presidential timber for the coming election. Then I put on my hat and coat.

"You going out?" he inquired plaintively, stopping his wrench in mid-air.

"Why, yes."

"People wonder why plumbers take such a long time," said he wistfully. "Guess they don't know that it's much harder to work when you ain't got nobody to pass the time of day with." I quickly took off my hat, sat down and tried to be very, very entertaining while he went on with his wrench.

Apartment superintendents and men of all work belong to the same talkative school as plumbers. The price of getting a sash weight in the window fixed is a long and ardent discussion of the various businesses the superintendent might have gone into if fate hadn't been so malignant. All that is necessary on the housewife's part is interjections of "You did! . . . Not really! . . . How terrible! . . . I think you were perfectly right." But these must be perfectly timed. Lose interest for a moment, and your man says he guesses he'll have to come back and finish some other day.

A lad who also demands clever handling is the dry cleaner. In his hands lies power, for once he gets a thing he is master. The historical motif is good here: how long you've known each other; what the years have done to both of you. Remember that axle-grease stain two years ago that he got out so wonderfully—ah, those were the days! Could he let you have the coat back this week? Remember, you are his oldest customer—(coyly) you hope his favorite customer—now, what about it?

Within the walls of the home itself there are crises that demand tact and brilliant diplomacy from the poor little housekeeper who is so placidly pictured. The art necessary to keep a cook cooking and a waitress coöperating are no mean triumphs of statesmanship, and often the most superb intrigue is required to keep tears out of the Nesselrode pudding. Organizing a nurse and child takes a good deal more executive ability than whipping General Motors into shape.

I don't know why the great modern inventions of gas, electricity and the telephone should be placed in the woman's domain, but they are: perhaps it is because wiles alone will turn away the obvious retort of, "We can always discontinue the service." A blind faith in meters has kept my contact with the first two public-service corporations fairly serene, but once I did succeed in impressing my personality on the telephone company.

A Costly Compromise

A LONG-DISTANCE call was the occasion. It was a five-dollars-for-three-minutes call, with one dollar for each extra minute. I kept my little watch out and saw that the time used up was five minutes—or seven dollars.

When the bill came it was a good round twenty dollars.

Well, I don't know how many officials I talked to. Finally I got "the head general manager."

"Now, now, now, what is it?" he bellowed.

"I'm just one lone woman," I said. "I counted the minutes by my own watch. If you want to charge me twenty dollars for a seven-dollar call, I suppose you can. You are a great big corporation with a great big law department, and I don't see how I can fight you there. If I don't pay, you will disconnect my phone, and that won't help me much."

"Madame," said the head general manager. "Shall we compromise on thirteen dollars and fifty cents?"

So I saved six-fifty and showed what a fine housekeeper I was. Unfortunately I got a sore throat from the hours of argument and had to have the doctor give me two ten-dollar treatments for laryngitis. Doctors aren't so subject to appeal.

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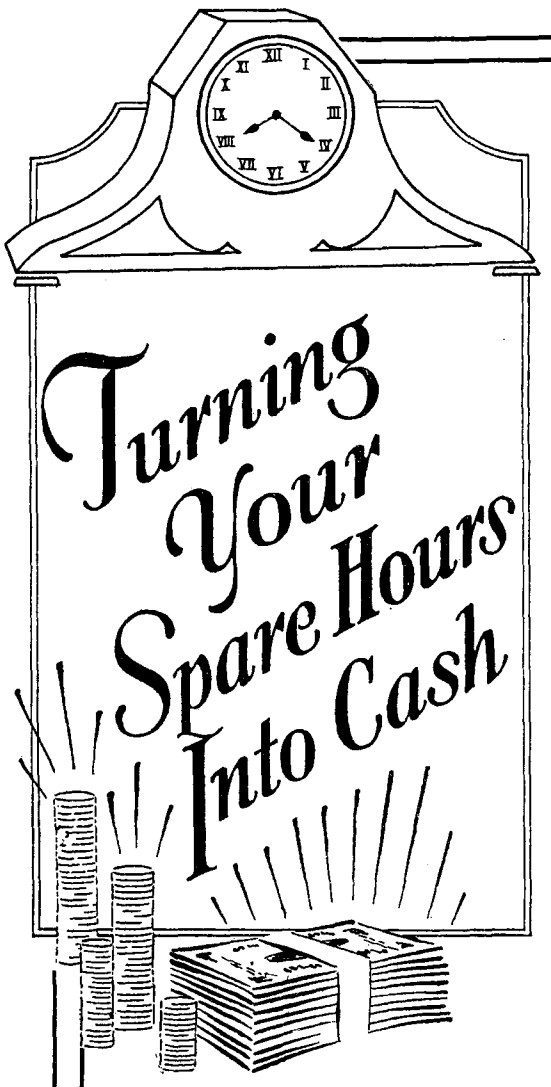

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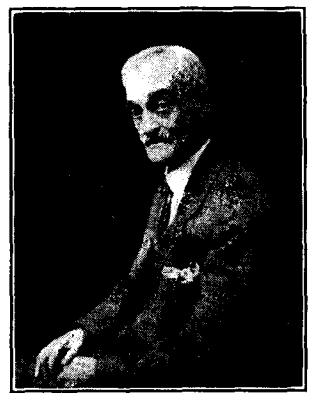

Ambitious, energetic young men and women—middle-aged housewives and mothers or even those past fifty find their Crowell spare time positions the most pleasant and profitable way to increase their incomes.

Miss Eleanor Brown of Montana and L. F. Sanderson of New Jersey although they live miles apart in entirely different types of communities are both enthusiastic Crowell Staff Members. In fact, their earnings in the past year have given them a place on the Crowell Honor League.

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The Ambassador Everybody Knows

Continued from page 9

not in its familiar business aspect, but in its friendliness, its joy of living and its wholesome good will.

Before Lindbergh, and no less important, came that breath of fresh air in this stuffy old world, the inimitable Mr. Will Rogers. Morrow put him up at the Embassy, and in twenty-four hours the government of Mexico discovered yet another side to the American character. In the palace, on the President's private car, and in the offices where nothing had been heard from Americans for a long time but dignified diplomatic complaints, a new noise resounded. All business was suspended while everybody laughed.

President Calles has an American friend who acts for him as interpreter on important occasions—an interesting figure in the drama of Mexican affairs, by the good Yankee name of Smithers. Twenty-five years ago, when Calles was a rancher, storekeeper and schoolmaster in Sonora, Smithers lived on the adjoining ranch, and the two became fast friends. Today Smithers, though merely a business man in the city, with no public title or office, is said to have as much influence with the President as any man in the world. It was from him that I gathered most of the stories about Will Rogers.

The President was to make a trip of several days in his private car, and Smithers, Morrow and Rogers, as well as members of the Cabinet and army officers, were invited to go along. It was at a rather tense period, following the elimination of three Presidential candidates via the rifle route. Rogers, brought forward to meet the President, drew back and called loudly for an interpreter. Somewhat surprised by the unusual procedure, Calles motioned to Smithers.

"I want to get straight with this bird," Rogers exclaimed, pointing to Calles; "I want to make him understand that I am down here just to see the sights and have a little pleasure. I am positively not a candidate for anything."

Calles roared with laughter.

The next morning, when the party gathered for breakfast in the private car, Rogers was missing. Presently he appeared from the front platform, where he had been trying out his broken—not to say pulverized—Spanish on the soldiers.

"Why the delay?" asked Calles.

"I'm not so dumb," said Rogers. "I know about this country. It don't do a fellow any good to stand in with you down here. I've been up on the front porch making myself solid with the army."

"Better be careful," the President warned. "When people begin fooling with my army they are liable to be shot at sunrise."

"Don't worry me a bit," Rogers exclaimed. "I'm never up that early."

After Rogers left for home there was no tenseness in the conversation when the American ambassador had business to discuss with a member of the government. You can't keep men from getting on well together when they have laughed at the same funny stories. Any war in history could have been stopped if, at the psychological moment, somebody had pulled a good joke.

Bound to Succeed

IN DOWNTOWN New York Dwight Morrow was a familiar figure, but the United States as a whole knew little about him until he bobbed up in Mexico. Where did he come from? What does he look like? What has he done?

Physically he is about five feet five, with a big head, sparkling eyes, and small, expressive hands that have a trick of jumping out in front when he talks and taking an active part in the conversation. His father was a high-school superintendent and college president, a man of broad intellectual sympathies and vigorous personality. From his mother Dwight inherited his abbreviated stature, his characteristically quick decisive movements, and the apparently tireless alertness of his mind.

He wanted to go to West Point, but an older brother had preceded him—becoming later a distinguished army officer and governor of Panama—and it was not considered proper that two sons of the same household should have the West Point nomination in succession. Accordingly, Dwight worked as a clerk for a coke company in Pittsburgh until he had saved enough to enter Amherst.

Calvin Coolidge was a member of the same class—a quiet, homely farm boy whom few men knew. But Morrow knew him. Somehow each recognized the latent power in the other. They took long walks together, discussing all sorts of questions, and laid the foundation of a friendship that has lasted thirty-five years.

Morrow, voted "the man in the class most likely to succeed," went to New York, worked his way through Columbia Law School, and found a job in a big New York law office. Coolidge, silent, self-contained, frugal, picked out Northampton as the nearest place to make a living, and read law there. Twenty-five years later Morrow was the first important man in New York to suggest that Massachusetts had a noiseless governor who might some day be President of the United States.

His initial ambition was to gather $100,000, retire from practice, and become a college professor. New York has a way of stifling or diverting these youthful ambitions. He was so good a lawyer that big men coveted him, and when he was about forty, Mr. Morgan offered him a partnership—an honor which he first refused because he loved the law, knew nothing of banking, and had no desire to get rich.

An Idealist in Wall Street!

THE war made the Morgan office the center of the financial operations of the world. There contracts for supplies were handled for all the nations, and Morrow drew the contracts. With our entrance into the conflict his service took on a more direct character. He was sent abroad by President Wilson as a member of the commission on allied shipping. Later General Pershing commandeered him as his chief military civil aide at Chaumont, and when the war was over conferred the Distinguished Service Medal on him with these words:

"He was responsible for the first intelligent epitomization of the complete Allied tonnage situation, and his able presentation of the situation to the Allied countries materially affected the tonnage policy, resulting in all possible economy."

Naturally, money gravitated to him, for the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. is the center of the garden in which money grows, but I doubt if there is any rich man to whom money means less. It hasn't changed him. He looks more like a country schoolteacher than a financier, forgets to put on his necktie unless he is reminded of it, and reads history and philosophy as relaxation. He always gave so lavishly of his time to educational and civic enterprises that his friends wondered how in the world he ever got his work for Mr. Morgan done.

So good a scholar is he that six colleges and universities have honored him with invitations to be their president or occupy a place on the faculty—a record which is not likely to be soon equaled, I imagine, by any American business man.

Wall Street sometimes thought him too much an idealist and was never quite sure that in a controversy he would be found on its side. He believes in high surtaxes on big incomes, for example, holding that burdens should be levied in accordance with the ability to bear them, and in high inheritance taxes because money left to children seldom does them any good.

He Gives Good Advice

DOZENS of people in Mexico have stories to tell about the direct fashion in which he has tackled things. A young American who had inherited a goat farm came to press a claim against the government. Troops had been quartered on the farm at one time, causing considerable damage to the buildings and stock.

"Look here," said Morrow. "You're young and capable. Think of all the time you have wasted, and your father before you, trying to get money out of this government, which has none. If you had devoted that time to raising more goats, you'd have had the amount of your claim and a whole lot more. Why not go home and collect from the goats?"

The young man thought it was good advice.

There is a land question in Mexico which is full of fire and dynamite. The revolution, which began under Madero, promised to divide up all the big estates among the poor, and Calles and Obregon were a part of that revolution and are its inheritors. American landowners have hundreds of claims against the Mexican Government for land taken from them under these revolutionary laws.

Other ambassadors gathered such information as they could in Mexico City and pressed the claims, but nothing much happened. Morrow hired an able American lawyer, paying him out of his own pocket, to make personal investigations. Not content with that, he traveled out into the country himself, and on some trips persuaded members of the Mexican Government to accompany him. For the first time the real facts are being gathered by ambassador and government working directly together, and there is good hope that before long we shall read in the papers that the vexing "land problem" has joined the fifteen-year-old "oil problem" as permanently settled.

S H O P T A L K

Politics—now and then

A PRESIDENTIAL year seems a good time to retell the story of David, King of Israel, which is set forth in GIANT KILLER. For David, though he was an artist and a soldier and a great lover of women, was above all things a politician, and a politician of a type not unknown in this country; though by a piece of good luck, which is more perhaps than we deserve, neither Smith nor Hoover belongs to it. David is the first instance in recorded history of the great moral leader whose personal misconduct was never seriously held against him, so long as he stood firmly for the cause of right. Every such politician needs a man behind him who does not have to put up a front, who can afford to have no reputation; and to my notion the most interesting side of David's life is his relation to Joab—Joab, who did the work, good and bad, of which David got the profit.

Not that this is a modern story set in ancient times; the history of GIANT KILLER is sound, even though readers of the Old Testament will find that the narrative differs somewhat from that which they learned in Sunday school. The Old Testament books containing the history of the early Hebrew monarchy are a compilation of materials of very different date and value. The ninth to twentieth chapters of Second Samuel and the first two chapters of First Kings, for instance, are a record of the first importance, probably written by a man who was there; but the preceding chapters of Second Samuel and the First Book as well are a jumble of early records and late traditions which need considerable reconstruction to make a coherent and intelligible story. The version given here agrees, in the main, with that of the most competent critics. There are gaps in the record, where the novelist can fill in as fact what the historian must present as no more than a reasonable inference; but I think these supplied facts may be reasonably inferred. The history in this novel will have next to no surprises for any man who has studied modern theological writings.

The first installment contains more fiction perhaps than the rest; but this reconstruction of a familiar scene rests on the fact recorded in II Samuel 21:19, a passage accurately translated in the Revised, though not in the King James version, that David did not kill Goliath. All but Fundamentalist critics accept this, now, as the truth.

ELMER DAVIS.

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The settlement of the "oil problem," which President Calles, Secretary Morones and the ambassador have so happily worked out together, was a great triumph for better relations between the two countries.

More Morrows: Fewer Marines

THESE two tangles were Morrow's first business: unsolved riddles which he found waiting on his Embassy desk. There is a third problem, larger and more difficult than either of these, which is not his business at all—the bitter dispute between the Mexican Government and the Catholic Church. It has left the Mexican people since August 1, 1926, without the ministrations of their priests and has fed the fires of continuous rebellion in the western provinces. Hundreds of fighters on both sides have been slain, and the treasury is being drained of the money which is so sadly needed elsewhere.

The story of this civil war is too long to be dealt with here. Officially Morrow can have no relation to it; it is wholly an internal problem. But as an individual with an open mind, broad sympathies, and a fine historical background, there may be something that he can do. Calles and his government trust him. The Catholics of America trust him. Their leading organ published not long ago an editorial, obviously inspired by high authority, headed: "Have Faith in Morrow."

The settlement must come—if it comes—in a spirit of patriotic compromise on both sides. Many thoughtful observers believe that somehow Morrow may have an opportunity to serve in this last, and largest, of Mexico's problems. Should it be removed, and church and state discover a way to live together in mutual service and trust, then indeed would Mexico be on the highroad to a brighter day.

In Nicaragua we have been trying to help a people settle their governmental difficulties by the aid of our marines. It is a situation which we did not create. We were invited into it, and ultimately we shall accomplish what we set out to do. But the price has already been terrible, not only in lives but in the misunderstanding of our motive and actions, all through Latin America, and, indeed, around the world. In Mexico we are helping toward a settlement by means of one man—a business man who understands people.

The first need of the United States is: More Morrows: fewer marines.

The Wife of Riley

Continued from page 19

down on your hubby for six rounds. If you broadcast any of this before—"

"I wouldn't dream of that!" she cries happily, jumping up to go. "And you're just too sweet for anything. You're a dear, Mr. King, and the girl that gets you will be lucky indeed!"

"She'll have to be!" I growls. "This gilaygo would give away his lungs if properly approached!"

Well, boys and girls, the Jackie King-Bad News Riley set-to was a natural, and when they answered the gong for the first round that night, standing room was selling at two bucks a head. True to his maniacal promise, Jack boxed a strictly defensive battle, backpedaling under Riley's frenzied onslaught to the amazed disgust of the crowd, which booed him to a fare-thee-well.

By the end of the third frame half of 'em was howling for Riley to knock Jack, and Bad News all but obliged in that hectic session. Coming out of a clinch, he butted Jack accidentally on purpose with his head and opened an old gash which blinded my boy with gore. The results were that Riley hit him with everything but the bucket, and at the bell Jack was so punch-goofy he walked to Riley's corner by mistake. The customers give him a hearty but cruel laugh.

During the rest between the fourth and fifth rounds the referee came over and warned Jack to fight, and I shook his heaving shoulders.

"To Hades with Riley's wife and her hard-luck story!" I bellers in his ear. "Go out there and take this mug!"

"My word's the same as my bond!" mutters Jackie and let go a tooth which had stopped a left hook.

The sixth round ended with Riley not only still on his feet, which win all his wife's bets, but he was exactly six rounds in front. When he changed his bulling tactics in the seventh and begin to clinch, run and stall I seen through the whole scheme in a flash! We'd been foxed into letting Bad News cop six rounds out of ten, and now Jack could only win four innings himself, unless he cornered the fleet-footed Riley and knocked him cold. If not, they was nothing else to it but a decision for Riley, and, madly injecting Jackie with this information, I sent him out in the eighth to kill or get killed!

However, the tough Riley went into a shell and though the enraged Jack slammed away desperately with both hands he could get no place. He started the ninth by dropping Riley for a count of four, and near the end of the round he brought the crowd to its feet in a uproar by again flooring his man with vicious smashes to the head and body. But, alas, Bad News scrambled up and hung on for his life till the bell sent him staggering to his corner, still ahead by a wide margin.

With his handlers and friends urging him on, Riley done a Charley Paddock around the ring in the tenth and last frame, his one idea being to keep away from Jackie till the gong give him the bout on points. I could already see Kempton Calhoun's sneering grin as he collected the bets of Jackie and Maxim when Jack finally caught Riley on the ropes and nailed him with a terrific right and left to the head. Riley swayed, and Jack's worshipers in the gallery howled hoarsely, "There he goes!" Another wicked one-two, and Riley, on Queer Street, grabbed at Jack to hold himself up. With twenty-three seconds of the fight to go, Jackie feinted the reeling Riley into dropping his guard, and in that split instant shot over a right that crashed Bad News to the canvas as stiff as a head waiter's shirt. A count was highly unnecessary.

WE'RE no more than in the dressing-room, when in rushed Hudson Maxim and—Mrs. Velma Riley!

"King, this girl has just told me a remarkable story, and I want to verify it," booms the director. "Did she make you believe she was Bad News Riley's wife and get you to promise to let him stay six rounds?"

"Why—eh—why, yes!" stammered Jack, red-faced and uneasy.

"You win—come over to the studio at ten tomorrow morning!" says Maxim to the smiling lady. "Boys, what they'll do to get in the movies passes all human comprehension! This young woman has pestered me all week for a job. I told her jokingly to prove to me that she was an actress, and, by Heavens, she has!"

"She ain't Riley's wife?" chorused the dumfounded me and Jack.

"Be your age!" snorts Velma, powdering her nose. "I never saw that missing link before in my life. Mr. Calhoun gave me the idea. You know, really, you kiddies need a guardian!"

Another reel of Bigger and Better will appear in an early issue

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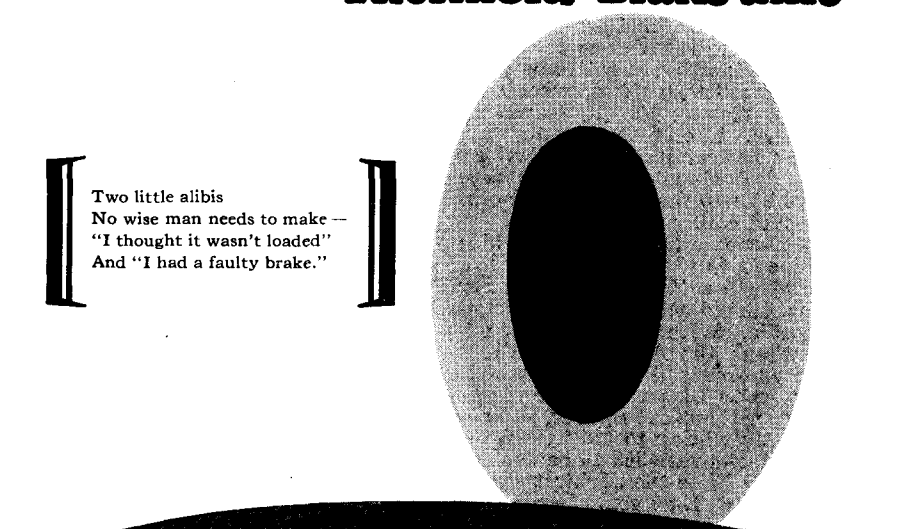

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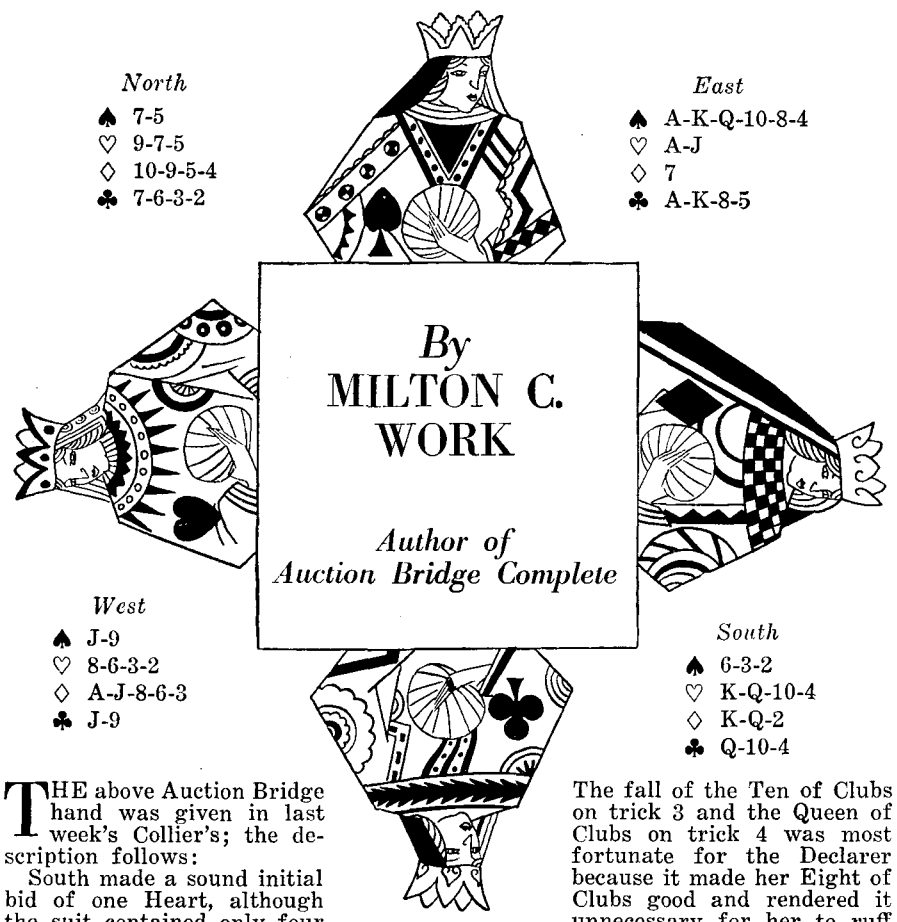
How would you play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

South made a sound initial bid of one Heart, although the suit contained only four cards. It was headed by King-Queen-Ten and had a quick trick on the side in Diamonds, plus the slight assistance which the Queen-Ten and one small Club afforded—too strong a hand to pass.

West passed, although in the "following" position, where a bid may be made with less strength than any other. Had South started by bidding one Club, West would have ventured to bid *one* Diamond; but West's hand was woefully weak to bid the *two* Diamonds necessary to overcall the one Heart. Furthermore, it is much more important for Second Hand to show a suit after Dealer has started by bidding one of a Minor than after Dealer has started by bidding one of a Major. The Major bid is apt to become the contract if the adversaries obtain it, and in that case Second Hand will have the lead; but an original Minor bid is apt to be overcalled by the Third Hand, whose bid may stand, making Fourth Hand the initial leader. Therefore, a lead-directing bid by Second Hand over Dealer's Minor is advisable and it may interfere with a No Trump that Third Hand otherwise would call.

North of course had no possible bid; East bid one Spade; though she had ample strength to bid a large number of Spades, she did not consider preëmpting advisable. With the Ace of the adverse suit and the Ace-King of Clubs plus her enormous Spade strength, it did not seem to East that she could be forced higher than four Spades, and she was perfectly willing to bid that far—indeed, perfectly satisfied to be doubled if she did so. With the slightest assistance from West, East could hardly fail to take ten tricks.

On the second round South passed. West, with only two Spades, thought it advisable to deny her partner's suit by showing her Diamonds, bidding two. This could hardly have a disastrous result, and the bid would give East information.

East, of course, bid two Spades, and that ended the auction.

The Play

IN THE play South's proper opening lead was the King of Hearts, which East won. Then East, to utilize West's trumps, led the Ace and King of Clubs, following with the Five of Clubs, which West ruffed with the Nine of Spades. The fall of the Ten of Clubs on trick 3 and the Queen of Clubs on trick 4 was most fortunate for the Declarer because it made her Eight of Clubs good and rendered it unnecessary for her to ruff the fourth Club. She had been planning to do this, if necessary, by leading the Ace of Diamonds to trick 5 and then a small Diamond which she could ruff in the Closed Hand, and return the last Club. That scheme having been rendered unnecessary, she led the Jack of trumps from Dummy to trick 5, overtaking in the Closed Hand; and on tricks 6 and 7 exhausted the adverse trumps. She now had left in her Closed Hand a small Diamond, of which suit Dummy had the Ace-Jack, a losing Jack of Hearts, the best Club and three established trumps.

Most Declarers, in this situation, would have been quite satisfied to place their cards face up on the table and claim a Small Slam. In the play of this hand, however, East was much more farsighted. She appreciated that South's Heart bid, having been made on a King-Queen suit, must be accompanied by a quick trick on the side, and that quick trick could only be the King and Queen of Diamonds. East, by leading her four good cards (three trumps and one Club), would be left with only two cards; viz., the Jack of Hearts and the Seven of Diamonds. On these tricks South also would have to discard down to two cards, and therefore she would have to let go either her Queen of Hearts, leaving East's Jack of Hearts a winner, or one of her Diamond honors, leaving Dummy's Ace-Jack of Diamonds both winners. In other words, East had a Grand Slam by the use of the "squeeze" play; and by applying it she obtained 59 extra points—9 for the extra trick and 50 for the difference between a Small and a Grand Slam.

■

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*South*
S. A-6-3	S. Q-J-10
H. K-7-5	H. A-8-2
D. J-9-7-4-3	D. A-Q-10-8
C. K-2	C. J-5-3
West	*East*
S. 9-8-4-2	S. K-7-5
H. Q-9-4-3	H. J-10-6
D. None	D. K-6-5-2
C. Q-9-7-6-4	C. A-10-8

Giant Killer

Continued from page 7

that it would seem unpatriotic to worship a Philistine god in war time."

"You are an Assimilationist!" Eliab cried.

"Calling names isn't argument. I merely say that between us, a rural people with a rural god, suspicious of all that makes life pleasant, and a cultured nation like the Philistines, an impartial observer might prefer the Philistines. I'm all for what Saul is trying to do—unite Israel and make the Philistines leave us alone—but it seems to me we can fight our War of Liberation without abusing Philistine culture and Philistine music. Let's try to see both sides."

"You can't afford to see both sides in war time!" Eliab shouted. "And, besides, there is only one side. Our God is better than their gods."

"Then they must be better men than we are," observed Beriah. "Oh, I'd like to believe you, Eliab; I'd like to think that we are the finest people on earth and our God is the greatest God. But there's one argument against that that nobody has answered yet."

"And what is that?" asked Eliab.

Beriah shrugged. "Goliath," he said.

In the long silence that followed David whispered angrily to Joab, "It's indecent to say such things about our God!"

"Oh, he's right!" Joab groaned. "Say what you like—always, at the end, there's Goliath. What can we do, David? What can we do?"

Miserably he turned over and buried his face in his outspread cloak; and presently he heard David beginning to strum softly on his harp.

King Saul strode up and down in his tent, his scarlet cloak flapping about his long hairy legs, his black beard clutched in both hands. By the table where an oil lamp flickered sat a stocky, grizzled man in a bronze corselet, his eyes uneasily following the King.

"Abner!" Saul halted, breathing heavily, his eyes lurid. "Tomorrow morning I go down to Goliath! I can't stand this any longer."

"Your Majesty must consider the kingdom," said the commander in chief softly. "If anything happened to you, which may God forbid—"

"If anything happened! Could anything be worse than this—sitting in the trenches, listening to him, day after day? No, he must be fought, and I am the man. After all, God was with me once—before I had that quarrel with Samuel—"

HE LOOKED at Abner, uncertain, entreating.

"God is with you still," said the general promptly. "Samuel made you King, and he has never forgiven you for being King, for making yourself a greater man than he is."

"Yes, Abner, but the country people—the devout—they still believe in Samuel. It cost me a good deal, that quarrel. . . . I wonder if God does prefer Samuel." He tugged savagely at his beard.

"God must have better judgment than that," said the general piously.

"He never answers me in oracles," Saul muttered. "He never sends me dreams— Abner, are we going to fail after all?"

"It isn't too late for a reconciliation with Samuel," said Abner thoughtfully. "He's jealous and conceited—but he is an Ephraimite. If we could recover the Ark of God—"

The King threw out his hands.

"The Ark of God is on neutral territory."

"Yes, the Canaanite cities are neutral," Abner agreed dryly. "But they pay tribute to the Philistines; they keep the Ark for the Philistines. A sudden raid—when the Philistines have gone into winter quarters—"

"No!" Saul thundered. "You military men have no respect for the sanctity of treaties! Our ancestors guaranteed the neutrality of the Canaanite cities—"

"And ever since they have been a wedge driven into the heart of our country, cutting Ephraim off from Judah—Judah, that might be part of the kingdom, sending us whole regiments instead of a few scattering volunteers. Must we be bound forever by the diplomatic mistakes of our ancestors, when considerations of strategic necessity—"

"It wouldn't do," Saul muttered nervously. "If we broke our oath, God would certainly forsake us. . . . No—I must fight Goliath."

"Well!" Abner assented suddenly. He rose, held out his hand. "Saul, may the Lord go with you! We are cousins; we were friends before you were ever King. If anything should happen, be sure—"

BUT the King drew back his hand; he regarded Abner darkly.

"If anything should happen! . . . You would stand by Jonathan?"

"Of course. There might be trouble," Abner conceded. "Not all Israel is ready for the idea of a hereditary kingdom. You were elected, and they might want to elect your successor. But Jonathan and I—"

"Jonathan and you!" Saul breathed heavily. "Oh, I know Jonathan! A good soldier, but no judgment, no knowledge of men! If he succeeded me, you would be King, Abner—yes, as half the time you are King now!

"Oh, I see through it, Abner!" His hand hovered restlessly on the sword hilt at his side. "You could never be King—too many people hate you. No general, no disciplinarian, can ever be king of this unruly people. But with Jonathan on the throne you would stand behind him—you would think his thoughts, move his hands. No!"

The sword flashed out; Saul held it high; then, shuddering, he lowered it slowly, thrust it back into the scabbard.

"I'm sorry, Abner. These—these sudden rages come on me. . . . I wonder if God sends them? If he does—God knows I have enemies enough, without turning on my best friend. . . . You'd be a good king in some ways, Abner, but you lack imagination, you aren't showy. A good king of Israel must catch the imagination. I could do that, once. . . ." Through the open tent flap he stared out a while at the stars. . . . He turned back.

"Send word throughout the army," he commanded abruptly, "that the man who kills Goliath can marry my daughter, Merab."

"Arrangements for her marriage to Adriel are almost completed," Abner reminded the King. "His family is powerful beyond the Jordan. If we offended them—"

"God, could anything be worse than this? Offend anybody, if only we can get rid of Goliath! Announce it through the camp—the Princess Merab will be the wife of the man who kills Goliath."

"Any man?" asked Abner. "Officer or private?"

"Officer or private. We can't boggle over fine distinctions now. Send out the order; that will be all for tonight. I'm going for a walk."

The fires were dying down; by now half the camp slept. Down the wind came the tinkle of a harp; a clear tenor voice was raised in song. The King found himself drawing nearer to the music; other men had heard it too; a circle was gathering round the red-headed boy who was singing and playing. The King paused—and then his heart leaped as he caught the words.

It was a song about Goliath—how he arrogantly defied Israel and Israel's God; how all the army were dismayed and sore afraid until a boy stood forth, a shepherd lad. "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God? Yahweh, who delivered me out of the paw of the lion, He shall deliver me out of the hand of the Philistine!" . . . Then a harsher strain; Goliath was mocking the boy, cursing him by his gods. The answer came in swelling chords:

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"Thou comest to me with a sword and a spear and a javelin, but I come to thee in the name of Yahweh Sabaoth, the God of the armies of Israel! This day will Yahweh deliver thee into my hand!" . . . Then the fight. . . . "I struck him, I smote him; I prevailed over him; I slew him! Blessed be Yahweh, my rock, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight—my high tower and my deliverer; my shield and He in Whom I trust! For lo, thine enemies, O Yahweh, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered. But my horn hast thou exalted like the horn of the wild ox; I am anointed with fresh oil!"

A triumphant crash of the strings; the song was ended. Around the crowded circle ran a shudder of relaxing tension, of reluctant return to things as they were. . . . And then men fell away on one side and the other before a scarlet cloak and a nodding plume; the King of Israel drove through the circle, seized David by the shoulder, drew him to his feet.

"At last," he thundered, "God has given me a man! Tomorrow morning, boy, go down and kill Goliath!"

David stared at him, open-mouthed; he blinked and shivered.

"I—" he croaked. "I—"

"Don't be afraid of me, lad! Don't think of me as a King—think of me as a father. When you've killed Goliath, you marry my daughter!"

That brought Eliab forward hastily, his hand raised in salute.

"Your Majesty!" he spluttered. "Don't pay any attention to this boy! He's only a sheep herder!"

NOW at last David found his voice.

"I am an artist!" he said proudly.

"Artist or sheep herder or soldier," Saul growled, "it's all the same to me. You have faith in our God, in the future of our people—faith in yourself! Tomorrow morning you kill Goliath!"

David swallowed convulsively; his face was white. . . . And now all the brothers gathered round, protesting (for they knew their father would blame them for this). "He didn't mean it!" they clamored. "It was only one of his songs." And from behind them Beriah's voice: "The boy is an artist, Your Majesty! He sees things not as they are, but as he'd like to have them." Saul glared at them.

"I don't know anything about art," he growled. "I have never had time for it. But I thought I had found a man!" His face thrust down toward David's. "Boy, did you mean it? Will you fight?"

David cowered away from those lurid eyes, and Joab, watching in an agony almost as great as David's own, knew exactly what he felt. He was afraid—afraid of this scowling King, of this circle of wolfish eyes: men ready to cheer him if he volunteered to seek certain death, ready to hoot him out of camp if he behaved sensibly. . . .

David shook his head, shivered, drew himself together, and again Joab, who knew him so well, understood. With the instinct of the artist he had rejected that unendurable picture; he had concentrated on another, an inner picture—a picture in which David was still the central figure, but not as an artist. The picture of a man in action—a boy striding down the hill, high-hearted and eager, armored in faith in his God, while King Saul and all the army cheered him.

David was seeing that, Joab knew; and he was hearing again the strains of his own triumphant music.

"Yes!" cried David in sudden ecstasy. "I'll fight him! With God's help, I'll kill him!"

A roar of exultation went up from the crowd as the King embraced him. . . . But afterward— Afterward!

David and Joab lay down to rest at last on the very lip of the hill; when daylight should flood the dark valley below, David was to watch for the giant, report to Saul, and then go down to meet him while the army looked on. It had all been planned in a sort of clamorous mass meeting; Saul talking, and David's brothers, and Beriah, and everyone else—everyone but Joab, who had sat dumb with awe and exaltation. David—David was going to do what all Israel had refused, what Joab himself had not dared!

"David!" Joab whispered. "Are you asleep?"

"No." David's voice was glum. Joab sat up.

"David, are you going down as soon as he comes out?"

"Might as well get it over with."

"Look here, you mustn't let this get on your nerves! David, we're all with you—cheering you, praying for you—"

"Yes," said David. "So you said."

"David!" Joab quivered with high resolve. "If he—if he kills you, I'll go down and let him kill me too—"

"Uh!" David grunted. "That helps."

"But, David—"

"Oh, shut up, will you? Go to sleep!"

Joab lay down again, and slept.

But David lay sleepless and shuddering, his stomach a stone within him. His open eyes grew accustomed to the starlit darkness; his glance fell on his harp and lingered, baleful and vindictive. And he rose, snatched up the harp, and flung it far away down the hillside in a hopeless frenzy of rage and despair.

THE morning star hung over the eastward hills when Elhanan, the son of Jair, swallowed the last drop from the wineskin—old Jesse made the best wine in Judah—said a thick-tongued good-by to his buddies, and started back toward the knoll. He picked his way through camp with tangled feet, walking in unbalanced rushes, more than once all but treading on sleeping men. It was a relief to come out on the hillside with the ravine below; if he fell down now, he would fall the way he was going.

. . . So the man that kills Goliath can marry the Princess Merab, he mused. Huh! Saul better bid higher than that. I've seen her. Fat girl—no life in her. Man'd have no excitement with her in the house. That Egyptian girl, now, at Beersheba—she was a hot little piece, even if she did make that crack about the Jewish army. Queer the way the stars swing back and forth; I must be drunk. That's it—I'm drunk. And why not? The sergeant'll let me sleep it off, and I won't have to listen to Goliath. Uncircumcised dog—says our God's no god. But who's going to shut him up? Not Elhanan, boy; not Elhanan. . . . I make a lot of noise on this hill; bowlders roll out from under a man's feet. Ah, here's the bottom at last! Now where's the trail? If those stars would only stand still till I could get a sight of them—What's that? Water! Wet feet! Thought this brook had been dry for a month. More water. . . .

Elhanan stood still, a clammy chill crawling over him. A brook with water in it. He had lost his way; he was in the wrong valley; up the hill to the right were the Philistines. Already dawn was beginning to break; at any moment a sentry might see him—

Stumbling, running, Elhanan picked his way down the brook; never mind the noise now, if he could reach the knoll in time. Over this bowlder, around that bush—

A big man who had been washing his face and arms in the brook sat up, bulking in the dim light.

"What's all the noise about, soldier?" Elhanan's teeth chattered as he heard the Philistine accent.

"You've muddied the water," said the Philistine, "just when I was getting ready to take a drink. I make it a rule never to kill a Jew before breakfast: it might be bad luck. But this time—"

He rose higher and higher; his monstrous shoulders shut off the stars. Suddenly Elhanan howled in terror. Goliath! . . . With a hoarse chuckle the giant came toward him, bare-handed, his long arms reaching out, his huge fingers curving. . . . Wild with fear, Elhanan ducked under the swinging arms; his body struck the armored shins as Goliath lurched forward with a roar of rage—lurched and stumbled and fell headlong with a great clatter of metal. His forehead crashed against the sharp outcropping rock. He lay still.

Elhanan lay still too, pinned down by those loglike legs, waiting for the giant to turn and tear him apart, piece by piece. Presently he crawled out, staring incredulously at the huge, inert form. Blood oozed from the head; it made a dark trail across the limestone. With a gulping groan Elhanan collapsed; he was sick, long and miserably; he passed out.

. . . And at just about this moment a red-haired boy whose eyes had not

(Continued on page 38)

STANCE *and* STANZAS

WHO'S tearing up all the greens these days? Who's feeding the caddies? Not the regular golfers surely, for most of them are so engrossed in the pastime of whacking out Jingles in the Rough that they haven't been on a tee for weeks. Still, it's a swell way to work off the strain of trying to break a hundred.

Look at how Aubrey L. Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, takes it out (he wrote this with a niblick):

Perfect stance,
Graceful pivot,
Rhythmic swing—
Two-foot divot.

And here's a sad tale relayed by C. L. Strain of New York that strikes a reminiscent note:

He should have made a hole in one
But a hole in the turf he made;
For he reneged and played a club
When he should have played a spade.

Another mournful sound:

The saddest words
I ever heard,
My partner spoke:
"I've parred the third."

—Dr. Grover C. Jones,
Macon, Ga.

But here comes a bit of optimism—a rare thing around the locker-room:

I've foozled many a simple shot,
I've lacked a golfer's skill,
I've lied about the cups I've got—
'Swonder I'm living still.

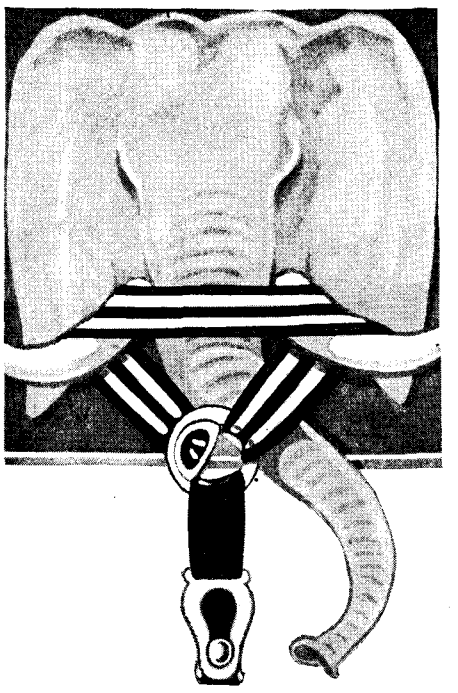
—Paul Holland,
Bremerton, Wash.

How many there'll be to echo this plea:

The die is cast and now at last
I've caught the golf infection—
Now all I need is a ball with speed
And some sense of direction.

—J. G. Bennetts,
Calumet, Mich.

If your golf jingle is accepted you'll receive an overpowering gold luck-piece with your initials actually engraved on it. So send along your efforts to Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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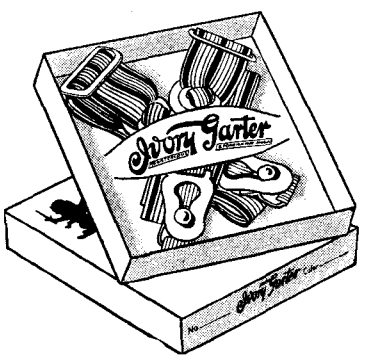

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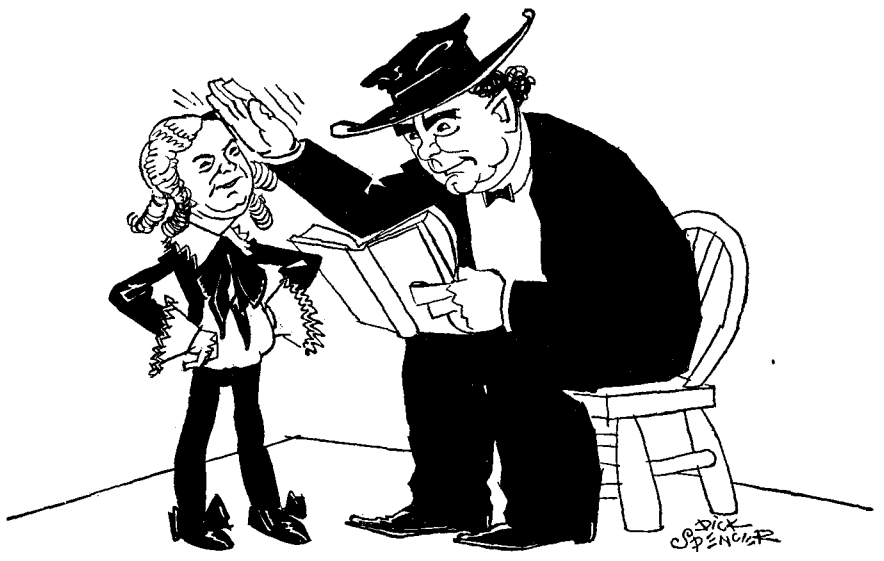

Herbert's Godfather

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH became at Kansas City a sort of spiritual godfather of the Hoover candidacy. He has never before played such an important rôle in the Republican party as he did at this year's national gathering.

He wrote the prohibition plank, the driest plank that has even been adopted by any big national party. He wrote the plank on campaign funds. He wrote the outlawry of war plank. He largely wrote the labor plank.

Now, these are the most important political features of the Republican platform, with the exception of the farm-relief plank, and Mr. Borah was drafted to defend the farm-relief plank before the assembled delegates.

The story behind it all is that Mr. Borah, before he left Washington, went to Secretary Hoover with the planks in which he was especially interested—the dry plank, the peace plank and the campaign-fund plank.

Other advisers of Mr. Hoover sat about somewhat dismayed at what they regarded as Mr. Borah's politically impossible proposals.

One said that Mr. Borah's declaration for the observance and enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment would alienate the East.

New Stage Manager for G. O. P.

ANOTHER said that while Mr. Borah's dry plank might not dry up the country, his campaign-fund plank would dry up the sources of campaign contributions, already dubious enough because of Wall Street's attitude toward the Republican candidate for President.

No one knew or cared what his foreign-relations plank meant.

But Mr. Hoover accepted every one of Mr. Borah's proposals in spite of the grumbling of his Eastern advisers. So the senator from Idaho came to Kansas City with H. H. written on all his programs.

And everybody on the Resolutions Committee of the convention bowed to the H. H. on the Borah planks.

Many say that Mr. Borah will be the Secretary of State if Mr. Hoover is elected President.

But it is improbable that any such bargain has been made. It is not like the senator from Idaho to make a deal. And it is improbable that Mr. Hoover had to do more than approve Mr. Borah's planks in order to commit Mr. Borah to the Hoover candidacy.

It is very different from 1920, when Mr. Borah made speeches which may have been for Mr. Harding, but nobody could make out whether they were or not, and from 1924, when Mr. Borah could not be got upon the hustings for President Coolidge at all.

There are two views of Mr. Hoover. One is that he is an idealist and a liberal. And the other is that, though he would like to be an idealist and a liberal, his political ambitions as the representative of a conservative party will chill the warmer inclinations of his breast; that though he will listen to Mr. Borah, in practice he will be guided by the Bascom Slemps and Claudius Hustons who surround him and by the big financial interests which usually dominate the counsels of the Republican party.

He Will Have a Pull

MR. BORAH has committed himself to the first theory of Mr. Hoover, and the event is one of political importance both as it affects Mr. Hoover's campaign and administration if he should be elected, and as it affects the future of Mr. Borah himself.

In the tug of war over a President that goes on between the two factions of the Republican party, Mr. Borah will be pulling with all his might in the direction of liberalism.

If Mr. Borah goes into Mr. Hoover's Cabinet, he will still be the anchor man on the progressive team pulling the President toward the left.

This is the first Republican candidate for President that Mr. Borah thought it worth while to tug at. Mr. Coolidge invited Mr. Borah to run for Vice President on the ticket with him, thinking he could use the Idaho senator to keep Republicans from voting for La Follette. This time Mr. Borah thinks he can use Mr. Hoover. That is the difference.

And so far as Mr. Borah is concerned his committing himself to the enterprise of electing Mr. Hoover involves a great change too. He is now in the Republican fold.

He has given hostages to fortune for having been permitted to write what he liked in the Republican platform; he cannot stand off and leave the Republican candidate to his fate as he did in 1920 and in 1924.

The Old Borah is no More

AND having elected his candidate, if Mr. Hoover is elected, he cannot neglect his rôle of spiritual godfather!

He has taken the usual godfather's oath to look after the welfare of his godchild. He no longer stands aside, an independent critic, albeit looking at times, like Lot's wife, over his shoulder to measure the distance between himself and what he left behind him.

Choosing not to become a pillar of salt, he has gone back to save—well, I shan't pursue this figure any further in speaking of anything so respectable as the Republican party. The old Borah is no more.

His is a closed chapter. The rôle of the godfather is one of compromises.

Giant Killer

Continued from page 37

closed all night felt that his waiting was unendurable without his unfailing friend and companion, the harp. It was still dark; the giant was not yet to be seen; before he came out, David might retrieve the harp he had flung away in that frenzy of anger. And after that anything might happen. Goliath might be ill today. God won't let *me* be killed. . . .

Softly David arose and picked his way down the hillside, just ahead of the breaking dawn. . . .

ELHANAN'S eyes opened. Daylight. His head throbbed; his bones ached; his throat was hot and dry; he lay gasping weakly till memory came slowly back—a fantastic, incredible memory. He turned his head. It was true!

There lay the giant in his armor, prone and lifeless. . . . "I've killed Goliath! I've killed Goliath! I'll marry the Princess Merab and live like a lord—"

Elhanan passed his hand over his eyes. The huge plumed helmet lay empty on the ground; the giant's neck was a truncated piece of bloody meat; the head was gone.

He got up in wild haste and stared about him. Far up the hill a red-haired youth climbed toward the Hebrew trenches carrying the head of Goliath.

"Hey!" Elhanan shouted. "Come back here! Where are you going with that?"

But the red-haired lad only climbed the faster. Stumbling, panting, Elhanan climbed after him, but too late. Before he was halfway up the slope the boy gained the crest; he stood for a moment, silhouetted against the sunrise, holding high the giant's head. From the camp rose a frenzied roar:

"David! He's killed Goliath! Forward—for Yahweh and David!"

Before Elhanan, plodding grimly up the hill, reached the summit, the first men ran past him—half armed, in no order at all, but wild with confidence and exultation. Across the valley a trumpet sounded in the Philistine camp—but the Philistines were beaten already. Elhanan knew that no troops could stop the Hebrews in this frenzy, for they knew their God was with them, this was Yahweh's day. And now they streamed past him, officers and men together, Saul running like the rest.

"Stop!" Elhanan screamed. "I killed him! Listen—"

They passed him; they were gone. More men, and more; boys and camp followers too. . . . A boy Elhanan knew came leaping down the hill, waving a stolen sword.

"Joab! I killed him—not David! Let me tell you—"

In one single bound Joab passed him, unheeding.

Fat and puffing, a Syrian eunuch climbed out of the trench, one of the drivers of the pack of donkeys. Elhanan seized him by the shoulders.

"I tell you I did it!" he shouted. "Not David!"

"Let me go!" the Syrian squealed. "They'll plunder the Philistine camp! Their officers wear gold rings, gold amulets—"

"But I tell you—" The Syrian gave a frantic, heaving push, and the conqueror of Goliath fell flat on his back in the dust.

"Stop!" he called after the flying eunuch. "Listen—"

Yet even now he had a premonition that no one would ever stop to listen.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Prince of Escape

Continued from page 14

did it—not that I don't perfectly well know—"

She laughed at that, but it lacked the former bitter-clear Wrex quality. It came softly, almost tremulously, on the night stillness. There was a difference about her; a difference of which that dress seemed the outward expression. He couldn't understand it, and so, according to his custom, he deliberately didn't see it.

"I know why too," he said, "and you can't think what it means to me."

Her eyes turned suddenly luminous, searching his face through the milky, misty gloom. There was a swiftly breathed "Yes?" A subtle wave, like the releasing of an inner unsuspected sweetness, seemed to come from her.

"So you know why I sent that information to the radio; why I practically betrayed you. . . . But I had faith in your genius of escape. . . . You know why I came here tonight, expecting you—and you are not laughing at me?"

"Why should I laugh when I know you are really helping Miss Hope?"

"Brenda Hope?" She spoke the name like something forgotten and now rather absurdly brought to memory. "You imagined I was doing it for her?"

"Why, what else could—"

"Are you laughing behind that classic mask of yours," she broke harshly in, "or is it Valdez putting on his asbestos coat again? As to the Hope girl—"

"Oh, I know you won't admit it," he said. "You are something like me. You hide behind clever, bitter Ann Wrex, just the same as I hide behind mysterious Valdez. You'll probably try to make me think you did it because Cordato offered you a lot of money. But I know better, and—"

"Oh, *stop*." She seized his wrist, pulling him along to where a cleared spot let more of that faint moonlight filter in. "I want to—I must—see your face."

He stood still, mostly gray and shadow, as he sensed a hunger in the gaze which searched his features. Then she flung away his hand.

"If only I didn't have to believe you so. It would be easier almost any other way. . . ." She lit a cigarette, pacing restlessly, a puzzling figure of bedizened pain. "What is it about you? You're not extraordinarily handsome, you don't even seem to be clever, except in the way of wriggling out of things—just as you are slipping off unscathed at this moment. . . . Yet there's something there. I saw that the first time we met. And, oh, I'll have to say it—you are right—*right* not to let it be dug out of you. . . . Wait—wait until it leaps of itself, as it will when—when—"

IF HE could only make out what she meant! But he probably never would.

"Ann Wrex, all over," she murmured. "She always saw too much for her own happiness. Too much, both ways. The way she despised and didn't want; and the way she ached for, but couldn't have. So she takes it out in writing. . . . Writing—of all the barren makeshifts for a woman to take to!" She turned swiftly on him with a question:

"So you came here for Brenda Hope?"

"Yes. Do you know where she is?"

"You'll actually trust me again after last night?" she shrugged. "Well, you're right. A woman never does the same thing twice over."

She seized his arm again, dragging him recklessly through ferns. The drifting mist under the trees might have been the capricious thumb of some further dimension wiping solid matter into a gray smear. A bramble caught her skirt, and Valdez spoke.

"You'll spoil your dress," he warned. Her mockery came back at him:

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"This frock has met its fate already. . . . Juliet's robe on the Nurse's bones. I'd better go back to Ann Wrex's usual sackcloth. . . . Unless you'll give me some of your asbestos. Mine seems to have worn thin."

She was only a voice, speaking riddles in gray fog. But that is how most people are to each other; shadows talking in a mist of misunderstanding. She stopped suddenly, pointed to a window in a dimly seen wing.

"Brenda Hope is in that room, and the house is practically deserted just now. They weren't expecting *you* at Shaugh Prior, you see."

"I have to thank you for that," he said.

"And I have to thank *you* for— Oh, I will thank you, some day, I know that. But meanwhile—

"Oh, well, go to your Brenda. It won't do you any good, but I know you must have it. . . . I'll always write well of you. . . . Good-by. . . ."

FOOTSTEPS, tumbling blindly back into the mist; a sound which might have been a moan, or a frightened bird's sleepy cry. Then only silence and the inhuman chuckling of a stream somewhere below!

He knew that was the last he would see of Ann Wrex. She had come, she had rather started it all, back in that dressing-room, and now her going was like the beginning of the end.

Another woman spoke. Good heavens, were these woods full of them? But this proved to be Quinta. "How did you get here?" he asked.

"I walked in through the gate." She seemed to have forgotten that kiss, and he judged it best to forget it also, just then.

"I thought," he said, "that you came from the house."

"Anybody would lose their way in this muddle of a place. Look here, Bernadot's running a temperature again, and I must get him to bed at once. I'm going to drive him over to my cousin's at the Quarry House."

"You mean you want me to go with you?"

He threw an involuntary look at the window which Ann Wrex had pointed out.

"If you think," Quinta sharply told him, "that I'm going to keep poor Bernadot shivering while you sneak upstairs to that sleep woman, you are very much mistaken. . . . It won't be any use, if you do go up. You won't find out about your old radio inventions from her. I can promise you that."

"What on earth do you know about it?" he demanded.

"Never mind what I know, but I know it better than you do. And you can't come to Quarry House with us either. They must have had the evening papers there, and they'll know all about Valdez being on the boat with us, so if you turn up there with Bernadot and me they'll spot you at once."

"Vanished Valdez" again; almost he had forgotten it, but now it leaped again, an unquenchable nuisance.

"This moor," he considered, "would be one hard place for a stranger to escape from."

"Hide in the wood behind the house," Quinta told him. "It's supposed to be haunted, and none of the moor people ever go near it if they can help. I'll leave you the rugs by the road where the car is. And I'll come over in the morning with some grub and tell you the lay of the land. Meanwhile"—her tone betrayed the smile he couldn't see, blank with polite interest—"meanwhile I wish you a pleasant call on the young lady."

She was gone. There was only the empty night, the opal-misted moon and that window, darkly open, behind which Brenda Hope lay sleeping.

There were tree branches across it, close enough for one like himself to swing across the sill. He measured their height, and sprang.

This was the room, he saw, as he flowed silently in at that open casement.

Oak paneling, dark with age; outlines of furniture, carved and massive; heavy draperies stirred by the breeze which brought the breath of the pines and a blown sweetness from those leagues of moorland. The only light came from a globe on a high stand. It must have been coated with radium, glowing in a cool and greenish fire, like some elf lamp floating in an ether of its own. The great bed might have been the prow of some Phœnician galley, with a silken canopy for sail.

And in it lay the girl of the photograph, the girl whom he had seen, for a few brief moments, decked in ermine and pearls, lying in deathly unconsciousness amid those massed, midnight thousands in the Albert Hall. Valdez' heart stilled, and a great quietness came upon him. This was she; he had reached her at last. The troublous days of seeking her were over; he was here. A girl asleep; that was all. No tall candles, no trappings of a theatrical sacerdotalism, such as had surrounded her at that public séance. Merely a girl, asleep in white daintiness, breathed on by the night, stars and heather-scented moor winds.

Somewhere a bell tolled three. The oblong of the window was already graying, and out in the pines the birds began faint twitterings. He was glad that the June dawn was at hand. It was fitting for him to come to her in that almost terrible purity of new-born day.

But even though he was here, he had not yet reached her. The remoteness of that sleep was like some immeasurable space across which there was no leaping.

"Brenda Hope, do you hear me?"

There was only that hovering light upon her face, the faint sound of the pines sighing toward the promise of dawn. Rooted there between bed and window, he thought he had failed: he had to wait so long for answer. Then, at last, words came, breathed through barely opened lips, as if from infinite distances, yet strangely present:

"I hear you."

"Where are you?" he whispered.

"In the place where you also are, but knowing that which you do not know."

It was like listening to some distant bell, more felt than heard. A summoning bell, one which called to things in him that he had suspected were there! The glow from that globe might have been one of Jupiter's moons shining upon her, so far off she seemed to be, sunk in that mysterious slumber.

The Lady of Sleep, bodily there in that room, but conscious off in some strange realm which he could never enter!

"How can I reach you?" he asked—"how make you believe me?"

"You have reached me. . . . And it is the things of your heart that will be believed."

His heart? Oh, those words were as a fragment. . . . The things of his heart! For the first time in his life he searched it and found only confusion. He knelt softly at the bed's edge, pressing his forehead to its cool linen.

"What do you know of me that I don't know?"

"I know all that is hidden from yourself. . . . I know your real life and your real love. . . . I know that you are Valdez, come to me with questions. . . . I know that you have tried to serve me; I knew that you would come to me tonight. . . ."

"How did you know that?" he breathed.

"In the same way that I know those other things hidden from yourself."

HE RAISED his eyes to her face, and for an instant it became that of the girl in the photograph. No mystic Deep Sleeper, but flesh and blood, alive with youth and hunger to be loved. Then that remote calm came again between them, like the drawing of some inexorable veil.

"They come to me," she breathed. "They come to Brenda Hope with their questions. The Sleep could give them wonderful wisdom, and they ask it for radio inventions. . . . It could give them life itself, and they ask it for mortal lovers. . . . And Brenda Hope is so weary. . . ."

He remembered Bernadot's words: "People don't want what Mannister Hope gave his life to discover—and thought it cheap at the price. They will try to exploit Brenda for their own worldly ends, that's all."

The tired curve of her lips told him how she had discovered that. This sleep was becoming a burden, by reason of the thousands who flocked hoping to be able to throw their own burdens upon it. Oh, he could understand why they asked for those things which left her so wearied. His own heart had been crying for the same—crying even, in secret almost from himself, that he might possess Brenda Hope. . . . A red cavern, that heart, flaying his mind with the welts of its hot urge for its own way!

He pressed his forehead close to the still hand which he dared not touch.

"How," he whispered, "can I best serve you?"

When, after long waiting, the answer came, it left things as before:

"Ask yourself that."

He had already asked it, and the answer was clear. It was only misunderstanding that stood between her and Bernadot, her father's trusted associate, the one man alive who really knew and understood all that Mannister Hope had meant her to be. He could help clear that misunderstanding away. That was a narrow bridge, to open the way to her for another man. But it must be crossed if he were ever to have any victory over that willful heart.

Reaching for a tablet and pencil from the bed stand, he wrote:

"Bernadot is at the Quarry House. He is ill, but he came here tonight to save you from a danger you didn't know."

This white vigil in the dawn was ending. Already the day was gray and mauve outside, and he must be away before she woke. Never again would he see her like this, in the interval of the dawn. That vision, probably, would be Bernadot's.

He had asked none of the things he had intended, those important things which had been the mainspring of the days just past. It had all been different from what he had even dreamed.

Looking back from the window, he knew that, of all those who had fought the Lady of Sleep, he had brought away the best. An ideal which he could never possess, but which, in renouncing, he would keep always!

BACK in the recesses of that wood behind the house he lay on fern-surrounded rock and watched the sun sap up the night mists and paint a day all blue and green and gold.

He must have slept, for the next thing he knew Quinta was there, poking him with the toe of her buckled slipper. All in gray blue, under a blue hat, she looked at him with the dancing gaze of one who brings news.

"Why didn't you get the rugs I left you down by the gate?" she accused. "Lying out all night like that? You boys have no more idea of how to look after yourselves! You needn't glare at me; it's quite time you woke up. Things have happened—oh, scrumptious things. I've brought you some coffee, but you're to come to the Quarry House for lunch."

Valdez sat up, rubbing away sleep. Quinta was so frankly human. This was how things went: one got a glimpse of something tremendous, then it faded, and the world came back on one just as before.

"Old thing, we're famous—for a day or two," Quinta went on, pouring coffee. "We're in all the papers, you and I and the houseboat and the kettle. Bernadot's better this morning. His precious Sleep Girl came flying over to Quarry House to nurse him. And you and I must go to London at once. . . . Read *that*."

She thrust a London paper at him. He caught his own name in sedate English headlines: "The Valdez Incident," then, "An Interview with Mr. Mastanien."

". . . The well-known theatrical manager announced that Mr. Valdez will return to the stage this week [Valdez, in person, gasped at that news] and that all rewards for his discovery are withdrawn."

He breathed again; he was free now to go and come as he pleased. No more "Vawldez—it's *'im*. . . ." Mastanien was clearing the way for his return. He read on:

(*Continued on page 40*)

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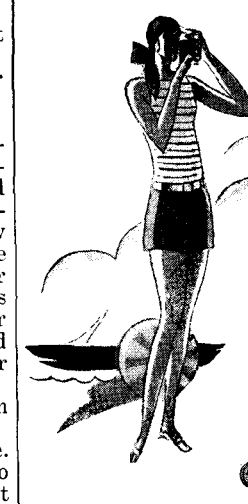

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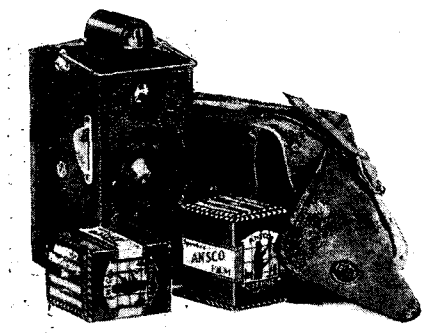

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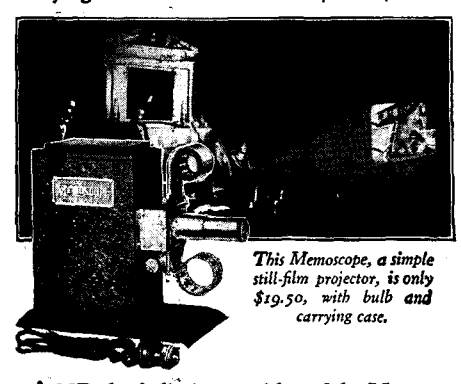

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Sunshine Pills

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director Science Service

ENGLAND exporting sunshine! That is as startling as the news that Germany is preparing to manufacture rubber and petroleum for export. American tourists come home inclined to question the claim that the sun always shines on the British Empire. The British Isles, they say, must then be outside the Empire, for it never shines there. Yet I received from England a most enticing circular of a new pellet which, I am told, is "the original synthetic vitamin D. It is an entirely British product; the research which led to its discovery was British, and its manufacture is British."

It is made from ergosterol extracted from home-grown yeast, and irradiated with ultra-violet rays from homemade electric currents. If you carry the vitamin in your pocket and take one or two pellets on a gloomy day, it will "restore that brighter mental outlook and fuller sense of well-being which usually follow exposure to sunshine and fresh air." Each sunshine pellet is guaranteed to contain as much vitamin D as fifty-six teaspoonfuls of the finest cod-liver oil.

From a sixth of an ounce of it you would get as much as if you swallowed a ton of cod-liver oil. Think of taking a ton of the stuff!

Evidently Britishers have little to learn from us in the matter of booming new products—or of patronizing home industries.

Before the war the Germans complained that the British denied them "a place in the sun." Now nobody can so complain since the British drug trust is willing to send synthetic sunshine by parcel post to anybody in the world for a proper price, doubtless even to Germans. And they have no monopoly on the making of artificial vitamins by the action of the dark rays of light. Steenbock of Wisconsin has long been using them for improving the quality of milk and oatmeal, and Hess of New York for the cure of rickets in children.

Or Sunshine if You Prefer

BESIDES, we have in most places and most seasons an abundance of sunshine, which is cheaper than antirachitic pellets and less nauseous than cod-liver oil and works as well in laying up lime in the bones and teeth. We can get vitamin D in cream and green vegetables, or we can make it for ourselves and in ourselves by exposing our skin to the sun's rays or to the bright blue sky. It seems that this same substance, ergosterol, or something similar, comes to the surface of the skin, gets irradiated by the sunshine, if clothes or clouds do not prevent, and goes back into the body again, carrying into our blood and bones the increment of energy that it has acquired by its brief connection with the central power house of the solar system. An almost incredibly minute amount is all that is necessary.

A daily dose of so little as one one-hundred-thousandth of a milligram of the pure product is sufficient to keep a rat from rickets. To get an idea of how much this is, shake out some salt on the tablecloth and imagine one of the grains divided into 100,000 parts. A man's requirement would be in proportion to his weight.

This is the first of the vitamins to be got in a pure form and to be made artificially.

It is an achievement well worth crowing over and gives us grounds for hope that we may soon see the other vitamins, A, B, C, E and F, produced in the laboratory in such a concentrated and purified form that dietitians and doctors can tell what they are giving us.

A Lesson From the Olympics

THESE new discoveries on the activation of vitamin D by light seem to afford a solution to a problem in ancient history that has always puzzled me; that is, why the Greek athletes were rubbed with olive oil before entering the stadium.

You remember that fine figure of the young man by Lysippus and quite appropriately named Apoxyomenos, which means scraping oneself. You can see the statue, a marble copy of the original bronze, in the Vatican Museum and in plaster in most of our museums. The athlete is scraping off the oil from his arm after the exercises.

This was regarded as so essential that wealthy and patriotic backers of sports gave endowments to insure that the champions from their town should always be well greased.

It has seemed to us a nasty and unnecessary practice, and has been commonly explained on the grounds that the Greeks had no soap and did not know any better. We have thought we were more sensible when we used vaseline for rubbing down *after* the exercise. But vaseline, being a mineral, is not activated into a vitamin by sunlight, whereas the vegetable oils are.

The Greeks, poor things, did not have any nice air-tight gymnasiums like ours, and so were obliged to play in the open air, and, being devoid of our sense of decency, they did not wear clothing at their sports. But these deficiencies, however deplorable we may think them, may have had their advantages from a practical standpoint, for the olive oil on their bare skins exposed to the sunshine might have soaked in somewhat and so contributed to the strengthening of bone and muscle. Anyhow, I wish we had one of the winners of the ancient Olympic games to compete with our athletes at Amsterdam.

The Prince of Escape

Continued from page 39

"The famous box, from which Mr. Valdez so strangely escaped, leaving all his clothes behind him, will be put on the stage at every performance. It will be brought in from the foyer, shown to be empty, except for the attire which he left in it, and will then be nailed up by the gentlemen of the United Service Stores who originally made it. At one of the performances, though I myself cannot say which, Mr. Valdez will return as mysteriously as he went and be discovered in the box when it is opened.

"I may also state—in strictest confidence, as it would not do to let this become known to the public—that during his absence Mr. Valdez has lent his occult powers to the solution of a national affair which nearly resulted in an overthrow of the present British ministry."

OH, MASTANIEN knew how to do it, sitting like painted granite and pulling the wires of public interest. It was gorgeous press stuff. And of those who read it, not one in ten million would ever know the muddled, futile, inner truth of it all.

"Read on," Quinta ordered, "there's something about *me*."

"That charming young singer Miss Quinta Pell, who was the heroine of the siege of Valdez in the houseboat this morning, will also soon return to public life. Miss Pell has been far too long absent from the stage, taking a prolonged rest—"

"In Bloomsbury," Quinta put wryly in. "Quite a holiday it was! All right, go on."

Valdez read again. "I am reviving 'Sweet Rosalie,' her former success, and Miss Pell will resume her original part, with an added houseboat and kettle scene which will be the talk of the town."

That announcement was really for them. Mastanien, wizard of the theatre, was calling them both in. He knew when a situation had reached its apex, and it was time that Valdez went back.

"If there's a chance to get to the theatre in time," he decided, "I'll beat it back and return at tonight's show."

"If we catch the two-o'clock express at Exeter," Quinta said, "it will get us to town a little after six. I'm going to have a contract out of Mastanien tonight. A hundred pounds a week, and two weeks in advance." She looked ruefully down at her dress. "As a prima donna I'll have to catch up with the fashion."

"You said you'd get more out of me than by claiming the reward while I was in Bloomsbury," Valdez laughed. Then he was amazed at the stormy flush on her cheeks and defiant lips.

"I never said any such *thing*. A Pell never betrays anybody. Why, back in Cromwell's time, his greatest enemy came to Sir Christopher Pell for safety when the soldiers were after him. That's the sort *we* are. . . . And if I *did* say it, you must have thoroughly deserved it, anyhow. There were times when, if I didn't have such a lovely disposition, I'd have *slapped* you."

"Lovely *disposition*," he teased. "I suppose that was when you were pouring boiling water over fellows in bathing suits."

"Why, you nasty, ungrateful— When all the time I was doing it for you. . . . Oh, I know," she panted at him, "you're trying to make me *angry*. Well, you can't, that's all. I'm just going to be as sweet as sweet, so there. And as for your precious Brenda, I'll tell you now that I left her and Bernadot all tangled up and making silly noises at each other. . . . So there."

Valdez pondered that, preparing for pain. But the pain had gone with the night. All that was left was a vague, rather delicious ache. He saw now that she had never been Brenda Hope to him, but only the Lady of Sleep, something mystic and apart. And he himself had willed that she should remain so.

"And," Quinta was going on, "you needn't try to make me believe that you got anything out of her about your old radio."

"How do you know I didn't," he demanded.

"Because I *slipped up to her room* and had a talk with her while you were down in the garden polishing off that poor Wrex female."

"You *talked* to her?"

"When the two men I'm most mixed up with both go chasing half across England over a girl, I want to see what she's like. So I walked upstairs last night and woke her up. I told her how you and Bernadot had come careering all the way from Wallingford to save her from something, and in two minutes I saw it was Bernadot she was crazy over, really. And I rather had him in my pocket, just then, you see. She knows what a girl can do, if she wants to, with a sick man she's nursing. So. . . . Well . . . we traded—"

"Traded *what?*" Valdez cried.

"Why, we each gave the other something we hadn't got but which the other wanted, of course," Quinta nodded, seeming to think that it was completely plain. "Girls do that, you know. . . . I told her you were coming up to see her too."

"You mean that she was awake when I was there?"

"Well, if I knew that a strange young man was coming to interview me in my bedroom at three o'clock in the morning, I'd stay awake, thank you. And probably she did too. I can soon settle it, though. What did she have on?"

He strove with his masculine vagueness on such things. It seemed almost desecration to try and analyze the vision seen half in dawn and half by the opalescent fires of that radium globe.

"Why, something white and lacy."

"She was awake," Quinta decided. "It was an old blue dressing jacket when I was up there."

So she had been awake. In that light her cryptic sentences took new meaning. "I am where you are, knowing what you do not know." Could he have laughed, at that instant, the sound of it would have been bitter! . . . Yet, after all, there had been no mockery in her speech, but rather a tenderness. It had been Brenda Hope and not the Lady of Sleep, and she had done things for him across which there was no going back.

EVERYTHING changed into something else and then passed on and out of sight. Of all these days just gone, Quinta alone remained now. Soon she would be going on too, leaving an added loneliness.

"So you are going to be a star again?"

"Yes, and this time I'm going to see to it that I don't twinkle out. I've had my lesson, and I've learned the ropes. A girl can't play a lone hand in the stage game."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked roughly.

"I mean, old dear, that Quinta Pell is going to be married."

"Oh!" That seemed all he could say, and he wondered why he didn't like the idea. "You are going to be 'my lady'?"

"Not the one I told you about, thanks be. You see, if I'm going in for titles, I may as well choose a good one. So I have decided that I'll be—a princess."

"Huh," Valdez grunted. "Flying a bit high, aren't you?"

"Perhaps; we'll see, anyway. Anyway, he's worth trying for."

Valdez glowered in disgust.

"I hope," he managed to get out, "that you'll be happy."

"Thank you," she said sweetly.

He rose in gloomy dignity, all Valdez once more.

"If I'm to get a bath and a shave and catch that train—"

"We'll go to the Quarry House. Bernadot wants to see you."

Bernadot was alone when Valdez was ushered in. That was a relief: of all things, he didn't want to meet Brenda

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Hope on that morning. Let that wait until that vision of the night had established itself among those ideal things which almost seem never to have been.

There was a light on Bernadot's face under the fever pallor; his hand had the added warmth of a man happy in love. One could see his unloosed affection spilling out on a whole world grown suddenly beautiful.

"My dear chap, how can I thank you?"

"It was Quinta, really," Valdez began.

"Yes, yes, I know that. But I know too about the note you left and how you never tried to find out anything for yourself. . . . I wanted to tell you that it's all settled about those inventions. Brenda sees at last that the real way to establish her father's name is to give his work to the world. With those tremendous successes before their eyes, they will at least respect his later discoveries."

"You mean you're going to sell them to the Aërial Syndicate?"

"We're going to sell them to nobody except the public. It will be a nice, tight little corporation, with no outsiders in it. . . . There's several millions in sight too. Millions of our money I mean, not your dollars, so you can multiply it by five. There'll be a nice little block of stock put in Quinta's name, of course, and yours too—"

"No, you don't," Valdez broke in. "I've some thousands lying loose, and if you like to let me in on the ground floor—"

"Oh, anything to save your dashed pride," Bernadot grinned. "Have it your own way. You'll be something of a millionaire before long, anyhow."

So those radio inventions were not to pass away. They had been the real start of it all, and now here they were, about to bear golden bloom beyond the finish.

A shadowed dressing-room, with the roar of London all about it! Important people, hinting of powerful influence and things which went over the edge into mystery. . . . And now two men talking in this gable-ceiled bedroom, with potted geraniums behind diamond-paved casements, and the moor wind whistling outside.

Quinta's head came in at the door.

"If you want to catch that train—"

Valdez rose. The finish wasn't yet. There was still that empty packing box waiting on a stage for "Vanished Valdez."

Like seasoned performers, snatching their rest, they slept all the way to London, each curled in a corner of the corridor train. At Victoria Station they parted, amid soot and acrid smoke. Valdez must seek his locked-up flat in Westminster, while Quinta went to battle over contracts in Mastanien's office. She sorted out their luggage, handing him his black bag.

"You'll need that," she said meaningly.

"How did you know?" he stared.

"You left it unlocked the first day you came to Bloomsbury, and I peeked in and saw that red-and-gold uniform thing inside it. That's how I knew who you were. And you bet I hid the bag where the Hubble wouldn't go nosing into it. . . . I'm going to make Mastanien give me a seat for tonight. I'll be there to see your return."

"And afterward—" he began.

"We'll see. So long."

She went, in wake of a porter, cleaving the crowd like some gray little craft afloat on dark waters.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS was a cubist nightmare of blazing electric signs, the Imperial dominating it all with a vast and flaunting

Possibly
VALDEZ

Half London seemed storming its doors. There was the challenge box, still behind glass and iron, with special guards. Inside the theatre the atmosphere was high-voltage; thousands of people packed in on the possibility of watching Valdez make a mysterious return.

Performers came and went, unheeded. Then, at last, came velvet curtains, scarlet and gold Hindus, the tent of amber silk rolled up over silvered poles. The house seemed to hold its breath in sudden stillness.

Mastanien was speaking, like painted stone behind the "foots": " . . . Only a possibility that Mr. Valdez may return tonight; I myself do not know. . . . His mystic powers have recently been employed in an affair of national importance—"

If they only knew! Valdez sat in his seat near the orchestra, seeing pictures. "Shooting the moon" from Bloomsbury; a six-armed idol in a castle gallery; a pink pig squealing in a cart! . . ."

Here were the packing crew, bringing the box from its lobby cage. Mastanien was calling for a committee from the audience, and Valdez rose. His legs shook under him in sudden stage fright. He had now to go back in reverse through all the motions by which he had escaped. If he failed—

He remembered to blink with amateur awkwardness as the footlights' glare struck his eyes. They were shouting for Valdez, and here Valdez was, but not even Mastanien recognized him.

THE Hindus were running with seats for the committee. As Gunraj passed Valdez whispered a peculiar whistle. Good man, Gunraj; there was not even a flicker on his face as he paused, disentangling two chairs, in a way that completely covered the other from view.

"Sahib. You have come."

"Quick," Valdez breathed. "Make confusion on the other side. Then join me behind the scenes."

The Hindu glided unshakably across the stage. Then his chairs somehow tripped him and he came down with a crash. That hair-trigger house out in front gave an excited "Oh!" and then laughed, with every eye turned on the mishap. In that split second Valdez had melted behind the nearest wing.

Behind the back drop was an empty gloom. A shake, and the loose gray suit fell off him, to be hung on the same nail from which he had snatched it, three weeks ago. He stood now in skin-tight swathings of scarlet and gold which matched those of his attendants out upon the stage. The black wig, then a turban, and a stick of brown grease paint rubbed across his face! When Gunraj glided up to him it was as if twins whispered together.

Out in front they were spreading the iron sheet which proved no trapdoors were used. In a moment they would be ready to put the tent in place over the box. Valdez muttered rapid orders:

"Tell Lad Singh to come off the stage. I will go on in his place, carrying in another chair. When we place the tent I will take the back left-hand pole. You will all four run there to help me pull it down, and Lad Singh must come back on the stage at that moment. You will make confusion round that pole for an instant; for, when you do pull that curtain down *I shall be inside it.* . . . You understand?"

"*Hon Janna, sahib.*"

It was good to be back in one's own kingdom, where men understood and instantly obeyed. When that tent of amber silk at last concealed the box, not even that lynx-eyed packing crew had seen a scarlet and gold shadow slip inside it. Valdez paused for an instant's breath. So far, so good, with the hardest still to come. Amber gloom, and the orchestra pounding out The Vision of Salome! It stopped, and the stillness was almost intolerable.

Five thousand people out in front, hardly breathing. Would Valdez come back? . . . Could he? . . .

He tore off the scarlet and gold, rolling it up, hanging it on the hook, concealed in the tent's apex, from which he had taken it on that night of escape. There came again that absurd panic lest the concentrated glare of ten thousand eyes rend those thin curtains while he stood there, without even a pair of sox! . . . He'd almost forgotten to wipe that brown paint from his face! . . .

Escape from escaping? But one doesn't escape from things by doing more of them; one does that by not doing them. There was no escaping escape by more escaping still. He had proved that. So he was going right back into the very trap from which he had leaped.

His hands were sweating, and there was something wrong with his breath. Good Lord—suppose he had forgotten the trick!

Oh—he was inside the box now, and rather wondering how he came there. It was a botched job, but they would never notice that, in the excitement. How on earth was he to squirm into those clothes with only three inches of room?

He would never be able to shrug on that evening coat—nor the underclothes. Pants and shirt, and let the rest go. . . .

That tension out in front was getting on his own nerves. He could feel it seeping even through the solid wood of that box. He knew what they were whispering out there in that greenish darkness:

"They say he does it in the Fourth Dimension. . . ." "I know a man who met him. He says he's the most *mysterious* thing—"

Something was happening. There was a low growl like that of a beast about to spring. That meant that they were taking away the tent and preparing to open the box. Thank God, he had those pants buttoned. . . . How hard it is to squeeze patent-leather pumps on bare feet!

A ripping of nails as the lid was pried off! Those shipping-department faces looking down on him in baffled astonishment! Hands lifting him out, holding him aloft! A mighty roar:

"Valdez. . . . It's *him.* . . ."

It was as if Niagara had broken loose out there. That committee were shaking his hands, slapping his back, trying to hoist him on their shoulders to take him in triumph through the auditorium. He'd be hanged if he'd be paraded up and down the aisles among that howling mob. They'd nearly tear him in pieces. . . .

THE upper stage box—that was the way of escape. As they hustled him to the gangway over the footlights he sprang from those supporting shoulders and caught that upper rail. The house roared against that. The Prince of Escape escaping his own ovation!

He must get into the upper corridor back of the box. He'd have to walk over those seated people. How squashy a fat woman's lap was when you stepped on it! . . .

There was a girl, all in gray blue and corn-colored curls, who was running with him in that corridor. He wished she'd go away, but she at least knew about theatres.

"Through the fire door," she panted, "then up to the flies. . . . Quick, before they see us."

The iron door clanged behind them; they tumbled breathlessly up spiral stairs. He was "escaping" again—"shooting the moon" with a girl.

It was Quinta, he saw. So she hadn't disappeared. Of all those days; those strange "daies of ye croccodyle," she alone remained. It was as if he had dipped down into something, dived right down into "the mind of all England" and brought her back with him as his sole find.

Quinta Pell—she was very, very human. Thank God for that. Probably she'd make tea. He had never realized that a fly gallery is so near to heaven. . . .

From the stage below agonized voices shouted for them:

"Valdez—Miss Pell! Come and take your calls! They're wrecking the house out in front."

"I," Valdez muttered fiercely, "want to stay like *this.*"

"Me too," Quinta murmured, rubbing her cheek against the shoulder on which it had somehow come to rest. "But, old dear, there'll be lots of time for this, but only once for Valdez' return."

She was right; they must go. Hand in hand they went down toward the roar which came flooding at them across the golden bar of the footlights.

Hand in hand it came on him, like some wondrous vision, that here at last was something he could never escape, because he would never want to. . . .

THE END

Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

The Safest Road

NEW YORK STATE abounds in such wonderful scenes of rural beauty as this valley near famous Croton Dam. Through this beautiful countryside motor roads twist, wind and turn unexpectedly. . . . . To be free to enjoy the beauty the motorist must know that his car is fully equipped for safety. . . . . He does know this when he knows that his brakes are lined with Multibestos—the brake lining that is *tempered* against wear, wet and heat by an exclusive process called *Pre-heating.* When you have your brakes relined, remember—

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Eat Hearty!

Continued from page 26

girth. A very large taxicab came down the hill. It was driven by an enormous chauffeur and occupied by one passenger whose body was so great Winch thought the car must have been built around him.

"How far is it to The Rotundians?" asked Winch.

"Fully a sixteenth of a mile," said the chauffeur. "You don't intend to walk it, do you?"

"Why not?" asked Willis.

"You're very foolish," the fat passenger said. "Walking is bad for you. Like all forms of exercise, it's very dangerous, except for the very young. Drive on, Rollo!"

Not Fat Enough!

WINCH walked up the winding road and presently came to a huge gateway, on the arch of which was carved "The Rotundians." On each side of the gateway was a raised motto. One read:

"Spare the Lard and Spoil the Jowl."

The other was from the utterances of a famous queen:

"Let Them Eat Cake."

A gateman who weighed fully 300 pounds was asleep on his stomach in the grass. Winch aroused him. "Is it all right to go in?" he asked.

The gatekeeper looked him over critically and shook his head.

"What do you weigh?" he asked.

"Two hundred and eight."

"A mere Lilliputian!" exclaimed the gatekeeper. "You must have been exercising and dieting to shrink up to a size like that," said the gatekeeper accusingly. "They won't stand for anything of that sort up here, you understand."

At this moment there were sounds of scuffling within the grounds of The Rotundians. Suddenly the gates flew open and a hatless, frightened, chubby gentleman came hurtling through. He landed in a heap in the road, picked himself up hurriedly and toddled away.

"I knew that would happen," said the gatekeeper.

"What was it?" asked Winch.

"He was admitted a few days ago, but I knew the minute I looked at him that he was the type of man who would count his calories. They caught him eating some hearts of lettuce for lunch this noon and reported him. The grand Imperial Gormandizer was furious."

A shot rang out inside the grounds.

"That's the execution," said the keeper.

"What execution?"

"They searched one of the new members yesterday and found mail on him from a gymnasium," informed the gatekeeper. "That's an unpardonable offense up here. Anybody caught carrying on negotiations with a physical-culture institution is dealt with very severely. It usually means capital punishment. This was a particularly flagrant case. That fellow they just shot had not only been corresponding with a gymnasium but had secretly been doing setting-up exercises in his room!"

"Your rules are pretty rigid," said Winch.

"They have to be. Otherwise we'd have a lot of men around taking off weight," explained the gatekeeper. "And don't bother me any more. I've only had three hours' sleep since lunch."

"Is it all right to go in?"

"You may get thrown out if you don't measure up to the rules and specifications," said the gatekeeper. "But go on up to the main lodge and ask for the Grand Imperial Gormandizer. His name is Blodgett. You'll probably find him in the dining-room. He spends most of his time there. You'll know him by his chins. Pull in your chest and throw out your stomach as much as you can if you want to make an impression. And sit down the minute you're presented. He hates people who remain on their feet and waste energy."

Winch passed through the gate and found himself on a gravel path arched by massive butternut trees. A squirrel so plump he thought it was a ground hog crossed in front of him so slowly he nearly stepped on it. Scores of Rotundians were asleep under trees.

Presently he came to the main lodge. Over the door was the Rotundians' coat of arms, a chain of sausages against a field of griddle cakes; all on an escutcheon in the general shape of a butter firkin. The scroll bore this excerpt from Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar":

Let me have men about me that are fat.

Winch knocked on the door.

"You may go in," said the doorman, offering a box of nougatines. "Have some candy?"

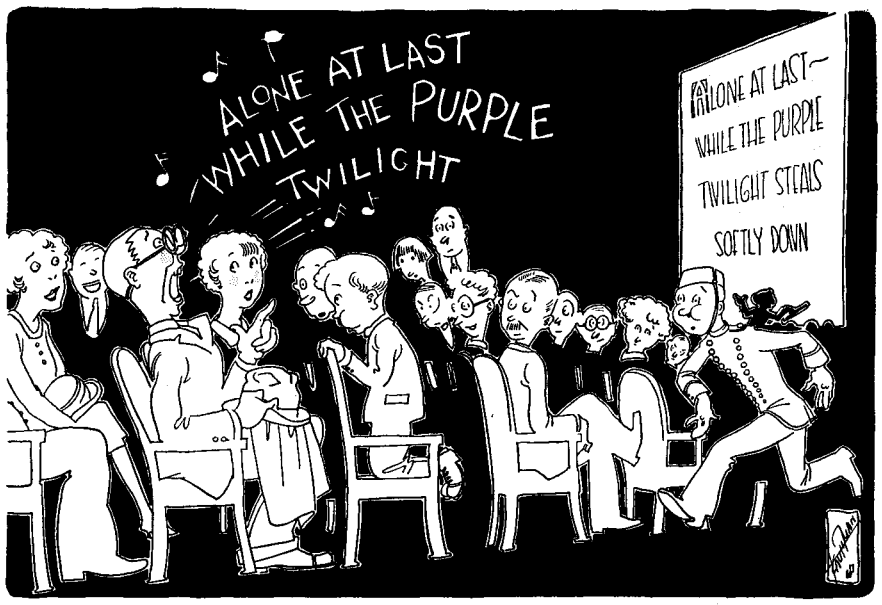
Winch took some and went into the room indicated by the doorman. It was the kitchen. The Grand Imperial Gormandizer sat at a huge table which he

"Take a piece of that strawberry shortcake. You are quite certain you are strong enough to last here?"

"I am determined so to live that I can look any electric reducing apparatus salesman in the eye and tell him to go to hell," insisted Winch boldly.

"You'll find it quite an ordeal. Have a glass of milk? To remain with us you'll have to give up anything that suggests exercise, you know. Put some of that honey on your bread. You can't skip any meals, you know. It won't go well with you if you are caught eating consommés and other unthickened soups or broths. By the way, take a piece of that peach pie and one of those fruit tarts—one more thing: You must have at least a three-hour nap after every meal."

"I think I can do it."



Mr. Treble, ardent but absent-minded movie fan, tries to sing the subtitles

also used as a writing desk. Great platters heaped with foods were all about him. As Winch entered the room the G. I. G., who had five chins and was raising a new one, was engaged in the act of sampling an English plum pudding.

"Are you Mr. Blodgett?" asked Willis.

"I am," mumbled that dignitary as he pushed aside the pudding and munched a chocolate éclair. "Who are you?"

"My name is Winch, sir; Willis Winch."

"Help yourself to a couple of ears of buttered corn," said the G. I. G.

"I'd like to get into your colony," said Willis, taking an ear.

"What's your weight?"

"Two hundred and fifteen," said Willis, exaggerating a little.

"You're hardly heavy enough," said the G. I. G. "We regard 225 as the minimum as a rule. Goodness, but you're in what people outside call good physical condition! How did you ever come to let yourself get that way? You must have been very careless."

"Oh, I watched my calories and exercised regularly and all that sort of thing," replied Willis.

"What for? Try a slice of that Virginia ham."

"Everybody I knew was doing it," said Willis.

"Have some mashed potatoes. How old are you?"

"Thirty-eight," replied Willis.

Sleep, Eat and Be Merry

"YOU'RE old enough to know better. I never could understand why a grown man should go out of his way to interfere with the growth and expansion of his wonderful body. Try those buttered parsnips. They're very rich."

"Well," explained Willis, "I suppose propaganda influenced me a lot."

"Well, I'll put your name up before the members. It requires three blackballs to reject. I don't think there will be any trouble."

"Did you find it hard when you first came here?" asked Willis.

"Not especially. It's fairly easy if you make up your mind to it. Anybody can put on weight if he goes at it seriously and doesn't weaken every time he sees a calorie chart. Help yourself to some ice cream. Before I came here it was hard."

"Don't you ever weaken now?"

"Very seldom. Of course, I don't want to make you think it's like rolling off a log. You'll find that eating everything you like is very difficult at first. It entails sacrifice, of course."

"Don't the boys here get so their systems crave a dinner of spinach and asparagus tips once in a while?"

"Never. Try that bread pudding. You'll love it."

Willis filled a bowl.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the G. I. G., suddenly looking at his watch. "I've got an appointment with the head pastry cook. He hasn't been making our pastry half rich enough lately. I'll put your name up in a few days. Leave your address, and I'll write you if you go through."

"Fine," said Willis.

"And in the meantime, remember, no exercising of any kind!"

"And no dieting."

"No dieting!" swore Willis Winch firmly.

Mr. Willis Winch.

Dear Sir and Brother: I am pleased to inform you that your application for membership in the Society of The Rotundians has been looked upon with considerable favor, but, due to questions raised by some members, the membership committee would like to have you present yourself at the lodgeroom Tuesday evening for examination on one or two points.

You will no doubt be interested to know that the several visitors who called on you during the past few days and attempted to interest you in gymnasium courses, electric reducing devices, etc., were spies sent out by this society for the purpose of testing your character and inclinations. Their report that you summarily ejected them has done much to further your candidacy.

Hoping that you have gained plenty of weight since we last met, I am

G. FALSTAFF BLODGETT,
G. I. G.
The Rotundians.

Mr. Winch read the letter with elation. The information contained in Paragraph 2 made him particularly happy. He recalled the several tempters vividly. One of them, possessed of a winning personality and great persistence, had almost won him over to a point where he had been about to consent to a demonstration of an electric horse.

Winch remembered too that he had been invited to a dinner party at which strawberry shortcake with whipped cream had been served for dessert. It chilled him to recall that he had been on the verge of refusing it and asking for an apple instead or a few grapes. Could this have been a test too? He wondered.

It was Tuesday evening Winch had presented himself before the membership committee of The Rotundians. He weighed 220 and his jowls never looked bigger. Mr. Blodgett, the Grand Imperial Gormandizer, greeted him warmly.

"Mr. Winch," said the G. I. G., "the committee wishes to question you on two points. A member reports that you were recently seen on a street car reading the daily health menu feature of an evening newspaper."

"It is a lie," shouted Willis.

"It is also reported that within the past ten days you ate a light lunch and walked up two flights of stairs to your office instead of using the elevator."

"That is ridiculous. I have not by act, word or deed done a thing that could in any way conflict with the principle of this great and happy order of contented fat men," declared Willis with great emphasis.

"Well spoken!" exclaimed the G. I. G. "Mr. Winch, we accept your word. I can assure you that you will be elected without further delay. So confident am I that I will give you the password now."

"What is it?" asked Willis eagerly.

"'Please pass the butter,'" said the G. I. G.

"I'm very grateful," said Willis.

Winch Wakes Up

"WHY, Willis Winch, what's the matter with you?"

It was Mrs. Winch speaking.

Willis was still in a daze. Who was this person challenging him? He thought of the countersign.

"Please pass the butter," demanded Willis, sitting up.

"Butter?" peeped Mrs. Winch.

"Sure," bellowed Willis. "Please pass the butter . . . plenty of butter . . . heaping portions of butter. . . . Pass the cabinet puddings too, and the strawberry shortcakes, and the peach pies and the griddle cakes and the ice cream . . . pass everything . . . lots of everything!"

Mrs. Winch shook him. Willis glared at her. She wasn't Blodgett, the Grand Imperial Gormandizer. She wasn't a Rotundian. She was Mrs. Winch. There was no mistaking her. A great sinking sensation came over him.

"You must have had a terrible nightmare," said Mrs. Winch, still quite frightened.

"Terrible nothing!" groaned Willis, sinking back and burying his head in the pillow. "It was wonderful!"

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 13

impatiently. "But it's not natural to have her settle down here among all of us, who are so much older—"

"All the children except Peter and Tom are younger than she," persisted the old lady as he paused on a discontented note.

"Yes, but she's not one of them; she's 'Mrs.' Challoner," he said. "There's a great difference. The tradespeople—the employees down at the office—make much of her. It makes no impression—she's just a child. I've put money to her account, of course, but she doesn't spend it as most girls do—now and then she sends her mother or sister a present; that's all. A child about money too. She isn't always after furs or hats or jewelry. I took her to Cate's the other day: tried to find a ring or a chain she wanted. She liked them all—and didn't want any.

"MOTHER, it's the strangest thing," he went on seriously as the old woman watched him with bright, serious eyes and did not speak—"It's the strangest thing. I know men whose wives aren't anything like as lovely as Beatrice, or loved"—he laughed—"loved one half as much as I love her," he went on, steadily, "and they—well, they fail them in all sorts of ways. Nagging and extravagance and stupidity and utter unsympathy with them— Why, the homes of some men are hell!" Hugh finished. "And mine—when she's there—"

"Is heaven," his mother supplied, in a silence.

"Not much less!" he assented, with a little laugh.

"She loves you, Hugh," his mother offered, with a common-sense air.

"She *can't!*"

"Nonsense, dear! Why, when Pauline was a little girl, don't you remember the tremendous fancy she took to you—"

"She was about eight, Mother."

"Certainly she was! Oh!" said his mother, in a slightly altered voice. "Oh, I see—"

"If it's going to happen, it's going to happen," Hugh said presently, in a voice he tried to make philosophical. "And if I have to face it, I have to face it. But it seems to me that if anything—if anything ever takes—my little girl away from me—"

"It seems to me," said his wise old mother, in a silence, after a somewhat anxious glance at him—"it seems to me that Beatrice is the sort of woman who does whatever she does thoroughly—whole-heartedly. There's nothing petty about her. You're just—fortunate, Hugh, that's all. I gather she had a hard childhood and was only waiting for a sympathetic atmosphere to bloom out as she has. You'll have to be very gentle and very generous to hold her, Hugh, but you'll hold her, even when she—grows up. And meanwhile"—she paused—"meanwhile I wouldn't encourage interests that—"

"That what?" he asked, watching her intently as she hesitated again.

"Well, that draw her away from you, that accentuate the discrepancy in your ages."

"And friendships too?"

"Well—" said his mother, with a significant shrug.

"Now do you know, Mother," he said, after a silence, "I differ with you there."

"I know. What I advised seemed like managing her—restricting her. But it would be only for her own happiness in the end, Hugh."

"I think her own happiness," Hugh suggested, "is to find her own feet and to understand."

"It might upset her most terribly, Hugh. She's little girl enough still to want to be protected, to be afraid of life."

"Yes, but it would have to be, Mother."

"You mean—men admiring her?" his mother asked, looking thoughtfully at his face and then abstracting her gaze again.

"Not that, perhaps. That's bound to happen; that's happening all the time. But if she—"

He stopped, his tone reluctant, as if it pained him to go on.

"If *she* fell in love," she said. "You mean if *she* fell in love? That is, in the young sense—in the emotional sense—as girls do—"

"I suppose so."

"Hugh," his mother asked, after a silence, "what makes you think that she doesn't love you, dear?"

"Oh, she does. She does. But there seems to be a different kind of love for every year of a woman's life," he said wretchedly.

Old Mrs. Challoner watched him for a space without speaking.

"You never were jealous of Alice," she reminded him, mildly remonstrative, after a while. "And Alice—Alice liked to play with fire now and then too," the old woman presently added, smiling.

"Yes, I know she did. But I never was jealous of Alice. I was young when I married Alice; I took life for granted. But now—now," he said, throwing away his cigarette, crossing his arms, and trying to smile, "now I take nothing for granted. There isn't an evening, when I go home to her, that the miracle of her—the sheer sweetness—doesn't strike me. When she comes down to the office and opens the door of my room and steps inside and closes it behind her, and stands there looking at me from under her hat—why, I might never have seen her before! Just to have her on the seat of my car, beside me, makes me feel as if it were a party. It's"—he laughed, but there were tears in his eyes—"it's that way with me!" he said simply.

"She isn't at all the type that pays any attention to other men," said his mother, after thought.

"If ever she does," Hugh assured her, "she shall have her head. I'll put nothing in her way: she'll go as far as she likes; she shall have anything—anything!—that means happiness for her."

"I hope there'll be a child!" old Mrs. Challoner said abruptly, after a silence in which she had looked irresolutely at her son and away again more than once.

"I hope so too."

"Does she?"

"Hard to say. Her one feeling," Hugh said slowly, "about losing her baby, seemed to be that she must save me, spare me. I think she felt my disappointment as much as—perhaps more than—her own."

"Extraordinarily sweet nature—" his mother mused. And for a long space there was silence on the porch.

THE blue surface of the lake, seen between sturdy pine trunks down the slope, lay like a sheet of pale satin; close to the shore the shadows were deeply, softly green. A heron skimmed the water; a canoe, with a man and a girl in it, shot out across the peaceful expanse, and the girl waved.

"It's young Harriet, with the Tait boy," said the oldest Harriet of them all, waving a stout, majestic old arm in answer. "Where's Beatrice?"

"Playing tennis."

"Why aren't you playing, Hugh?"

"I was. We had men's doubles, and she scored. But it appears that she and Bert had some bet left over from yesterday, and they plunged right into a game when we finished."

Mrs. Challoner looked at him sharply, but he was staring off into space, a vague smile in his eyes, and did not meet her glance.

"Who else is down there, Hugh?"

"Oh, everyone. Minn and the Herendeens and Peter—unless he's gone for a shower; he played in our set."

"Seems awfully hot for tennis," the old woman said in a faintly discontented tone. "If you swam afterward," she added, "they must be 'most done."

Loud shrieks from the direction of the tennis court, coming faintly through the woods, confirmed her words, and two or three minutes later Beatrice, scarlet-faced and still gasping, with Bert, also breathless and flushed, and some of the other members of the family, came through the pines laughing and shouting and settled down beside the old woman's winged, chintz-ruffled chair like a flock of birds.

"Oh, what a game!" Bert said briefly, burying his tousled head in his hands, his broad shoulders heaving under the thin, perspiration-soaked white shirt.

"Bee got the first, six-nothing," Minnie Challoner White said, maternally approving, "and Bert took the next, six-four."

"And Bert had to fight for the last, believe me," Beatrice said, speaking for the first time and smiling into Hugh's eyes as she spoke. "Oh, how I love tennis! Hugh, will you swim? Come on, we've got an hour before lunch!"

"I'm just out," Hugh explained.

"Oh, did you swim? Oh, Hugh, why didn't you wait?"

"Because I was hot and filthy, and I wanted to see Mother—"

"And you went in all alone?"

"No, the kids and nurse were down there and little Harriet and young Tait."

"YOU understand that Bert gives me fifteen on every game?" Beatrice, her thoughts back on the game, explained seriously to Hugh's mother. "I bet him a grand boss yesterday that I could beat him with that handicap."

"And I wanted her to bet that she could force me to a four-six or a deuce game, which as it turns out, she did," Bert said. "But she wouldn't have it that way. So now I've got a grand boss on her!"

"Little did I dream," old Mrs. Challoner said—"little did I dream, when my children started that nonsense about 'bosses,' that it would become a family institution."

"I think bosses are the finest things in the world," Beatrice said stoutly. "Hugh and I have them all the time, don't we, Hugh? I got my fox skin on a grand boss."

"You mean you lost the boss, and I forced you to get the fox," Hugh said, glancing up from the refractory shoe lace of his white buckskin oxford.

"Well, certainly!"

"It sounds the other way," he said, laughing.

"I remember when I was little," Minnie White said, her eyes absent, "it used to just break my heart when Hugh or Harriet would get a boss on me. We used to make each other do terrible things in those days. I remember once that Hugh made me go and stick out my tongue at Aunt Sarah—"

"Why is it always a grand boss? What does one do with a little boss? Ours always are grand," Beatrice said.

"Oh, little bosses would be—well, like answering a telephone or writing a note of excuse or calling for something at the cleaner's. The children used to use them to get the front seat in the car, on a short trip—things like that," Mrs. White explained quite seriously.

"Here's a funny thing, Mother. Never, in all our childhood—nor since either, for that matter"—Hugh observed, "have I known one of us to go back on a boss!"

"Oh, that would have been the lowest treason—that would have been unforgivable!" exclaimed Minnie.

"We never have either, Mother," a small daughter said, round-eyed and virtuous. "We *always* play fair with bosses."

"It's funny to have Beatrice here talking about bosses," her mother-in-law said.

"When Hugh first told me that he'd bet me a boss about something, it sounded crazy," Beatrice contributed, looking up from the floor, where she sat propped against the railing, with a

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Airedale

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"A medicine for every dog ailment"

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 43

smile. "But now I think they are wonderful. Only"—she added, with a dark look at Bert—"only I hate to lose them, of course. Everyone does."

"What are you going to make her do, Bert?" some small cousin demanded with relish.

"Oh, I haven't thought yet. But, believe me, it's going to be good," Bert said mysteriously.

"Mother," asked Minnie's awkward, overgrown, ubiquitous twelve-year-old—"Mother, if Bert wanted Bee to kill Hugh, f'r instance, then she wouldn't have to do *that*, would she?"

There was time for several uneasy if almost imperceptible movements on the part of the circle before Beatrice's joyous laugh eased the situation. Mrs. Challoner sent a perfectly expressionless glance toward her son, Bert caught his breath on a short laugh, and Minnie White fixed her youngest-born with a hard, cryptic stare.

"Oh, no!" Beatrice said eagerly, innocently, appealing to them all for confirmation. "You wouldn't have to do anything *wrong*, would you, Hugh? I mean that—that would spoil it all, wouldn't it? I think bosses would be absolutely dangerous if you had to do that!" she finished, still laughing, but faintly puzzled by something constrained, something a little odd, in the expression on their faces.

"Why don't you use your boss to make her dive, Bert?" a child suggested.

"No fair!" Beatrice protested, childishly terrified.

"She's going to dive today, anyway," Bert said. "Come on, if we're going to swim, let's swim!"

BEATRICE wore a trim dark-blue bathing suit with a paler blue band circling it like a belt at her slim waist. Her sunburnt slender legs and her round brown arms were bare; under her dark-blue cap her hair curled up in little coppery spirals.

Crossing the sun-baked sandy shale between the bathhouses and the water, she stepped high with sheer animal vitality and glorious spirits; stepped "like a circus horse," Bert told her.

"I love it!" she said, unashamed, holding her palms up to the blue sky, like a sun worshiper. "I love the feel of these hot rocks, under my bare feet."

"Are you going to dive, you coward?"

"Skeered!" she answered.

"Well, are you going to try for the raft?"

"Oh, the raft—that's *nothing*, now!" She had seated herself on the hot edge of the pier; the younger members of the family were already splashing about her like dolphins. Her bare feet dangled in the cool water.

"Stay near the rope, idiot!" Bert warned her as suddenly she flung herself off and began to swim strongly toward the float.

"I don't need the rope!" Beatrice, wild with the joy of it, called back confidently. Bert swam beside her, watching her, and ready to extend the hand she did not need. In a few minutes she pulled herself triumphantly up to the shadowed float, gasping and laughing delightedly. "I love it!" she said superfluously.

"It seems farther out than usual this morning," Bert commented.

She sat dripping, deliciously cold, getting her breath, staring appreciatively at the exquisite dreaming hot morning—the blue sky, the lake so blue in the sunshine, so softly green here in the shadows; the pine forests stretching away on the sloping shores, and the occasional white dip of a sail down toward the southwest, where the hotel was.

Oh, what a heavenly, what a cloudless life! A bee buzzed close to her ear, and she gave it a wet slap and laughed to see Bert studying her with half-closed eyes.

"What complicates the whole situation—" Bert said, and paused.

"Is what?" Beatrice asked, in surprise, after a moment.

"Oh, nothing!" he said. "Do you realize that you have had a very definite effect on my destiny?" the man began again presently, in an idle sort of voice.

"Oh, how do you mean?" she asked, widening her eyes as they met his.

"You've made me—" Bert lowered his voice. He was lying on his elbow, his splendid young body stretched in the sun, the light bright on his sunshiny chestnut hair. He looked down, and moved a forefinger slowly on the dried painted canvas of the float, dragging a drop of water into circles and lines. "You've made me want to amount to something—and you've made me an American," he said, a little huskily.

Beatrice looked at him, faintly puzzled, entirely sympathetic.

"How do you mean, Bert?" she asked again.

"Exactly."

"Well—" His tone had disappointed her. "*Isn't* he?" she asked.

"Of course he is," Bert's tone was profoundly bored, but she did not analyze it. "Aren't you curious to know what I'm going to do with my grand boss?" he asked.

"I'm in an agony of suspense!"

"Suppose it was—" he lowered his eyes to his own hand again, moving it over the drying drops of water. "Suppose I asked you to dine with me in town, some night when Dad isn't coming out to the lake, and go to a show?" he suggested.

Beatrice was surprised, and not quite pleased by his manner.

"Why, Bert, that would be idiotic! Why shouldn't I? I certainly wouldn't waste a grand boss on that!" she exclaimed, laughing. "It would be more

The bystander: "Whatcha tryin' to do, young feller, dig yer grave with yer teeth?"

"Well, I'd lived away from America a little too long," he said.

"Do you mean that you really want to live here now?"

"Yes. I want to live in North Underhill now," he said, looking up.

If there was any significance in his level tone, she missed it.

"You're happy—with the Atlantic Electric?" she asked, in satisfaction.

"Not very," he answered, disappointedly.

"Oh, Bert, why not?"

"Well—it's not so thrilling. Some day, maybe, I'll go back into the family business—Granny wants me to, anyway," he said.

Beatrice considered this maternally.

"KEEP at it, with the Atlantic, for a year or two," she suggested, "and then go back; all the more valuable."

"You little know what my allegiance to you costs me," Bert said dryly, as she continued to look away from him toward the blue distances of the lake and said nothing more.

"To me? To your father, you mean," Beatrice answered absently. "You know, for a rich woman's son, Hugh is really quite extraordinary," she presently added, with animation. "He is so normal, Hugh. He went through college; he won the Drew Scholarship in architecture; he told your mother that if she would give him one year in Paris he'd take care of himself the second year; he did everything exactly as he said he would!" she exulted innocently. "And now—well, of course, he's the firm!" she ended, spreading out her hands in her own characteristic gesture of explanation.

sensible to dine at home, on the porch, and then leave Hugh to the Memorial, and you and I run into town to the show—I'd love that!" she said after a pause.

"Oh, you think so?"

"Oh, yes. Because the dinners at the Underhill are so—I don't know, pot-roasty. And the club doesn't compare to Ellimony's dinners."

"True," Bert conceded, dispassionately. He rose. "We've got to get back, Bee. They've all gone in."

"Oh, I hate to go back!" she lamented, rising slim and tall in her blue bathing suit, to stand beside him, with the hot sunshine blazing on her copper hair. "I'd love to go in again this afternoon!"

"Well, why not? Suppose I used that boss to suggest that we—you and I—go down to the cove at about five. It's lovely there then."

"Oh, but Hugh'll probably play golf, if it isn't too hot!"

"Yes, but I said 'you and I.'"

"We could send all the kids down there ahead, with the suits and things," she was planning. "I might ask Hugh not to play."

"Why not let Dad do whatever he wants to do?"

"Oh, well, of course!" she agreed, laughing.

"And you and I do what *we* want to do," Bert pursued, with delicate emphasis.

"Naturally I want to do whatever Hugh wants to do!" Beatrice reminded him, with a little air of hurt childish dignity.

"I see," he said. And immediately he dived, to come up as smoothly as a seal, below her in the rippled water, with his mane flung back and his expectant eyes upon her.

"Going to dive?"

"Oh, I'm afraid." She hesitated a moment, hunching up her shoulders, hugging herself with her brown arms, and then sat down at the edge of the raft, and put her legs into the water. A minute later she was swimming beside Bert to the shore.

"Plenty of wind?"

"Fine!"

"Take it easy."

"I am."

"YOU can put your feet down here," he said presently, and Beatrice with a great gasp of pleasure and triumph, dropped to a walking position and came out through the shallow water, dripping and happy.

Hugh was there; perhaps he had been watching her from the shade of the pines above the strand. He met her at the water's edge.

"Hugh, I am getting so that that swim is nothing! I thought I should have to ask Bert for his shoulder, and look at me! I'm not even out of breath!"

"It's divine today," Hugh said, in his pleasant, sympathetic voice. "I came mighty near going in a second time myself."

"Oh, why didn't you?" They were walking toward their own cabin now, to get ready for the regular Sunday luncheon at Hugh's mother's house, and she dismissed Bert with a careless farewell over her shoulder: "See you later, Bert! Hugh, are you playing golf this afternoon?" Beatrice asked.

"I was thinking perhaps I wouldn't," he said. "We'll not be finished at Mother's until almost three, and that's the hottest hour of the day. I thought I might get Kreutzmann out, after lunch, and have another go at that, and then perhaps swim, around five."

"Oh, Hugh, that'll be so much more fun!" she said ardently. "Bert wanted to swim, around five, down at the cove, and I said I thought you were going to play golf."

"But *you* could have gone swimming. Bee," he said, watching her glowing face as if he were testing her.

"Not if you were playing golf! Why, I always follow you round, Hugh," she reminded him reproachfully.

"I know. But you don't have to, dear."

They were in their own room now, and Beatrice disappeared into the bathroom, whence sounds of splashing and toweling ensued. When she came back Hugh had changed his tie, and brushed his thick dark hair, still presentable, if not as heavy as it had been twenty years ago.

"Hugh, where does Bert get his light hair? Wasn't Alice dark?"

"Yes. But her people—young Larry's father, and all of them—were all those blond, square-shouldered giants."

"Bert looks like the men in the clothing advertisements," Beatrice observed, at her dressing table now, brushing her bright hair straight off her face with great sweeps of the brush and backward jerks of her head.

She was wearing a brief satin slip that stopped well above her knees and a loose embroidered batiste jacket that slipped up and down on her smooth arm with the rapid movements of her hands. Her slim legs were incased in transparent flesh-colored silk, and her green kid slippers heeled in white. Still breathing hard, still glowing, she radiated the sweetness of youth and sunburn and salt water, fragrant soaps and powders and toilet waters, firm, healthy skin and wind-tossed hair.

Fascinated, Hugh watched the swift combing of the curly red mass into order and the knowing little twists of her fingers that tucked it securely into place at her neck. She powdered her straight white nose violently: she needed no rouge today.

"Did Alice like swimming, Hugh?" she asked suddenly.

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"Sometimes. Not the way you do, no. Alice"—said Hugh, hesitating as he formulated his thought—"Alice liked everything—how shall I say this? She liked everything in the way other persons did—just a few persons, at that. She wanted to be correct."

"And she *was* correct!" Beatrice added, reaching for her gown and studying its filmy shapelessness carefully, before raising it above her head.

"Rather," Hugh conceded dryly. "She never omitted to do the right thing, Alice," he pursued, thoughtfully. "And she never—really—did anything else!"

"IT SEEMS to me, if you did, you couldn't," Beatrice said obscurely. "I mean," she elucidated, now surveying herself complacently in the mirror, as she pulled the soft flower-figured petals of her dress into place—"I mean that if you telephoned everyone you *ought* to telephone, made all the calls you ought to make, kept every dressmaker and French-teacher appointment, ran your house, gave dinners and teas and went to dinners and teas—you simply couldn't do anything else! Besides, there'd be Christmases and birthdays," she went on, half aloud, "and friends in the hospital, and flowers and baby presents to send, and her own clothes and Bert's to buy, and dentist and church to do—no, it simply couldn't be done!" she finished cheerfully, now glancing at her complete self over one shoulder and obviously pleased by what she saw.

"It's perfect!" Hugh commented, of the new gown.

"Don't you really think it's lovely, Hugh?" she said eagerly.

"But, then, how will you manage all that, Bee?" he asked as Beatrice took a small green hat from a box half filled with silky tissue paper and began to press it carefully upon her head.

"You mean all that Alice did?" she asked blankly. "Oh, I shall never try, Hugh! I'm not—that kind of a wife, at all," Beatrice reasoned, coming toward him and seating herself childishly on his knee. "Nobody expects me to do all those things—we don't give dinners, and I haven't got all the old friends that Alice had, to get sick and have babies—"

He laughed.

"But mightn't you like it if we did all those things, Bee?"

"Oh, Hugh, no! Would *you* like it?" she asked, alarmed. "Wouldn't you rather be just ourselves, evenings, than have all those engagements and—interruptions?"

Instead of answering he looked into her face, half-smiling, half-thoughtful, his arms about her.

"Bee, haven't you a jealous bone in your body?" he asked after a space. Beatrice twisted about a little, to bring her amazed eyes to his face.

"Jealous of what!" she exclaimed.

"Oh—anybody. Haven't you ever been jealous?"

She reflected.

"Yes, I think so. I remember a girl named Mary Patricia O'Connor, down in the office—she's married now. And she had seven brothers and sisters, and a wonderful sort of mother," Beatrice said, dreamily, wistfully. "And it used to give me a sort of heartache"—she pursued—"the fun they all had, when Mummy was so worried and Marcia ill. I remember thinking that she was lucky. And that"—she finished, gently bumping her forehead against his, her hands locked about his collar—"that's jealousy, isn't it?"

"I don't know. Not my sort," Hugh said.

"Your sort! As if you ever had to be jealous of anyone, Hugh!" Beatrice exclaimed scornfully. "Why, who is ahead of you? Duval Fairfax, I suppose?" she asked ironically.

"No," Hugh answered, hesitantly. "Not exactly. But I suppose a man could be jealous—of a younger man—?" he began.

"It would all depend upon what the younger man had that he wanted," Beatrice said, carelessly, unimpressed.

"Or what he had that the young man wanted—might want," Hugh amended it, watching her.

"It seems to me," she theorized, "that an older person has something and a younger person has something—nobody has everything Young persons are usually discontented, aren't they?"

"Are you?" he asked, smiling.

"No, but I'm lucky, Hugh."

"Do you really think you are, Bee?"

"Think! I know I am. Now, Bert—" she began, and paused.

"What about Bert?" Hugh asked quickly, lightly. "What made you bring Bert in?"

"Well, I was thinking about him. Bert's not happy," Beatrice said.

"What"—Hugh cleared his throat—"what makes you think so, dear?" he asked.

"Well, he's restless. He's not interested, exactly, in what he's doing. He says he's no engineer, that he's an artist."

"He wants to go back to Paris?" Hugh asked, after a pause, in a carefully leveled voice.

"No, he doesn't," she answered eagerly, delighted to reassure him. "He says he wants to stay right here—except he said that if you should win the Kreutzmann prize he'd love to come to California, if we were out there for a year, and maybe get into scene designing, or something, in the movies."

"I think nothing in the world would give me as much satisfaction as to have him settled," Bert's father said slowly, out of a silence.

"Settled?" she echoed, interested and alert. "How do you mean, Hugh?"

"Doing work he wanted to do," he said.

"You mean, making good with the firm—" Beatrice interpreted it, after a study of his face.

"That preferably, of course. But doing anything that kept him absorbed, that showed he was in earnest," Hugh stipulated.

"Even if it wasn't here in North Underhill?" Beatrice demanded, in surprise.

"Oh, yes, wherever—or whatever—it chanced to be," Hugh said.

"You don't think he's an architect, then, Hugh?" she asked, a little chilled.

"Yes, of course he is. He's shown some brilliant promise. And yet—no, I don't think he's an architect; I don't think he's anything," Hugh confessed, in a quiet, somewhat despondent voice.

"And it's a disappointment to you?" she asked quickly, sensitively.

"Well, ambition is a good thing in a man, Bee."

"You have it, haven't you?" Beatrice said affectionately.

"A little."

"You've set your heart on the Kreutzmann thing, haven't you, Hugh?" she pursued.

"No, I couldn't exactly say that, dear. Of course I'd like to get it. It's a lot of money, to begin with—"

"But you don't need the money, Hugh!"

"No, that's true. But it would be a feather in my cap."

"As if," said Beatrice fondly, proudly, "you needed feathers!"

"Anyone with a beautiful and extravagant wife needs feathers!"

"Not you. You're perfect as you are!" Beatrice told him.

"We are late for luncheon," she announced, twenty minutes later, to the family group, "because I was telling Hugh how smart he is!"

"Well, that's a good excuse to offer his mother, anyway," old Mrs. Challoner said, pleased, from the head of the table.

BEATRICE looked up, smiling. Her look met Bert's glance. His face was quite without significant expression; there was just a hint of elevation to his brows, just the faint suggestion of a smile about his mouth: an odd, intent, yet perfectly blank look in his eyes.

The hot color rushed into her face; she did not know why. She laughed a little shamefacedly, and as he serenely removed his gaze hated herself for the little laugh. Nobody else seemed to see anything amiss, but the uncomfortable moment returned to Beatrice's thoughts more than once during the long, hot afternoon.

"Hugh," somebody said suddenly during the luncheon, "Mrs. Kavanaugh's back!"

"No?" Hugh smiled, looking up. "I didn't hear that."

"It was in Madame La Bavarde yesterday. Bee, why don't you read the society notes?" Pauline White reproached her.

Beatrice laughed joyfully.

"Because Hugh and I are not in society, are we, Hugh?"

"Certainly you are!" her mother-in-law said firmly. She seemed displeased. "What's that woman doing back here?" she asked.

"Mrs. Kavanaugh?" Hugh interrogated in turn, as the question seemed directed to him. "I haven't the faintest idea. I met Millie Hotchkiss downtown the other day, taking a child to the dentist, and she said that Aileen would probably spend the whole summer in England, or Wales, or somewhere," he said.

"She's the one whose husband died?" Beatrice asked. Bert exploded into a senseless laugh, but nobody else laughed, and he subsided.

"She's in town, I suppose?" old Mrs. Challoner muttered. "I hope she'll stay there!"

"She's probably down at the Hotchkiss place, right up the lake here," Minnie White contributed thoughtfully. "Too hot for town! H'm!" She paused pondering. "She'll turn up this afternoon, if I know Aileen Kavanaugh," she predicted.

MRS. CHALLONER looked thoughtful, finally echoing her daughter's doubtful "H'm!" Nobody else spoke for a minute, and then everyone began at once, on totally unrelated topics.

It was sunset, after they had been swimming, when they were all lying about the cove, "like flies," Bert said unpoetically, that Mrs. Kavanaugh drove by in a little open roadster neatly cased in brown canvas, stopped, and waved, before she came down and joined them on the shore, and was introduced.

Beatrice had heard of her often, an old family friend and a great friend of Alice, a widow, who had been abroad for almost a year. She had never met her before.

Aileen Kavanaugh was thin and dark, with beautiful, black, soft eyes, eager, nervous hands, and eager, nervous body, and a quick-moving, nervous mouth. Her skin was clear brunette, with red on the thin cheek bones; her hair, satin black, was swept smoothly back under the small black hat she wore.

Her clothing said "Paris," even to Beatrice's inexperienced eyes. The dress was frail, scanty, without ornament. A loose soft coat of some lusterless thin stuff completed the costume; it was without fur or trimming, though stitched into a sort of ruff about Aileen's shoulders, and hung open.

An unsmiling woman, her brown face was alert and controlled, but not smiling. She sat down next to Hugh.

"It seems natural to have you back, Aileen," Hugh said.

"It seems good to get back."

"You've been abroad a long time, Mrs. Kavanaugh?"

"Seventeen months, Mrs. Challoner. Mr. Kavanaugh died in August, you know, and I wandered about for a while, not knowing exactly what to do with myself."

"I remember hearing someone in the family—perhaps it was Hugh—speak of it."

"Perhaps it was Hugh," Mrs. Kavanaugh echoed impassively, glancing at him with her soft black eyes, from under the narrow brim of her black hat.

"I sailed in August, and got home the day Dad and Bee were married," Bert said, "and it was in the paper that day." Beatrice noticed that he was watching them all with a rather odd expression.

"It was as close as that, was it?" the newcomer said, in a quiet, unhurried voice.

"As close as what?" Bert asked, glancing at his father.

"Your father's marriage and Arthur Kavanaugh's death, Bert," the visitor answered reflectively. "He died on August 27th."

"The day before!" Beatrice said, struck.

"Was it?" Mrs. Kavanaugh said dreamily.

(*To be continued next week*)

Corns

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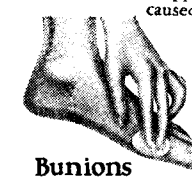

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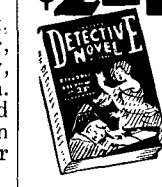

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An Old Charge

Continued from page 16

frien'. On'y frien' Peachy's got left in the worl'. Shoo' taxicabs for Peachy. 'Venge on taxicabs!" Maudlin over this great brotherly love that had sprung up between the pistol and himself, Peachy gave way to tears.

How much gin was it going to take to make the animal helpless? Malkin wondered. And if he became helpless in this place, could Malkin get the curio from him without attracting attention? He had better not risk it. He tried another tack.

"Peachy," he said, "suppose you buy another drink. My money's all gone."

HE HAD to repeat it before it meant anything to Peachy's wandering and feeble mind; then the bum began a slow and painful search for money, finding nothing.

"No money," said Malkin, accentuating the situation, and watching him. "You have no money. I have no money. And we've *got* to have another drink."

Then he waited; he wanted the thought to come to Peachy without anything more definite from himself. Presently it came.

"Wanna drink," said Peachy. "No money." Then a pause. while the idea glimmered on his mental horizon like a false dawn and faded out again and rose once more. "Where's zis feller was gonna give me fifty dollars for li'l' pis'l?" he inquired, plaintively.

"Come on," said Malkin, "I'll take you to him. He lives on the other side of the park, uptown."

They stepped out into the rainy dusk and presently stood on the southwestern rim of Columbus Circle, waiting for a chance to gain the park entrance. The cabs and private cars streamed by, their many lights weaving a thousand kaleidoscopic patterns on the wet pavements, and their seats filled with happy, well-dressed people—and in a month, or less, Malkin told himself, he would be one of those people, happy, well-dressed, laughing, in his own car, speeding through the glamorous dusk in pursuit of pleasure. And maybe with a good-looking woman by his side.

A woman! How he had loved women; how he had suffered, in prison, and since he had been a bum, for the lack of them! Women and jewels. He had stolen for women; he had given them money; he had given them jewels. "Women came pretty near being my ruination," he murmured to himself as he and the straggling Peachy picked their way to the park entrance through the halted traffic. And he said it without any consciousness of its ironical humor, for with this new start in life he was ceasing to think of himself as an outcast; already, in his own mind, he had the things he hungered for.

"I ain't gonna let 'em do it this time," he said. And then he carefully rephrased the thought, using the language he would have used ten years before. "I'm not going to let them do it this time," he said, and braced his drooping shoulders.

"Red-haired Nell!" he said reminiscently, and sat down on one of the park benches. As if in answer to Malkin's mental suggestion, Peachy sat down too, without a word of protest. The drizzle was ceasing; there was a look about the sky as if it might blow free of clouds before long; the next step in Malkin's campaign had suddenly become as clear to him as if the rising breeze had lifted the fogs from his own mind. He would simply sit here with Peachy until the latter, already more than half gone with gin, fell asleep. Then he would take the pistol and make off.

Malkin watched the other man, waiting for his chance, and said nothing; and as he watched and waited half his brain was still busy with visions of the past and of the future. There was red-haired Nell, who had wanted so badly to be respectable, and the flat she had fixed up for them so attractively, and her leanings toward domesticity, and her frightful extravagance, her emotional appeals to him to go straight, and her frank greed over the loot when he had made a good haul. A queer one, she had been, and a contradictory one.

He wondered what had become of her. Not that he was sentimental about her, but he wondered. He had not seen her since that afternoon when he had been pinched the last time; the afternoon succeeding the night in Westchester when he had got away with the Carter jewels. He had told her nothing about them, intending to begin to market them months later, when interest in the robbery had blown over.

He had intended, as a matter of fact, to "hold out" on Nell; never to tell her about them, for what she got her clutches on she spent with the most appalling rapidity. And Malkin, by that time a wary and experienced criminal, was always uneasy unless there were a few thousand dollars somewhere stowed away with which to pay a lawyer in an emergency or make a sudden get-away. And that afternoon he had been pinched, not for the Carter jewel robbery—he had never even been suspected of that to this day—but on an old charge: an old charge that he had thought he was safe from months before.

IT WAS one of the things that had broken his nerve, this arrest on account of a half-forgotten job, this sudden leaping to life again of what he had considered a dead issue. He had pleaded guilty, and taken a short sentence; and then, through the devious channels of the underworld, he had tried to get in touch with Nell, to tell her of the jewels hidden away and how to dispose of them against his release. But he learned, in due course of time, that she had sold every article of furniture in the apartment and sublet it and vanished; and that was all he ever had learned of her, then or later. He wondered if her wish to turn respectable had ever worked into anything; but the more he thought of that the less inclined he was to laugh at it. Was it not exactly what he wanted? . . .

Peachy was nodding. Malkin slipped nearer him on the bench and stealthily extended his hand toward the pistol.

But instantly the other was awake and alert.

"'S *my* pis'l!" he said challengingly, and clapped his hand to it. "'S *my* money bought that pis'l!"

"I know it, Peachy, I know it," acquiesced Malkin.

"'F you know it's Peachy's pis'l," said Peachy, quite logically, "watcha trying to reach after it for?"

Malkin realized that he had made a false move. He would have to wait until the bum was quite asleep and then move carefully. Presently Peachy began to nod again. But Malkin was not going to be premature; he would wait this time. As he sat and watched Peachy it became more and more difficult for him to believe that he had ever been a bum like that or ever again could be—and this in spite of the draggled clothes still upon him and the soaked shoes and the four days' growth of beard. How was it that he had come down to herding with such as Peachy?

Malkin struggled with an unfamiliar moral problem. "When I was a crook," he said to himself, trying to puzzle it out, "I had lots of money, and everything I wanted—barring the stretches I did in stir. And then I turned honest, and I had no luck. I couldn't get a job or hold a job and I went down and down—until I looked like *that*. But I stuck to being honest in spite of it." Mentally he took credit to himself for virtue; one half his mind refused to let the other half know that it was the cracked nerve that had kept him from stealing. "Well, I'm glad I *did* stay honest—that's why this luck is coming to me now."

Thinking of the comparative wealth that would presently be his, a vast, vague sentimentality began to suffuse his being. He would do good things for people, he vowed. First of all he would go and hunt up the old man, his father. How old was he now . . . let's see: not more than sixty-five, if he was still living.

He remembered the first sled the old man had bought him; they had gone together to the hardware store to buy it. He could see himself, a shy, freckle-faced kid, looking up at his father and wanting to thank him and not knowing how and digging the toe of one boot into the calf of his other leg. And the old man had told him to be careful about coasting down the long hill with the railroad tracks at the bottom, given him an affectionate box on the ear, and held the door open for him as he went galloping off with the new sled to join the other kids. It was February—the kids in that little Pennsylvania town would be coasting down the long hill now.

SUDDENLY, with the facile emotionalism of most weak characters, Malkin began to yearn for the little town itself. He felt ashamed of his reawakened appetites and desires of half an hour before—his yearnings after cars and women and the pleasures of the metropolis. He would take this money, and he would go home; he would make the old man happy; he would go into business, there among his own people, on this capital, and he would prosper, and he would pay back again to the Carters the value of these jewels of theirs. He was conscious of an inward glow of virtue.

"I was never *really* a thief, never a thief at heart," he told himself. It was an accident that he had got in wrong with that first bad check, and accidents had happened again and again after that. It was an accident that he had loved jewels and women and so had kept on after he had got started wrong. He had conquered all those old lusts now, he told himself. He would do good to people; he would do good to lousy outcasts like this Peachy here; he would be kind; he would help the world along. He had never been a crook at heart; life had merely made him *seem* a crook!

He began to feel positively noble.

The man whom he was planning to rob now sat with his head sunk upon his breast, and Malkin thought his time had come at last.

Malkin rose and stole to the other side of him and swiftly reached for the pistol.

But Peachy, with the incalculable instincts of drunkenness, started awake and to his feet.

"You lemme alone," he cried. "I know whacha want! You want my pis'l!"

"Give it to me!" cried Malkin, hoarsely, dropping all disguise. He shook with rage—this bum, this dreg, this crazy thing, still between him and all that he had visioned! "Give it to me, or, by God, I'll kill you!" His voice was vibrant with insanity.

Peachy shrank back before his appalling fierceness; and then, as Malkin leaped like a wolf at his throat, threw up his hands to ward off the attack, and the old curio was knocked and crushed between them as their bodies met. There was a flash and a roar, and Malkin fell into the slush with $60,000 worth of jewels in his heart—without time to reflect that if this too were an accident it was precisely the kind of accident for which his life had been a logical preparation.

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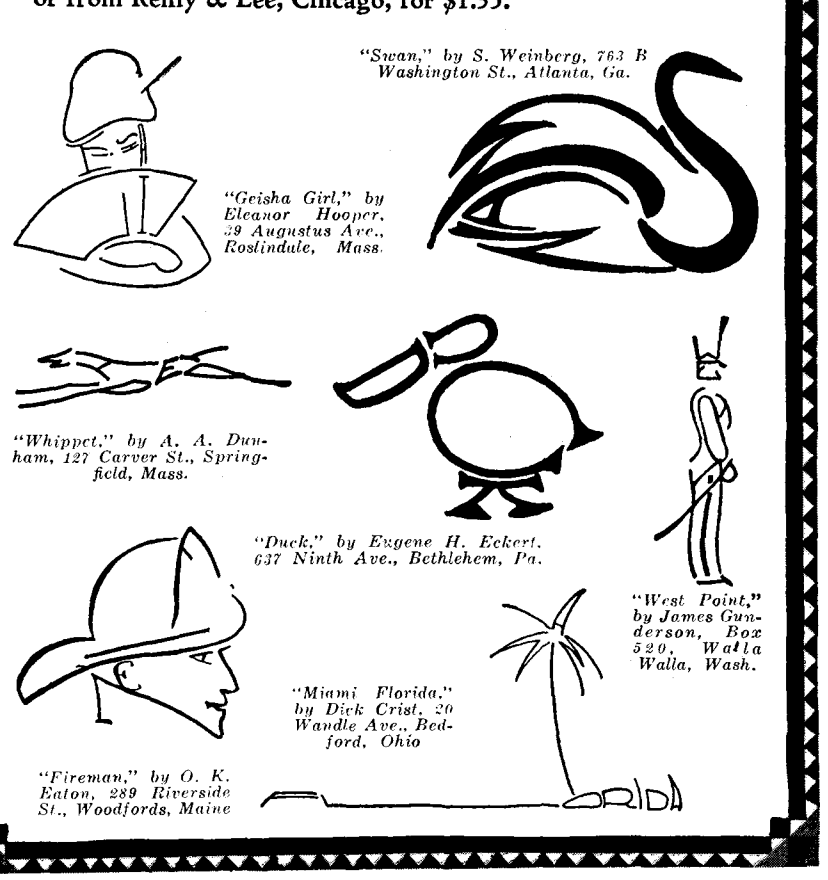
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This Looks Like a Good Place

Continued from page 21

You see, we feared for the safety of motorists and also for the safety of travelers in the old horse-drawn stagecoaches whose horses might become frightened at the noisy early automobiles. Our fears were quite unfounded. The horse-drawn stages, romantic though they were, gave way to more comfortable and speedier motor stages.

The safety record of sagebrushers in the national parks since automobiles were admitted has been remarkable. In Yosemite, for example, almost a million cars have been driven over the mountains to the famous valley during the past fifteen years with but two fatal accidents within the park boundary. Where is there a city that can equal such a traffic record? In Yellowstone and other parks the record has been almost as good.

How do we do it? Well, for one thing, we have a few simple regulations, and we enforce them strictly. The rangers register every motorist as he enters the park; give him the information he seeks; offer him a booklet containing the regulations and suggestions for motoring safely in the mountains. In the second place, motorists are more careful on the narrow mountain roads than they are in their home towns. No liquor is allowed in the parks, and that has something to do with it. Finally, the sagebrusher is a more experienced and careful driver than the average motorist. He knows how to drive, and he plays safe.

Go Light on the Luggage

IT COMES always as a great surprise to the effete city dweller who has yet to be smitten by the urge to sagebrush, to learn how safely he can motor in the mountains. A lot of good potential sagebrushers fail to take the road because they fear the hazards of driving out in the wild and woolly West. But the little open-road microbe will get them good and plenty sooner or later and they will start out, hazards or no hazards, some summer, to return at the end of the first two thousand miles as seasoned sagebrushers, bronzed, confident and able to tell their neighbors all about it. It takes about one season to learn the trick of sagebrushing with as little effort and as little junk as possible. You can always tell a newly afflicted sagebrusher by the way he travels.

In the first place, he loads his half-ton car like a ten-ton truck, with all the suit cases and valises and trunks he can collect strapped to the running boards, the fenders, the bumpers, or on the roof of his car. Like as not, he will find that there isn't room for all his belongings even then and will hitch a trailer on behind, with the result that his trip is a regular pilgrim's progress until, one by one, his burdens are left at wayside camps or shipped back home by express and his machine is stripped for distance traveling.

The experienced sagebrusher takes just as little luggage as possible. He has learned that one good all-wool blanket is worth half a dozen of the so-called army blankets. He knows that the overloaded car means trouble ahead on the road somewhere.

Sagebrushers, fortunately, are wonderfully good-natured about helping one another along the road, else some of the amateur moving vans seen along the highways would never get into the mountains and out. The old hand at sagebrushing finally evolves the last word in equipment, something that rolls into a small package no larger than a duffel bag and that can be put up in a few minutes with a few twists of the wrists.

While I am on the subject, I am going to make some suggestions for the benefit of the tenderfoot at sagebrushing, or for the fellow who needs just one more germ in his marrow before he becomes a tenderfoot. If I were making a list of necessities for an extended sagebrushing trip, assuming that I wanted to camp out part of the time at least, I would include the following and very little else:

One lightweight tent.
One sleeping bag for each member of the party, or other good beds with all-wool double blankets, in waterproof oiled silk coverings.
One gasoline camp cook stove.
Frying pan, coffeepot, two kettles, a compact set of plates, cups and other utensils.
An ax, a shovel, a hot-water bottle, a flashlight with extra batteries, a good emergency kit with common remedies and bandages.
One day's supply of food.
Fishing rod and tackle.
A complete set of car tools.
Two spare tires, a towrope, and a good set of tire chains.
A camera and films.

I can hear the amateur sagebrusher, and some of the old hands too, taking exception to that list right away. "One day's food supply isn't enough," they protest. Well, it seems to me it is, except for excursions into remote areas. There are stores at frequent intervals along all the main roads nowadays, and the sagebrusher who buys as he goes has the advantage not only of a lighter load but of fresher food at very little difference in price. If he is making a side trip into an unsettled area, where there are no stores, then he can add a greater stock of supplies. But in the national parks and in most of the national forest areas foodstuffs are available at fair prices.

"How about a bed?" I can hear some sagebrusher asking.

The warmest place to sleep is on the ground. It may take the tenderfoot a little time to accustom himself to slumber in the lap of Mother Earth, but a little excavating where he expects to plant his hips and his shoulders will help, and the excess baggage that he can leave at home by this expedient will add greatly to the daytime pleasure of his trip.

As a matter of fact, many of these sagebrusher camps are models of efficiency and organization. One of the joys of camping at one of the camp sites in the national parks where sagebrushers gather in numbers is seeing how the other fellow lives out in the open. I notice, however, that the female of the species is not so hot for camping as is the male. The genius hasn't been born yet who could rig up a camping outfit wherein the fish would fry themselves or the dishes would wash themselves.

The male sagebrusher usually avoids acute entanglement with these problems by swaggering off with the declaration that he must provide his hungry family with a mess of fish. The rôle of the provider is a complacent one! In the parks the sagebrushers are patronizing the cafeterias more and more, while the stores, the baths and other service units are adding to the convenience of roughing it. The motive of sagebrushing is changing. A few years ago it was but a recreation for those who wanted to get away from civilization; they wanted to rough it, eat dirt, as it were, and exist for a time without a semblance of comfort. Today camping out is but an economical expedient for seeing the U. S. A.

Watch Your Brakes

IN THE national parks the sagebrusher finds camp sites cleared and prepared for him. They are equipped with running water, rough tables, sanitary facilities, and wood is available near by. Some of the camps have fireplaces, for the first comers at least. These facilities are without charge, and the only obligations of the camper are to see that his fire is out when he leaves, that his camp site is clean, that he does not carve his initials on trees or rocks nor pick wild flowers. These are good rules for the camper anywhere. Near many of these camp sites concessionaires have been permitted to erect tents, already set up, to rent at low rates, and stores, cafeterias, baths and studios to serve the visitor.

The experienced motor traveler makes sure that his brakes are in good shape before starting on a trip. Mountain

(*Continued on page 48*)

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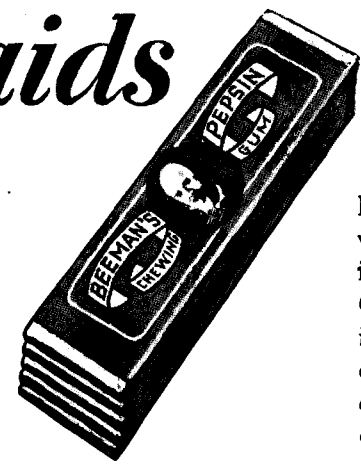

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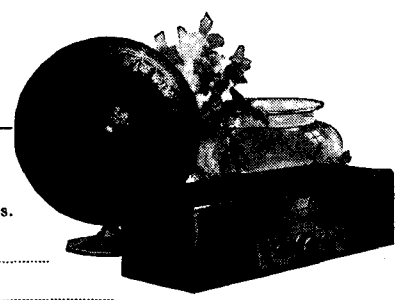

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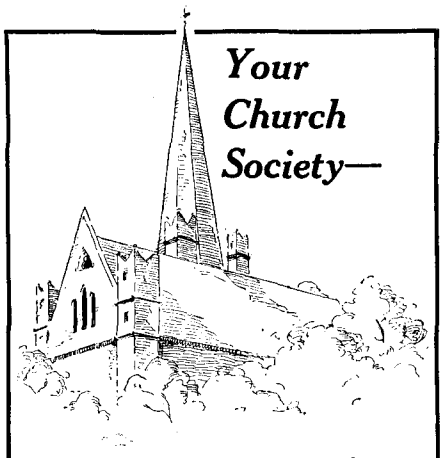
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This Looks Like a Good Place

Continued from page 47

driving is a strain on any car. At high elevation, where the atmosphere is thin, the motor is under additional strain. The carburetor must be adjusted for high elevations. A leaner mixture of gasoline and air is required, but, on account of the reduced engine power, more gas per mile will be used. So the motorist should start into the mountains with a full tank of gas and must count on using one gear lower than would ordinarily be used on grades.

One of the things the sagebrusher must leave at home is his antipathy toward using low and second gear. In the mountains it is considered no disgrace to go in low either when going uphill, downgrade, or on the level where there are curves. Low or second gear will hold a car down to fifteen miles per hour, the generally accepted speed for mountain uses.

One other little lesson to be learned by heart is that no sagebrusher should ever venture into the mountains without a set of tire chains. At high elevations occasional rains may temporarily make the roads slippery. The machine without chains on a wet mountain road is out of control, a menace not only to its occupants but to others on the road as well. Most everyone knows this, of course, and I suppose the reason we have to pull so many machines out of the mud each summer is that the owners start out with the intention of buying chains en route, but put it off from town to town until they are almost to the mountains, at which point they often find the stock of chains in small garages exhausted.

One other point, and then I am through with advice to sagebrushers. It is this: Have your brakes tested at frequent intervals and make sure that they will hold. On a narrow mountain road you may have to pull over to the edge and park with but a few inches between your wheels and the brim of the canyon, and you want to know that your brakes will hold.

Sightseeing and driving never go well together. The veteran mountain driver parks his car off the road—so that others may pass—and then enjoys the scenery. Then and only then is he ready to surrender to the distracting beauties of the scenery. The "sager" who leaves his car on a grade while he visits scenery on foot should make doubly sure his car is safe by setting the brakes and placing the car in gear.

That recalls the plight of a motorist in Crater Lake one summer. He parked his new and expensive limousine at the rim of the crater, along with dozens of other cars, and walked down the trail to the shore of the lake, a thousand feet below. As he was returning he heard a crash and looked up to catch a fleeting glimpse of an automobile hurtling past his head. It crashed through the trees and came to rest far below, a total wreck.

Arriving at the rim again, the excited sagebrusher met a party of visitors to whom he narrated the fearful story of the car that had just missed him and crashed on the rocks below. As he neared the end of the story, he said, "It must have smashed into a thousand pieces and"—glancing about and noticing that his limousine was gone—"and, by gosh, it was mine!"

Safer Than Cities

FROM my remarks it might be gathered that the mountain roads are dangerous. The remarkable safety records of the national parks is proof that this is not so. My only thought is to impress prospective sagebrushers with the fact that mountain roads are not boulevards. They are narrow, twisting, sometimes steep and often unsurfaced, but for the motorist who drives slowly and carefully they are far safer than the streets of his home city.

Eastern folks who start out to sagebrush through the West are sometimes a little apprehensive about the danger of bad men and dangerous animals—and sometimes they wonder if there are any wild Indians. The West is still a storybook land to about half of the people in the United States. Having been born and raised in one of the remote valleys of California, scene of Indian fights in the early days and a home of the grizzly bear and hiding place of bad men, I have to laugh at these apprehensions.

That romantic phase of American life has passed forever, except in the movies. The only bad men to warn the sagebrusher about are the tramps, both men and women, who bum rides along the highways. Many of these tramps are not above stealing cars or possessions, and few of them are above stealing the happiness of the families with whom they mooch rides.

The rangers at the park boundaries are instructed to keep bums out. Sometimes they are smuggled over the line by overindulgent motorists who register them as members of the party. Sooner or later they are caught bumming meals or sleeping in beds that do not belong to them.

Our procedure is simple: The men are put to work with the road gangs. The women go to the laundry to work until they can save enough money to travel in style or until they can get funds from home. A good many of these highway tramps are from respectable families. They are bumming their way because they enjoy the sport of making someone else pay for their pleasure.

My remarks about tramps are not to be taken as applying to the legitimate hiker who comes to the parks to spend his vacation on the trails, tramping from camp to camp, either with his own camping equipment or stopping at camps and paying for service rendered.

I should say he or she is, for more than half of the hikers are women. Many of them make the trail trips alone, without male escorts. The trails are safe, well-marked, and offer the easiest route into the real wilderness, particularly in those parks where there are maintained rough but comfortable camps where the hiker can sleep overnight between sheets and under plenty

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of blankets for a dollar and where meals are served at cost. You can't beat it for a vacation.

I think I mentioned a while ago that one of the surest cures for those afflicted with wanderlusticus was to catch a certain kind of fish and sizzle it in a dirty black frying pan. The rangers in several of the national parks have noted and commented upon the spiritual aspects of trout catching and trout cooking. It produces a certain kind of glee in the marrow of the patients which in its salutary effect upon the frame of mind is the equivalent of vitamins A, B, C, D, E, F and all the rest of the alphabet put together. I don't know exactly what is the scientific explanation of this cure, and can recommend it as a fine field for research and an ideal assignment for scientists who care to undertake the study.

First Find Your Fish

THE sagebrusher eager to take this particular cure comes into the ranger station after driving a hundred miles and indicates his ailment by the laconic code message, which is:

"Where can I catch some fish?"

Even before he has reached the end of the sentence he has dragged the old rod from its place of honor in his moving van and is inspecting it. He craves action, and he can hardly wait until he is directed to the proper watering place before he drags out his leaders and flies. That is how acute this pernicious wanderlusticus germ becomes on occasion. A sagebrusher can taste his trout almost before he has caught one.

There is an axiom in the ranger service to the effect that there is no use fishing in waters where there are no fish. I believe it was Ranger Simple Simon who evolved that theory years and years ago, and it has been proved by all tests to be a correct one. It is a good one for sagebrushers to remember.

There are many barren waters in the mountains, some of them because of their chemical contents, some because of their temperature, and some because, being isolated streams and lakes above high falls, the fish have never had a chance to establish colonies in them. All fish came originally from the sea, and many of the high mountain waters are barren until they have been stocked by rangers who often carry the small fry many miles in cans strapped to their backs. So it is always well to inquire if there are fish in a stream or lake before fishing in it.

Having established this fact, that there are fish in the lake or the stream, the suffering sagebrusher is ready to proceed with the rites preliminary to taking the cure. The first thing to do is to seize the itinerary, if there is one, and throw it into the lake.

Trout fishing and an itinerary just do not go together. Not even so adamantine a devotee to itineraries as Calvin Coolidge could keep an itinerary with trout around in Yellowstone Lake hankering to lure him off his schedule. That's the way it goes. Strong, silent men of sterling character and leaders in the church will go out with rod and reel, swearing by all that is holy that they will be back in an hour, in time for dinner—or whatever their promise to their wives—and what happens?

Well, first there is the formality of hauling out the old pipe, used for no other purpose than this rite of taking the trout cure, of scraping out last year's deposit of char, of knocking it on the trunk of a tree, of stoking it and coaxing the fires into the bowl, and of slapping out those first few puffs with meaning smacks. Then there is the luring of the lures from the lining and the band of the old hat, of inspecting each fly and recounting its record, of soaking the leaders, and hitching the rig all together. After which the fly whistles overhead and out to where a trout ought to be. Sometimes he is! Wham! The line jerks taut, a silver belly flashes above the surface, and the battle is on between a zigzagging, fighting trout and an eager, excited human who finally drags in his catch and holds it up for display with some such comment as:

"Ain't he a beauty? Boy, what a fish that is!"

You can tell right then and there that the cure is working. Sometimes the preliminary rites fail, and one by one the pretty flies find their way back into the hat lining or the fly book, and eventually out comes the old spinner that was the last resort last year.

There is many a lure between the royal coachman and the humble angleworm, still in vogue with boys, small and large, I might add. As pride unbends most anglers are not above offering the poor fish rubber minnows and wooden frogs and what not.

It is always well for the sagebrusher seeking the trout cure to take along a variety of flies so that he can use light ones if the moths are flying and dark ones if the trout are jumping for black flies. Imitate the natural food of the trout as nearly as possible. I might add that a good strong rod—perhaps a steel one for the beginner—should be taken along, with some good line. Cheap line is a nuisance. It tangles when wet and is hard to get out over the water.

Leaders are essential in fly fishing and trolling and should be kept in good condition. They must be soaked before using, of course. The reel is an important matter, and it is advisable to have a strong one. In other words, it takes good equipment and skill to achieve the proper snare and delusion for catching the wary trout.

The skill comes only with practice. It requires time and patience, but it is a fascinating pastime, and the person who gets into the spirit of angling will stand and cast for hours, practicing the fine points of the game and enjoying it almost as much as pulling out the trout.

The sagebrusher's ambition is always to catch a big one. That recalls an incident in the Yellowstone one summer. A newspaper man, chatting with a ranger at the Slough Creek Station, noticed a big club in the corner of the cabin.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"That's my fishin' club."

"Fishin' club?"

"Yeah, fishin' club. I take it when I go fishin' in the creek. There's a big trout in there that's grabbed every fly I had but one and run away with them. Now I take the fishin' club along to whang the big devil over the head and drive him away so I can catch some of the little fish."

The Lure of the Open Road

THAT story soon appeared in the papers, and for the rest of the summer we were deluged with questions from sagebrushers who wanted to know where that big fish was that the ranger had to hit over the head. Some of the enthusiasts displayed extra-heavy deep-sea tackle with which they hoped to "drag the big devil out."

I think it was Herbert Hoover, honorary president of the Izaak Walton League, who said that it should be the inalienable right of every American to catch at least one mess of fish each year. The sagebrusher subscribes to that doctrine. When he reaches the mountains he craves fish.

The cure, in the case of the sagebrusher badly infected by the little open-road microbe, requires in many instances catching a cutthroat in the Yellowstone, a Dolly Varden in Glacier or Rainier National Park, a rainbow in Yosemite, a golden trout found only in the Sequoia National Park, etc., until the accumulated benefits have effected the cure.

As a rule, it is a big undertaking for the pilgrim to journey to all these waters in one season. Hence it is often the case that the sagebrusher returns home at the end of the summer with the fever of the wanderlust much allayed, but by no means quenched, and the approach of the following spring finds it burning worse than ever.

There is nothing to do about it but take to the open road once more.

Once a sagebrusher, always a sagebrusher. Always there is the open road calling, always the yearning for that aroma of burning pine knots and sizzling trout and bacon and steaming coffee, with nothing to distract one but the sighing firs and puffy white clouds lazing their way across the blue skies.

Say, Sagebrusher, it's The Life!

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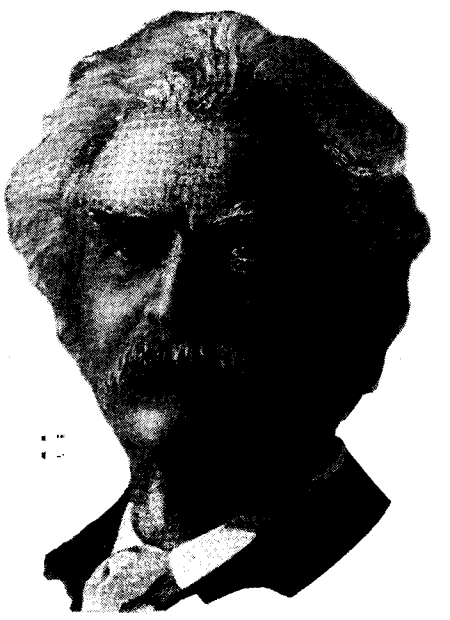
wanted to be your friend



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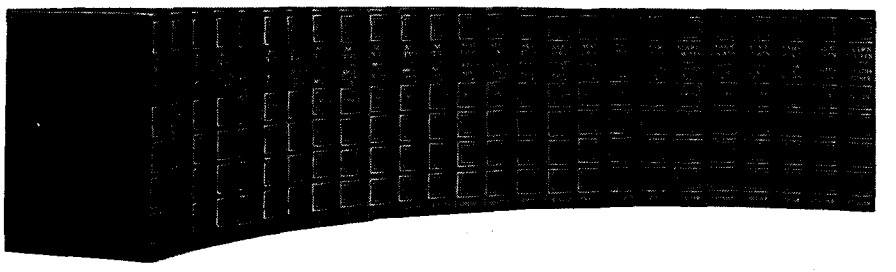

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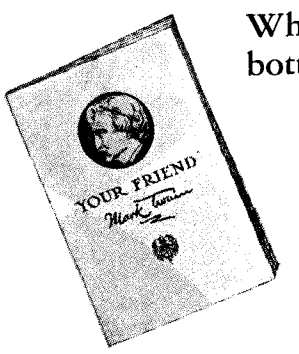

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, Editorial Director
William L. Chenery, Editor
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Who'll be Elected?

IS THERE any real chance of a Democratic victory this year? Normally the Republicans have a great majority. Just two Democrats have occupied the White House since the Civil War, although many believe that a third—Tilden—was elected. In view of our habit of voting Republican what are the chances?

First we can concede that, thanks to the Civil War, the votes of a certain number of states are definitely fixed. Part of the North and West will be Republican regardless of candidates and platform. The Solid South will be Democratic in spite of everything.

The sure Republican states will give Secretary Hoover at the very least 112 votes. The South will lay 114 votes on Governor Smith's doorstep.

Two hundred and sixty-six electoral votes are a bare majority. Obviously the choice will be made by the voters in the doubtful states.

What states can be called doubtful?

It is fair to say that a state which voted for Cleveland in 1892, or for Wilson in 1916, might go Democratic this year if the candidate and platform were again sufficiently appealing.

The number of states, not counting the unchanged South, for Cleveland or Wilson is surprisingly large. Several states which were Populist in 1892 were Democratic in 1916, showing the persistence of a strong body of voters not Republican.

California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, West Virginia and Wisconsin were among the Republican states which went Democratic in 1892. Their combined electoral vote this year is 165.

Cleveland is a long way back. Wilson's second election is only twelve years away. Here are the Republican states which, influenced by the war issue, helped to put him in office in 1916:

California, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. Their combined vote is 109.

There are also the border states which are always more or less doubtful. Wilson in 1916 got the 49 electoral votes of Arizona, Kentucky, Maryland, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Tennessee.

It is manifest, however, that on past performances alone no one can forecast the outcome of the pending struggle.

Governor Smith resembles Grover Cleveland rather than Woodrow Wilson. His strength lies where Cleveland was strong. His personal appeal is to the cities.

"The winner will be a man whose party dearly loves the farmer, dares to think our laws should be enforced, and has an extremely high regard for the Constitution of the United States"

In estimating the vote-getting power of Hoover and Smith in the doubtful states and in the Republican states which went for Cleveland or Wilson, remember both the personalities of the men and the principles for which they stand.

The platforms present few sharp differences. Not many votes will be changed by the compromises written down as principles at Kansas City and at Houston.

If you plan to base your preference on what the parties said about prohibition or farm relief, you might as well flip a nickel in the air and abide by its fall.

Actually we shall choose a man and not a platform.

Secretary Hoover is popular where Roosevelt and Wilson were hailed. He appeals to much of the idealism of the West. Despite the organized farm opposition, he will have powerful support between the Mississippi and the Pacific in states which turned the tide for Wilson.

Governor Smith, on the other hand, will poll large votes in most of the cities. If he is to turn Republican states into the Democratic column in November, it will be through the city vote.

Smith will be strong where Cleveland was popular and he may profit by the growing power of the cities.

Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, even Republican Philadelphia understand and like New York's Democratic governor.

At this stage of the campaign anyone who forecasts definitely the result is merely guessing. Enough of us to swing the election may be still keeping an open mind as to our votes. But if you want to get a clear notion of how close the contest is likely to be, take your pencil and count the possible results of a large Smith vote in the great cities.

Connecticut, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, and Ohio together have 126 votes. Add these to the Solid South and a few of the border states such as Maryland, Kentucky and Tennessee and you will find an electoral vote almost as large as that which kept Wilson in the White House in 1916.

Against this count the strong appeal of Secretary Hoover's personality and the ingrained tradition of Republican majorities and you see how even are the chances.

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That was mutual faith in verbal statements, tacit testimony as to an integrity that did not need the reinforcement of signatures on a piece of paper.

A dislike for delay, once a problem has been thought through, is initiative at its best. Acceptance of a spoken word as a specific pledge means trust.

As in all times, human nature is good and bad but business has learned that only when the spoken word is as sound as a bond can that credit essential to modern intercourse be maintained.

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Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	Special 6	x	x	x		x
	Big 6 & Royal 8	x		x		x
Chrysler	52-62-72	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	4-M 2 and 55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	6-70	x				x
	8-78, 8-82	x	x			x
	8-91, 8-92	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	6	x	x	x		x
	Big 8	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	8-70	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std 6	x	x	x		x
	6 and 8	x				x
Peerless	8-69	x	x			x
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x		x	x
	Wolverine	x	x		x	x
Roamer		x				
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66-A	x			x	x
	70-A	x		x	x	x

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—*Spread on Barbasol* (*but don't rub-in*)
—*Shave!*

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